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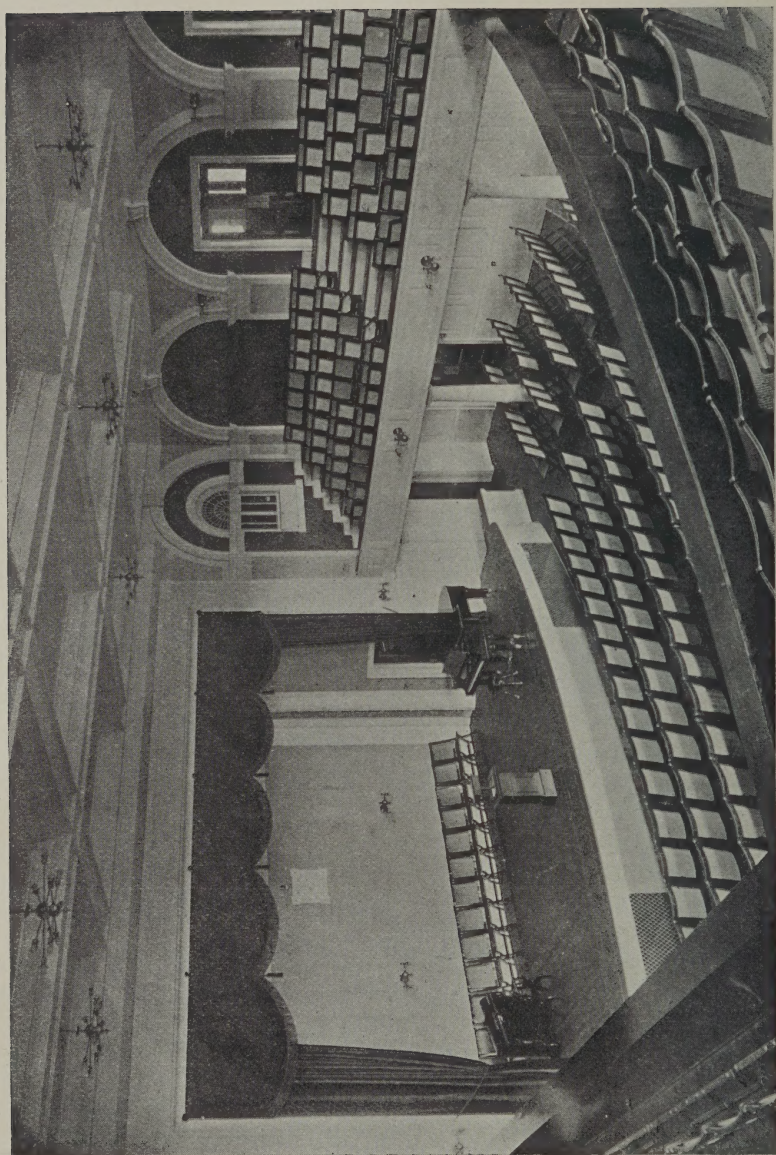
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THE MAGNET

Vol. VIII. LEOMINSTER, MASS., OCTOBER, 1914. No. 1

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

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Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.

Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.



EDITORIALS

NOW that we see Old World countries, struggling, and oppressed in cruel war, a new sentiment arises within us. It is something more than common patriotism, more of mingled admiration for our invincible country, and loyalty to our glorious flag.

Secretary Lane, of the Department of the Interior, gave, in a Flag Day address, the following allegory, which I think expresses this sentiment in a forceful manner:

"This morning as I passed into the Land Office the Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say,—

" 'Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker.' "

" 'I beg your pardon, Old Glory,' I said, 'aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk.'

" 'I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker,' cried the gay voice. 'I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday, straightening out the tangle of the farmer's homestead in Ohio, or perhaps you found the mistake in that contract in Oklahoma, or helped clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of the new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker!'

" I was about to pass on when the Flag stopped me with these words: " 'Yesterday the President spoke a word which made happy over ten millions of peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the Flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the corn-club prize this summer.

" 'Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.'

" 'But,' I said, impatiently, 'these people were only working.'

" Then came a great shout from the Flag: 'The work that we do is the making of the flag! I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow. I am whatever you make me; nothing more. I am your dream in yourself; your dream of whatever a people may become. I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles. Sometimes I am strong with pride when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly. Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward. But always I am all that you hope me to be and have the courage to try for. I am song and fear, struggle and hope. I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of tomorrow.

" 'I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be. I am what you make me; nothing more. I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your colors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the maker of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making.'

M. ETHEL RYAN.

All on Account of Solomon

HE was a little fellow, small in every way, and the proud possessor of sparkling black eyes, a ruddy complexion, and pearly white teeth.

This personage was Solomon—just plain Solomon, elevator boy at “The Sheldon.” He had never been known by any other name, for it was extremely hard to keep track of all the boys who came and went at “The Sheldon.” His blue uniform, shining with brass buttons, hung on him as on a scarecrow, for the management never stopped to think but what this one suit would fit each and every boy, whether fat or thin.

It was winter, and the snow was falling fast outside. Solomon stood with his turned up nose against the steamed window pane watching the gaily lighted taxicabs darting to and fro. But this was an old story. He was uneasy. He had an idea. Why not jolly Central? and seating himself at the telephone booth near the elevator, he lifted the receiver.

“Hello, Central, how are you?”

Pause.

“Yes, it's the same one, with the dreamy eyes and the blonde hair.”

Pause.

“Yes, yes, I'm stopping at ‘The Sheldon.’”

Another pause.

“Well, I'll meet you corner Broadway and Forty-second Street.”

“Good-bye.”

A sharp ring caused Solomon to hasten to the door, and he admitted a sweet faced girl covered with snow. She was the occupant of Room 15, on the fifth floor, and known to Solomon as the “fifth floor back.”

“Sleeping again, Solomon? I rang several times.”

“No, just having a little fun with Central, that's all. Sorry I kep' yer waitin', Miss Shepherd.”

“Oh, that's all right, Sol. Any calls for me?”

“No, not any telephone calls,” responded Solomon, and, looking cautiously around, he added, “but *he* called.”

“What are you talking about!” exclaimed the girl.

“Well, a young man called to see you, and I told him you were out.”

“Didn't he leave his card?” she gasped.

“No.”

“That's queer. I should think any gentleman would——”

“Sure enough,” said Solomon, a smile lighting his face, and he began to poke over the contents of a large waste basket. The result of his efforts was a rather soiled card, which he handed the girl. It bore the name,——

“Richard Baldwin.”

The “fifth floor back” eyed it wonderingly.

"Want a lift?" piped up Solomon, with a guilty expression on his face.

"No. I'll walk up tonight," she said, and began to ascend the stairs.

As Solomon watched the girl, a deep voice exclaimed, "Any laundry for me, Solomon?"

"Hello, Mister Baldwin. Yes, here it is." And he handed him a big package. "It's a bad night, isn't it?"

"Yes, so it is," was the reply. "Mighty pretty girl just went up."

"Yes," said Solomon, "that's the 'fifth floor back.' I feel kind of sorry for her. Her room is awful hot in summer, and just as cold in winter, so I try to jolly her and give her calls she don't have, just to keep up her spirits."

"Sad case," said Baldwin, and with an added "goodnight," left Solomon absorbed in a gaily colored book entitled, "Alone in the Jungle."

As Solomon sat there, lost to what was going on around him, he felt a firm hand on his shoulder, and looked up into the eyes of the janitor.

"Now, I have you. Yesterday, a lady complained 'cause you hung her false hair on the fire escape, and now you're caught jollyng Central. Now you can get out, see."

"But it's an awful cold night," sobbed Solomon. Just let me stay until——"

"You're going now. So hurry up."

And out into the dark, cold night went Solomon, home to his little sister Poppy, a cripple, whom he supported. He tried to look cheerful as he entered the dirty room, and burst out with a "Hello, Poppy, aren't you glad I come?" Then little by little, he told her his story, which ended with: "Never you mind, Poppy, if Ma and Pa did go off and leave us. We'll get along somehow."

At the same time, Richard Baldwin was entering "The Sheldon," and seeing a new face at the lift, exclaimed, "Where's Sol?"

"Oh, the boss fired him long ago for being too fresh with Central," answered the new boy.

"Too bad," was the response, and he ascended the stairway to his apartment. Once inside his room he sat by the fireplace and thought of the boy he had learned to love. His eyes rested on a dusty blue coat with shining buttons which hung in the closet. This was the coat in which he fought many a sham battle in his boyhood days. Why not make some one else happy with it now? He donned his hat and overcoat, and with the coat carefully held under his arm, he went out into the cold, crisp, night air. It was some minutes after that this man was making his way through the throngs of people on the East side of the town. Finally, he came to a dark alleyway and entered a dirty, broken-down house at the corner. He climbed the creaking stairs in utter darkness, and it was no wonder he almost bumped into the woman standing in front of a door from which came a faint stream of light.

"Be quiet," she whispered. "I don't want him to know I'm here yet." And glancing in he saw Solomon and Poppy.

Suddenly, having heard voices, Solomon appeared at the door, and

with a joyful voice exclaimed, "Mr. Baldwin—Miss Shepherd. I was just telling Poppy about fairies, and here they are."

At the name "Baldwin," the girl jumped, but her excitement was not noticed in the confusion. Solomon was presented the gift, and Poppy was promised a big doll before the jolly party broke up.

It was not until the two visitors had reached the street that they realized the late hour and Mr. Baldwin said, "Now, where do you live, Miss Shepherd? I will gladly accompany you home."

"At 'The Sheldon,'" was her reply.

"Then we are neighbors. It isn't by chance you're the 'fifth floor back?'"

A year later, found Solomon working as office boy in Mr. Baldwin's office. It was a bright summer's morning when he dashed into the office clutching a newspaper in his hand. "Jerry," he exclaimed to the bookkeeper, "did you read the piece in the paper about the weddin'?"

"No," was the answer.

"Well," replied Solomon, "Mr. Baldwin was married yesterday, and I made the match."

"Did you, indeed," laughingly said the bookkeeper. "You're quite a chap, Solomon."

PAULINE M. BURNS, '15.

What the War Teaches Us

THE general opinion of a great and terrible world-wide war impending has been prevalent for many years. Yet, when it came, it came with a swiftness that nearly swept us off our feet. Very little time intervened after the Germans' declaration of war before the three other great nations had mobilized their armies and entered the struggle. All this alacrity signifies the readiness of these peoples to kill each other and the fact that not pity for a weaker nation but jealousy and race hatred alone were the causes of the war.

What kindled this feeling of hatred and revenge? It was the taking of Alsace-Lorraine by the Germans. Is it possible that people with a strong patriotic feeling for its own country can be made loyal to another? That this cannot be, has been proved from time immemorial. It was just such a situation as this in Alsace-Lorraine that fostered the seed of war. So in 1874, the real causes of the war were laid. From this fact we learn something that should aid us in avoiding another such a catastrophe.

In reality, from every phase of the war, we discover something. What we read about the fearful atrocities committed makes us shudder and ask:

"Are these the peoples who call themselves civilized, and who call themselves Christians?" Here we learn, but at what a price, that civilization and Christianity are still to be striven for.

War is now a very different matter from what it used to be. In past times victory was gained by cunning and artifice alone; now it is merely a question of which has the more powerful guns, air-crafts, etc. Formerly, war was nothing but child's play, compared with this. Men are no longer killed singly, but are mowed down by the thousands. The immense slaughter is beyond our comprehension. Man has outgrown this means of settling disputes.

Even from this most terrible calamity we discover many advantageous truths. We realize that at this war we must act upon the principle of nationality. That is, that no portion of a race, or people, shall be separated from the whole by the victor, as an indemnity, that the victor shall relinquish his claims in order to suppress any spirit of hatred and revenge, thereby avoiding any future war. We perceive, in discovering this lack of civilization and Christianity, that this money lavished in killing each other, must be spent in teaching us to love and respect each other. We also learn that war is too frightful, and too destructive, and too full of pathos, to be waged again. Therefore, we will do all that is in our power to gain a just and lasting peace among all nations.

MARIAN GAULD, '16.

In the Heart of the Woods

HERE in this quiet nook was the profoundest peace. Behind me rose the deep, dark, murmuring pines. Down yonder was a little lake where boys occasionally went fishing. It was surrounded by a fringe of bushes. Here and there a white pond lily pushed its pretty head out of the water as if taking a peep at the world. Once in a great while the tranquillity was broken by the distant rumble of a farmer's wagon passing along the edge of the woods.

Now I came upon a path which led me into bushes heavily laden with blueberries, and I helped myself. Just then I spied a large rock and I climbed to the top to see better what was about me. There on my right was a beautiful, silvery cascade, about fifty feet in height, tumbling over rocks of every size and shape. Now and then I could hear birds calling to each other, and squirrels chattering.

On looking up, to my surprise, I saw a small, black cloud rising from the west, and as it rose, it grew larger. That warned me of a coming shower and I hastened home. Since then, I have often visited the heart of these woods and spent many a happy hour reading by the little lake.

IRMA A. HOLDEN, '16.

An Elizabethan Romance

DOWN the richly carpeted stairs of the palace came Queen Elizabeth, magnificently dressed in a costly robe of satin and jewels. Slightly behind her, hardly less beautifully gowned, came Dorothy Harding, the Queen's favorite Maid-of-Honor. Her Majesty's body-guard followed in glittering array while their spears flashed in the sunlight which streamed in through the window above the landing.

One ray from the sun touched the decidedly auburn hair of "good Queen Bess" and lit up the features of her face. Her blue eyes looked kindly at the slip of a girl who followed her. The Queen's sharp nose was aristocratic, while her thin straight mouth proclaimed her to be quick in her decisions and just in her judgments. Stately and dignified was her large figure as she swept majestically down the stairs.

Dorothy Harding, or Lady Chester, was a marked contrast to the Queen. Glints of gold were in her dark hair, while her brown eyes were luminous as if in wonder at all this magnificence. Her small delicate features were finely chiseled, but there was determination in the square chin. The tiny figure betrayed petulance, and at this moment the toss of her head showed decided wilfulness. The two ladies entered the Queen's drawing room where the conversation which had evidently taken place was renewed.

"Lady Chester," said Her Majesty, "Surely one of these nobles, who is so eager for your hand, pleases you. Though you are young, for twenty-one is very young indeed, I would dearly love to see you settled happily with some one whom you respect."

"Respect!" exclaimed Dorothy angrily, "Your Majesty, I must *love* my husband. To be sure, no fault can be found with many of your titled gentlemen at the Court, but I do not care for one of them."

"My dear child," said Elizabeth, smiling, "pray do not be angry with me. I do not insist that you marry one of my noblemen. In fact, I should be extremely sorry to lose my little Maid-of-Honor. Nevertheless, it surprises me to think that one, showered with as many attentions as you are, should be indifferent to them all."

"Your Majesty," replied Dorothy, instantly penitent, "I beg your pardon for losing my temper, but I was thinking of my father's wish. His greatest desire is to see me married to a man of station. Of course, I am Lady of Chester and it is fitting that I should marry a man suitable to my rank. Nevertheless, I fear it is hard to confine one's affections to nobility."

"Why, Lady Chester, what do you mean?" asked the Queen.

"Oh, Your Majesty," said the Maid-of-Honor, hastily, "I mean that I am afraid that I am difficult to please and can never be satisfied to be the wife of one of your noblemen." Dorothy hoped that her blushes would not be noticed.

The Queen looked relieved and said, "The time will come, never fear, when you will be willing to bestow your hand upon some one whom you love as well as respect."

At that moment a page entered who bowed deeply and then announced, "Your Majesty, the Audience Chamber awaits your presence."

"Let this end our interview, Lady Chester." Then Queen Elizabeth proceeded to the Audience Chamber where she ably and wisely administered justice to her subjects.

Now, it must be confessed, Dorothy had reason to blush, for she was very much in love with a soldier of common rank but of extraordinary courage in the Queen's army. His name was Philip Wayne, and Queen Bess little suspected that this handsome youth had captured her fair charge's heart. Therefore, after a splendid evening banquet had been served at the palace a few days later, Dorothy, who was now free to do as she wished, and Philip, who was not on duty, met in the garden. He made a splendid silhouette in the bright moonlight, and the maiden's heart beat happily as she drew near him. His tall, broad, figure was erect and soldierly in its uniform, and his dark hair and clean-cut features were good to look upon, or so Dorothy thought.

They spent a happy hour together until he said: "Dorothy dear, I was very presuming to hope that you would return the love of a poor, common, soldier, but even though this is true, I will never let you consent to be my wife. I must just hope that you will forget me, though you will never be absent from my thoughts."

In vain she pleaded with him. He was immovable, so they soon parted sorrowfully.

About midnight, Dorothy was brushing Elizabeth's hair in the Queen's boudoir, when the Queen, glancing in the sheet of burnished steel, for there were no mirrors in those days, saw the sad face of her Maid-of-Honor reflected.

"Tell me your trouble, Lady Chester," commanded the Queen.

Therefore, Lady Chester told "good Queen Bess" about her love and its unhappy conclusion. "Father would never consent to our marriage, and neither would Philip. Oh what shall I do!" sobbed poor Dorothy.

"My child, don't despair yet. Don't you remember that the Duke of York died not less than three months ago and left only a scape-grace nephew in Africa? Need I say more?" asked the Queen smiling.

It is hardly necessary to add that in less than a month the title of "Duke of York" had been conferred upon Philip Wayne, who proved most worthy of it. Six months from that time Queen Elizabeth's favorite Maid-of-Honor had become the happy bride of a no less radiant Duke. The place Queen Elizabeth, who brought prosperity and peace to her people, loved most of all to visit was the home of Philip and Dorothy, where dwelt two of the happiest hearts in the Empire.

WINIFRED LOMBARD.

A Fairy Revel

DEEP down in a little glen, hidden from human sight, dwelt the King and Queen of nymphs and fairies. Their palace was in an opening of a lovely moss-carpeted ledge, and all the precious stones and beautiful flowers were gathered there to adorn its walls. Little creatures flitted in and out doing His Majesty's bidding.

"Bring me my messenger," the King said to one of his attendants.

Almost immediately the messenger stood before him, saying as he bowed very low, "Your Majesty, I long to serve you."

"You shall serve me by bidding all my subjects to a ball in honor of their Queen."

"When the moon shall shed her silvery light,
Then the fairies revel through the night."

The messenger sped away tapping on each leaf and bud, each tree and flower, telling the fairies within of their King's command, till at last, every one had learned his bidding.

At the appointed time the lovely Queen rode before them in an acorn chariot drawn by tiny grasshoppers. She was clad in the filmiest of rainbow robes and bore in her hand a magic wand. The moon shone benevolently down upon them and the air was soft and sweet with delicate fragrance, while all around gleamed the dewdrops, wavering and trembling in the silver light.

The Queen of the fairies poised herself daintily on a large blue violet and told her subjects of her love and regard for them, and then at her signal they began to dance. Laughing gleefully, and singing gayly, they all joined hands and danced around their Queen, tripping and flitting over the soft green carpet spread for them by Nature herself.

A wicked old witch, who was jealous of the Queen's beauty, looked upon the scene unobserved. "Hah!" she said, with a malicious gleam in her eye, and a frightful grin that revealed her toothless gums, "see them in their merriment. I will spoil their glee."

The old hooked-nosed hag muttered a weird incantation, and through the forest trooped her dwarfs, willing to aid in any deed of darkness. Slowly, silently, she stole upon the merry-makers until, with one more step, she stretched out her bony hand and snatched the Queen and disappeared again, while all the dwarfs drove the fairies from the place.

In their great grief and helplessness the fairies mingled their tears with the dewdrops and wended their way homeward.

The cruel witch forced the Queen to be her servant, to wear coarse clothes, and to perform countless disagreeable tasks. If the Queen became weary and stopped to rest a moment, the witch would cry, "Get thee to thy task, or I shall give thee worse to do!" Many times the old hag asked her the secret of her beauty and became more angry when the fairy

acknowledged that she did not know it. The once delightfully happy Queen pined for her home and grew sad and gloomy.

One balmy day while working near the entrance of the witches cave, the Queen saw a beautiful little humming bird which seemed to be coming nearer and nearer. The humming bird said, "I have come to release you from your bondage."

"But I am bound. I cannot get away," replied the Queen. The humming bird quickly severed with his bill the bonds that held her, and when she had jumped lightly upon his back, flew swiftly away to her own palace. All her nymphs and fairies bestowed upon her their ardent love and devotion, and wept with joy at her longed for return.

They appealed to the god of the forest for vengeance upon the cruel hag; so he transformed her to an ugly, twisted tree trunk, and thereafter the fairies had nothing to fear in their revelries.

HELEN BRIGHAM, '15.

A BOY'S SHORT ESSAY ON ELISHA.—There was a man named Elisha. He had some bears and he lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said, "If you keep on throwing stones at me, I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up." And they did, and he did, and the bears did.

"Here, son," said the father to Willie, "What does this mean? Your report only gives fifty for arithmetic, and your teacher says you can't count up to twenty-five. What are you going to do, when you get in business, with a record like that?"

"Now, don't worry, Father," replied the son. "To count up to twenty-five isn't necessary for success in business nowadays."

"Not necessary," gasped the father.

"No, sir; I can start a ten-cent store."

FIGURES OF SPEECH.—An old man at a prayer-meeting was very much disturbed by the giggling and whispering of some boys and girls. At last he could endure it no longer, but rose and said: "It grieves me to see young people so heedless that they will sell their souls for a mess of pot-tage that becomes trampled under foot of man and fadeth out with the using of it.

A SOCIAL DISTINCTION

Pat: An' phwat the devil is a chafing-dish?"

Mike: "Whist! Ut's a frying-pan that's got into society."

ALUMNI AND SCHOOL NOTES



We are glad to see many of our former teachers with us this year. We also extend a cordial welcome to the following new members of the faculty: Miss Evelyn Hearsey, assistant Science teacher; Miss Ethel Ham, German teacher; Miss Elsie Jeffers, French instructor; Miss Mary Hadley, drawing teacher; Mr. Alfred Kimball, instructor in English and Physical Training.

The following officers have been elected by the Senior Class:—

William Gaffney, president; Frank Bagley, vice president; Vera Holden, secretary; Rachel Hart, treasurer; Philip White, marshal.

On Sept. 24th the Seniors had a corn-roast. Mr. Roberts and Miss Hearsey chaperoned about thirty members of the class. There was the usual scarcity of boys, but every one who went voted the affair a success.

The cheering at the football games up to date is a marked improvement over that of last year. There is still room for more improvement, however, and it is hoped that those who attend the games will co-operate with Mr. Scanlon and his efficient assistants in every possible manner.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association Philip White was elected president; Waldo Suhlke, vice-president; Ruth Burnap, secretary; Mr. Roberts, treasurer.

The Juniors have elected the following class officers:—

Roger Beedle, president; Morse Freeman, vice-president; Iola Guennette, secretary; Irma Holden, treasurer; Waldo Suhlke, marshal.

The preferential ballot is being used in the class elections this year. It is the fairest way to choose officers because majority rules. It is understood, of course, that every member of each class will support the officers elected.

A mass meeting was held previous to the Columbus Day game. Songs and cheers were practiced and members of the faculty made short speeches.

Miss Marion Brabson was awarded the Remington gold medal for speed test. She received the Underwood medal last June.

Some one, presumably a Freshman, has evolved a new reason for going to the library. "Reverence."

The school spirit at the Fitchburg game was splendid. Though we were defeated, the game was well played, and the boys were clean and sportsmanlike in their attitude toward their opponents. We are glad to say that whatever discourtesies were extended to the visiting team and its supporters were not from members of the High School.

Some one in Miss Lundagen's room remarked that the windows ought to be opened because it was "pretty tight" in there.

A member of the Ancient History class told Miss Thissell that the Assyrians were the most cruel people because "they killed their prisoners alive."

Mr. Coburn: What is the first law of nature?

Miss B., '15: "Safety first."

Miss Ham: Make a résumé of that paragraph.

Stage whisper: Can't do it. Haven't a razor.

Miss Lockey: Who can pronounce that word?—(Consanguinei.)

Pupil: Con sarned guinea.

THE GERMAN CLUB

President Jones called the first meeting of the German Club to order on Monday, Sept. 28th, at 3.26 p. m. The by-laws of last year were read by the secretary and new ones added. A few anecdotes were told. The meeting adjourned at 4.20.

Alumni Notes

THIS fall, when the scholarships were awarded at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, it was very encouraging to know that two were given to boys who graduated from this High School; also, to know that these were State scholarships and were earned by Peter Knapp of the Sophomore Class and Ralph Tenney, of the Freshman Class. Three other Leominster graduates have gone to Worcester Tech. These are Abraham Britton, Maurice Richardson, and Leroy Vinal.

The Freshmen of Clark College held a rope-pull with the Juniors, October 2d. The Freshmen were led by Sherman Platt, and Milton Prue was their coxswain. As the Juniors won the toss, they selected the most advantageous ground, and this, with the fact that they were stronger, helped them to win. George Thompson is also attending Clark College this fall.

A few of the boys of this school, after completing their sophomore year, left to go to a preparatory school. Roscoe Whitney and Earl Picker-

ing, '16, went to Exeter and Franklyn Horton, of the same class, to Phillips Academy, Andover. Hobart Whitney, '14, is studying at Exeter this year.



Cecil Flewelling, Evelyn Shattuck, Helena Connaughton, Mildred Richardson, Ethel Bourbeau, Raymond Potter, and George Shields of last year's graduating class are taking a post graduate course this year.



Stanley Bates '14, Lester Horton, '13, Dwight Edson, '13, and Maurice Smith, '11, are at Dartmouth this year. Lester Horton and Maurice Smith played on the Dartmouth team, Smith playing left guard, but a recent accident has prevented Horton from playing any more this season.



Harold Lloyd, '14, is studying to become a designer of fashions at the Butterick Pattern Company.

Our School

FROM time to time, under this head, we will print interesting and instructive articles relating to the different departments of school work for the purpose of acquainting the parents, the public, and prospective high school pupils, with the courses which we offer, and what can be accomplished by following them.

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Four years ago a complete reorganization of this department of school work was made in order that the young people of Leominster who desired a good commercial training might be able to get it without going away from home. The results secured have fully justified the wisdom of those who made the change, as a large number of the graduates during the past four years have secured fine positions in this, and surrounding towns, as bookkeepers, stenographers, typists and clerks.

A brief outline of the course offered, follows:

FRESHMAN YEAR

In addition to the regular work of the school in English, Science, Languages, Mathematics, etc., the Commercial pupil in his first year covers thoroughly the subjects of Business Writing,

Business Arithmetic, and Rapid Calculation, covering the necessary computations of the business office and store.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

During the second year the pupil continues the liberal training in the regular courses, and takes up the study of Elementary Bookkeeping where he is taught the rules and principles which govern double and single entry bookkeeping, with a large amount of practice in the opening and closing of simple sets of books, the making of trial balances, profit and loss statements, balance sheets, etc. During this year the pupil may, if he wishes, start the practice of Typewriting.

JUNIOR AND SENIOR YEARS

It is during the last two years that the real work of the Commercial Course is carried out. The work in bookkeeping is continued in both years, and instruction given in partnership and corporation forms of bookkeeping; in retail, wholesale and manufacturing lines of business.

Loose-leaf and card systems are introduced, the use of special column books is taken up, and modern office devices taught.

Shorthand and Typewriting are taught during both years until the student is proficient in the taking of dictation and transcribing of notes. Filing and indexing are taught, and also the use of copying machines, billing machines, etc.

Thorough drill in Commercial Law including partnerships, corporations, agencies, contracts, negotiable papers, common carriers, landlord and tenant bailments, etc., is given.

A large amount of time is devoted to the teaching of Commercial Correspondence. Penmanship, Spelling and Arithmetic, are reviewed. Talks on various business subjects are given at different times during the last year in order that when the pupil is sent out to his first position he may be somewhat familiar with real business procedure.

To conclude: It is really the results which show the success of the course, and the fact that we have graduates holding positions as stenographers in civil service, legal and business offices, and as bookkeepers and clerks in various lines of business, should encourage pupils to take this course with us and also give business men confidence in employing our graduates.



THE cover design of *The Student's Review*, Northampton, is very attractive. "Sharps" and "Flats" of *The High School News*, Columbus, Neb., and the "Tattles" of *The Senior*, Westerly, R. I., are especially worthy of mention. We are glad to receive the following exchanges: *The Echo*, Kenton, Ohio; *The Massachusetts Collegian*, Amherst; *The Artisan*, Bridgeport, Conn.

In the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* we find the following article, "War and Scholarship," from an address by President Lowell:

Allusion has been made to the terrific conflict going on in Europe, a conflict of dimensions such as the world has never seen, a conflict of a magnitude such that we in this room would merely make food for a few shrapnel shells shot casually in battle. And a few moments of machine-gun fire would lay every one of us on the field. It is destroying the flower of the youth of Europe. It is blotting out lives that would otherwise be destined to be of incalculable value to mankind. We cannot know what sources of human progress are being destroyed by the flying bullets; but we do know this, that if the torch of civilization is to be carried forward, a certain responsibility rests upon us, who are not being killed, to fill the gaps in the ranks of civilization which those men would have filled.

America has not yet contributed her fair share to the intellectual development of the world. We have not produced our share of scientific, literary, and other men who would have added to the sum of knowledge and thought. Intellectually we have been looked upon as rather a slight people. I believe we are not a slight people, but that our attention has been absorbed by developing and taming a wilderness rather than by developing thought. Men who would otherwise be eminent in science, in literature, and in art are now having their young lives torn out of them by shells, and it is for the youth of America to take their place.

Remember that you are starting to put your feet upon the stage of man's life at a time when half of that stage is on fire, and you do not know what you may be called to do, in war or in peace; but remember that you are starting out in one of the most eventful periods of the world's history,—one of the times when history will be made, not only on the battlefield, but also in the development of thought. You are recruited and are now in training.



On Wednesday, Sept. 9th, the football season and the beginning of athletics was ushered in by the call for candidates for the football teams. The prospects at the end of last year were not very promising. All, or nearly all, of the best men graduated, and the team depended upon inexperienced and small under-class men. However, through the urgings of our new Coach, Mr. Kimball, a number of men appeared for practice, and the work of making a team began. More than three-fourths of the men were green to the game. Captain Brigham was the only man who had experience.

Our first game was with Fitchburg Normal School, at Leominster, on Sept. 26. The Normal School team was composed of experienced football players and outweighed our team. Our team did well considering the odds. It held them for the first, third and fourth, periods, without scoring, but during the second period the visitors scored.

The line up:

| F. N. S. 14 | L. H. S. 6 |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Lundigan, r e | l e, Arnold |
| Whittaker, Wilson, r t | l t, Freeman, Vondell |
| Twitchell, r g | l g, White |
| McCaffrey, c | c, P. Brigham |
| Clark, l g | r g, Carter |
| Malley, Gregory, l t | r t, Burley |
| Stockell, Macker, Conlon, l e | r e, E. Brigham, Reagan, Farrell |
| Conlon, O'Connor, qb | qb, Crane |
| Nelson, l h b | r h b, Bagley |
| Armstrong, f b | f b, Suhlke |

Touchdowns, Ellis, Conlon. Goals from touchdowns, Conlon, 2. Referee, Isidore Smith. Umpire, Thoma Barry. Head linesman, George Shields. Timer, John Kilmarlin. Time, 12 and 10 minute periods. Attendance, 300.

The second game was with the Lyman School of Westboro, on Oct. 3d, and was the second home game of the season. The teams were about evenly matched, and Leominster won its first victory.

The line up:

| L. H. S. 12 | LYMAN SCHOOL o |
|---|--------------------------|
| Kirkpatrick, Arnold, Ames, Reagan, l e..... | r e, Rogers, LeBlanc |
| Burley, l t..... | r t, Lamanski |
| White, l g..... | r g, Carter, Walkins |
| Brigham, c..... | c, Marcus |
| Carter, Freeman, Gregory, r g..... | l g, Magonia |
| Farwell, r t..... | l t, Eaton |
| Leamy, Blanchard, Arnold, r e..... | l e, Cohen, Witheringals |
| Cook, qb..... | qb, Sawyer, Larochelle |
| R. Bagley, Kirkpatrick, l h b..... | r h b, Cloutier |
| F. Bagley, r h b..... | l h b, Murphy |
| Suhlke, f b..... | f b, Albri |

Touchdowns, Cook, Brigham. Goals missed, Bagley, 2. Referee, Isidore Smith. Umpire, Thomas Barry. Timer, John Bryson. Linesman, George Shields. Time, 10 and 8 minute periods. Attendance, 500.



On Columbus Day, Oct. 12, the team went to Fitchburg for its first league game. Fitchburg's team greatly outweighed ours and the men were nearly all veteran players, while our team is almost entirely composed of new men; so it was not surprising that our team was defeated. In spite of the odds, the team did excellent work and Fitchburg's gains were well earned. Especially good was the work of Daly, Bagley, and White.

The line up:

| F. H. S., 27 | L. H. S., o |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Moriarty, l e..... | r e, Leamy |
| Fish, l t..... | r t, Vondell, Freeman |
| Hidden, Dineen, l g..... | r g, Carter |
| Hannula, c..... | c, P. Brigham |
| Myllykanzas, r g..... | l g, White |
| Herndon, r t..... | l t, Burley |
| Connors, Haley, r e..... | l e, Kirkpatrick, Arnold, E. Brigham |
| Stevenson, q b..... | q b, Thomas, Cook |
| Savage, l h b..... | r h b, Bagley |
| Shirreffs, Rice, r h b..... | l h b, Daly |
| Rosier, Smith, f b..... | f b, Suhlke |

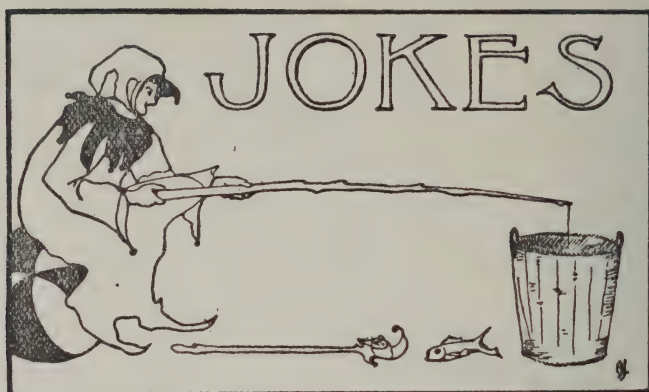
Touchdowns, Fish 3, Hannula. Goals from touchdowns, Moriarty 3. Goal missed, Moriarty. Referee, Lowe, Worcester. Umpire, Hendrahan, Waltham. Timer, Hendrahan. Headlinesman, Lynch, Cushing. Time, 10- and 8-minute periods. Attendance, 1200.

THE MAGNET is pleased to hear that Captain Ryan, of Gardner, who was injured, is recovering. They can't keep a good man down.



THE FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1914

- Sept. 26—Fitchburg Normal at Leominster.
- Oct. 3—Lyman School at Leominster.
- Oct. 12—Fitchburg at Fitchburg.
- Oct. 17—Gardner at Leominster.
- Oct. 24—Hudson at Hudson.
- Oct. 28—Worcester Academy 2d at Worcester.
- Oct. 31—Shirley Industrial at Leominster
- Nov. 7—Gardner at Gardner.
- Nov. 14—Lyman School at Westboro.
- Nov. 21—Shirley Industrial at Shirley
- Nov. 26—Fitchburg at Leominster.



Teacher: Who can make a sentence using the word "disposition" ?

Pupil (assuming a pugilistic pose): When youse wants to fight, youse stands in dis position.

Client: I thought you left word in your office that you were out on important legal business.

Counselor: Just so. This ball-game seems to be highly important, and I can assnre you it is perfectly legal.

"Did your son graduate with honors?"

"I should say so. He had two fractured ribs, a broken arm, and numerous strained tendons.

Mother: Is it possible, Harry, that you have eaten all that cake without giving a thought to your sister?

Harry: Oh, no; I thought of her every second. I was afraid all the time that she would come before I had eaten it up.

Ruthie: Is this candy fresh?

Georgie: I dunno. It never said anything to me.

"Were you ringing the bell, sir?" asked the waiter of the customer who had been busy with the bell for fifteen minutes.

"Ringin' it, man!" echoed the customer, "I have been tolling it. I thought you were dead."

They had just been married and were about to start on their wedding trip. As is the custom with bridegrooms, he was embarrassed to the point of forgetfulness, but he met the situation like an expert:

"Why, Harry, you bought only one ticket," said the bride, reproachfully.

"Just like me, dear," said Harry. "I am always forgetting myself."

"Now," said the teacher to one of the pupils at the close of a lesson in which he had touched on the horrors of war, "do you object to war, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, I do," was the fervent answer.

"Now tell us why."

"Because," said the youth, "wars make history, and I just hate history."

Leominster High School Directory

School Committee—Frank I. Pierson, Chairman; Dr. Clarence S. Brigham, Dr. M. Henry Chrystal, Dr. H. Porter Hall, John C. Hull, Frederick T. Platt. *Superintendent of Schools*—Dr. W. H. Perry.

School Physicians—Dr. T. A. Shaughnessy, Dr. Frank L. Dunham.

Faculty

Principal—Edward R. Clarke, Civil Government. *Sub master*—John H. Coburn, Mathematics, Commercial Law. *Secretary*—Adell Phillips.

Assistants—Alberti Roberts, Evelyn G. Hearsey, Science; Frank P. Bell, Alice G. Smith, Edna F. Cole, Blanche M. Jobs, Commercial Branches; Florence M. Felton, A. Leila Daily, English; Ethel Ham, German; Frances L. Lockey, Latin; Ethel A. Thissell, History; Elsie W. Jeffers, French; Martha Lundagen, Algebra, English, and French; A. B. Kimball, English and History; Mary J. Sharkey, Physical Education; H. U. Pease, John A. Foss, Manual Training; Augusta R. Nettel, Florence I. Howe, Sewing; Marion Warren, Cooking; William H. Kenney, Director of Music; Mary Hadley, Supervisor of Drawing; James C. Smith, Drill Master. *Grade IX*—Annie Conlin, Hattie D. Harrington, Marea B. Lewis. *Director of Athletics*, Alfred B. Kimball.

Athletic Association

Philip White, President; Waldo Suhlke, Vice-president; Ruth Burnap, Secretary; Alberti Roberts, Treasurer.

Class Officers

Senior—President, William Gaffney; Vice-president, Frank Bagley; Secretary, Vera Holden; Treasurer, Rachel Hart; Marshal, Philip White.

Junior—President, Roger Beedle; Vice-president, Morse Freeman; Secretary, Irma Holden; Treasurer, Iola Guennette; Marshal, Waldo Suhlke.

Sophomore—President, Hugh Milam; Vice-president, Harold Morse; Secretary, Hazel Holden; Treasurer, Ruth Wilkinson; Marshal, Stuart Damon.

Roster of the Leominster High School Cadets

COMPANY A—Captain, Guy H. VonDell; 1st Lieut., Paul R. Nettel; 2d Lieut., Henry K. Scanlon; 1st Sergt., Philip J. White; Quartermaster Sergt., Harold P. George; Sergeants, Earl J. Carter, Roland S. Ames, Lawrence K. Marshall, Roger K. Beedle; Corporals, Henry M. Regan, Harold N. Thomas, John E. Leamy, Morse Freeman, Arthur J. Pierce, Waldo E. Suhlke.

COMPANY B—Captain, Albert G. Lauzon; 1st Lieut., Philip E. Foster; 2d Lieut., William H. Gaffney; 1st Sergt., Harold D. Burley; Quartermaster Sergt., Harvey H. Goodwin; Sergeants, Harry H. Kalin, Louis F. Rahm, Frank T. Bagley, Roland T. Spinney; Corporals, Robert M. Carter, Harry W. Tenney, Russell D. Wass, Robert H. Crane, Raymond J. Farquhar, Lester G. Glasheen.

COMPANY C—Captain, George W. Jones; 1st Lieut., Berton L. Blanchard; 2d Lieut., Arthur L. Chandler; 1st Sergt., Chester W. Demond; Quartermaster Sergt., Paul T. Brigham; Sergeants, Mark L. Daly, Charles F. Maynard, Philip Butler, Jacob I. Kalin; Corporals, William C. Thompson, Owen R. Willard, Milo R. Bacon, Forrest A. Lowe, Paul Swantee.

COMPANY D—Captain, Harold S. Black; 1st Lieut., John F. Lynch; 2d Lieut., Clyde C. Cleverly; 1st Sergt., Clifford Kirkpatrick; Quartermaster Sergt., Harold P. O'Keefe; Sergeants, Ralph G. Baker, Daniel J. Tobin, John E. Sargent, Francis J. Toolin. Corporals, Edward K. Figenbaum, William C. Allen, Martin H. Foster, William H. Griffin, Byron D. Merrill, Robert A. J. McNevin. Lance Corporal, Emil J. St. Cyr.

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THE MAGNET

Vol. VIII. LEOMINSTER, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1914. No. 2

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

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Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.
Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.



EDITORIALS

IN the Greek and Roman schools of long ago, a child entering at the age of seven, chose some great scholar or philosopher as his model, and strove to mold his mind and character after that model. In this manner, he began self-cultivation from his childhood. How different is our child of today! Entering school at five years, his work is marked out for him for nine or ten years by able superintendents of school departments, is carefully taught to him by his conscientious teachers, while his watchful parents are constantly on hand to encourage and advise him.

The self-cultivation of the modern child does not begin until he enters high school at about the age of fourteen, and then only in a modified manner. The work he chooses, in whatever line it may be, is mapped out for him, and he fully realizes the amount which he must cover before he can receive his diploma. Nevertheless, he can accomplish scarcely anything without self reliance. He must depend upon himself for some things which a teacher cannot impart to him. She can assign his lessons, help him to understand them, but she cannot learn them for him. He, alone, is responsible for the knowledge which he must gain.

There are so many ways in which we can cultivate ourselves in high school. Besides studying a course faithfully as it is assigned, we can read helpful material outside of school. We can endeavor to have a definite aim in view, which we mean to attain at some future time. We can seize and make good use of every opportunity to better ourselves in our line of work.

For when we leave grammar school, we should have laid aside the childish idea of "hating school," and shirking lessons, "if teacher doesn't catch us." We should no longer be listless and indifferent in our work. We should be responsible for ourselves, for our teachers cannot be.

Seniors, can we look back over our high school careers and truthfully say that we have cultivated ourselves to such a degree, that we are now ready to face the world? There are just seven more short months to polish and give the finishing touches to our high school education.

Under-graduates, begin now, if you haven't before! Stick to one course; do your work faithfully, not because you wish to get good marks alone, but because you have goals in view for yourselves. Seize every opportunity which confronts you; and above all, depend upon yourselves to do your own work and accomplish your ends.

M. ETHEL RYAN, '15.

Teddy's Thanksgiving

IT was Thanksgiving Day. That is, it was Thanksgiving Day in every home but his, thought Teddy. For Teddy's home was a dingy room in the slum district of New York. There was a little bed in the room which was occupied by a white-faced woman. Her blue eyes were bright with fever, and two angry red spots burned through the pallor of her cheeks.

The eyes were closed now, and she seemed to be sleeping, but Teddy was sure she merely pretended. He was aware of what she was thinking,—what she dreaded all the time,—the appearance of the man he called "Dad." Dad always went out with a promise not to drink today, a promise that was always broken. Teddy knew how he would come home this time. He would stagger into the room laughing and talking wildly to himself. But his laughter would cease quickly, and a sullen anger take its place. Sometimes he would fling himself on the floor, or on the only chair the room contained, and sleep for hours; but at other times the sight of Teddy would anger him and he would rudely thrust the boy out of the room, or even knock him into a corner. But the man never touched the slight form on the bed, even in his worst anger, and Teddy was thankful, for he knew that in that case he would be forced to disobey his mother's orders and ask the blue-coated figure on the street corner for help.

Today, Teddy had a treat for his mother, an orange which that same blue-coated officer had given him, and in spite of her protests that he should take it, the boy persuaded her to eat it. He was rewarded by her smile; but it was such a weak one that he had to go to the window to swallow the lump in his throat, and brush the tear from his eye with his ragged coat sleeve.

Teddy wished that they might have a Thanksgiving like other folks. Mother had told him about it before she was forced to lie in bed all day. He knew that others had turkey, and celery, and cranberries, and oranges, and plum pudding! When Teddy had asked her why they never had any Thanksgiving, she had burst into tears, and Teddy never repeated the question. He did not care so much for himself, although he would like to taste a turkey once, but he did wish mother could have all these things. He knew she would be better then.

Teddy wondered dully when Dad would come home. The streets were almost deserted, and it was beginning to snow. Teddy shivered, for the wind blew strongly through the cracks in the poorly constructed tenement house.

As he was about to turn away from the window, he saw an old man just coming around the corner. With a large bag under his arm, he was struggling to hold his hat on, and to keep the contents of the bundle upright a

the same time. Sometimes he was unable to move a step in the face of the wind. Teddy became so interested in the progress of the stranger that he forgot the cold wind. Suddenly, the man slipped, and sat down heavily on the pavement. His bag burst open, and out poured a stream of oranges and apples.

Teddy saw that he would never be able to collect them all, and stopping only to give his mother a reassuring smile, he hurried down the three flights of stairs to the pavement below. The old gentleman was just picking himself up. Teddy hastened to help him, and then rushed here and there, gathering the fruit. Already, the street urchins were slyly "pinching" a few. Fortunately, the bag was not torn, and Teddy was able to return nearly all that had rolled out. As he looked up, the man saw his face for the first time, and was surprised to see there a striking resemblance to some one whom he knew.

"Who are you, my little man?" he asked. "Have I ever seen you before?"

"No, sir; I guess not," responded Teddy, "but I've seen you lots of times. Mother's got your picture hid under her pillow, and she shows it to me sometimes. Then she always cries."

The man started in amazement. "It—it can't be—," he murmured. "What is your name?"

"Teddy Cortland," answered the little fellow, proudly.

The old gentleman seemed greatly agitated. "Take me to your mother!" he commanded.

The boy hesitated. He knew that Mother did not like to have him bring anybody into their poor room, and his own pride forbade it. But somehow this man did not seem like a stranger, and Teddy was positive that this was the man whose picture his mother had. At last he turned slowly into the building, and led the way up the rickety stairs.

Strange thoughts were passing through the mind of the old gentleman. He was sure that this was his grandson, and that in the room to which the boy was taking him, he would find his daughter. For he knew now why the boy's face was so familiar. It was because the features closely resembled his daughter's. He was entering the room now. What a poor apology for a room! Was it possible that his beautiful, dainty daughter lived here? Then he saw the face on the pillow.

* * * * *

When the father and daughter could control their emotions, they turned to the little figure standing once more by the window. But before either could speak, the door opened, and another person entered the room. It was Dad. But Dad was not drunk today. His face was shining, and in his arms were many bundles. "Oh Editha," he exclaimed. "Everything's all right, now. I—" He stopped short on seeing the strange man, and the light died out of his face, for he recognized him instantly. "Have you come to take her away?" His voice trembled.

"Yes!" shouted the old man. Then his face softened. "But I—I'll

give you one more chance. I'm going to take her and the boy, here, home now. When they are both rosy and strong, we'll make other plans, if you—." He turned to the boy. "There's a table at my home all set for a Thanksgiving dinner, with a great big turkey and a plum pudding. There's nobody to eat it but one old man. Do you suppose you could find, say three others, to help him out?"

Teddy gazed into the twinkling blue eyes with rapture. "Gee! I guess I can," he sighed. "Oh, hurry, Daddy—Mother! Turkey and plum puddin'!"

RUTH WHITMORE, '16.

And Then What?

I AM an old man now; past seventy, in fact; but the details of my memorable trip through the air just forty years ago, are still as fresh in my memory as though the event had happened but yesterday. Those of my readers whose heads are tinged with silver will readily recall the great European war of nineteen hundred and fourteen—sixteen, which undoubtedly marked the beginning of the end of all conflicts of mankind, but most of them do not know that it was I, a lonely old bachelor, now living in the United States, who brought about the incident which eventually caused the war to end.

By the first of April, nineteen hundred and sixteen, the Allies, composed of Russia, France, and England, had, after varied successes, finally forced the Kaiser's men, step by step, back to the very gates of Berlin, and the fall of this great city, capital and keystone of the Teutonic race, seemed inevitable. The non-combatants within the city limits were preparing to make a last desperate stand, and even the women and children were rallying to the defense of the Fatherland. The once beautiful city was being hastily converted into barracks for the soldiers. Everywhere there was the confusion of recruiting defenders and of drilling them in the use of firearms. And many of the splendid buildings were being destroyed in order that the firing of the big guns, brought into position for the defense of the city, should not be impeded. Slowly the mighty allied forces surrounded the capital, huddling the comparatively few German survivors of many battlefields into the city itself. The fate of Berlin, to all appearances, was but a question of time. She was entirely cut off from the outside world, the Emperor himself was bottled up, and if he were captured, the heart and strength of the German race would be gone. They would be discouraged

and helpless without their aggressive leader. The hope of Germany lay in getting the Kaiser to a place of refuge, and receiving aid from Austria, the German ally, which had by this time regained the prestige lost in the early days of the war. "Hoch der Kaiser!" and "Hilfe aus Asterreich!" were the cries of the German people.

I was at that time captain of a German Aeroplane Corps and, although I say it myself, was considered the most able airman who had thus far survived the ravages of the war. To me, the beleaguered Germans looked for aid in view of the fact that four air machines in as many days, attempting to run the allied gauntlet and thus go for aid, had fallen prey to the heavy fire of the Allies' aeroplane guns. It was apparent to me that only by the sheerest luck could a man hope to fly over the great forces outside the city and escape with his life. Were I to take the Kaiser with me, fly for aid and a place of safety for him, Germany's lost hope would be realized and her ultimate chances of coming out of the war unscathed, greatly increased. But should I in making the attempt be struck by a bullet, both the Kaiser and I would go to a sure death. The fate of Germany would then be sealed, and the world would once more witness the fall of a great world power, even as it had witnessed the overthrow of Greece, the fall of Carthage, the decline of the Roman Empire, and the ruin of Spain. However, it was a fighting chance; in fact, the only one left, and we finally decided to take it.

Thus it was that on the fifth of April I selected my most reliable and fleetest monoplane, a steel-plated affair of the most perfect design, and made ready for the all-important flight. Preparations were brief, and at noon of that same day, with the German Kaiser at my side, I slowly rose over the heads of those within the city. Up, up, we went to a dizzy height, and then suddenly darted in a bee line for our destination. Below us stretched a wonderful panoramic view of men and field implements, while here and there puffs of white smoke rose into the atmosphere, disclosing the presence of some engine of destruction. The air was filled with a hazy smoke and the smell of burned powder. We had not imagined that the strength of the attacking forces was so great. It seemed to my mind, already dazed by the immensity of the work at hand, that the city was surrounded by a living wall of men, over which we must pass in order to gain safety.

Our proposed course was to take us over the thinnest portion of the allied line. To say the least, we were soon sighted, and their rapid firing guns trained upon us. Bullets whistled by like hail, but we remained untouched. On, and on, we went. Slowly, column after column of men was left behind. One mile, two miles, three miles, four miles, we went, and hopes for the best began to rise in our breasts.

But suddenly there was a snap, the engine coughed and wheezed for a moment, and then stopped—a stray bullet had struck the delicate propeller. The machine pitched forward, turned over, and threw us out. Oh, my friends, it is absolutely impossible for me to describe the fearful feeling which instantly seized possession of my body as it dawned upon me that

all, yes all, was lost. Down through space we flew, down, down, and then—my head struck the bed post, and I realized that I had been reading the war news too persistently on the preceding evening.

GEORGE W. JONES, '15.

An Uncle's Remedy

AN old man sat on a bench before a rough cabin on a mountain top. The cares of many winters had whitened his hair and wrinkled his forehead, but there was a singularly sweet expression in his eyes, and an almost childish optimism in the upturned corners of his mouth.

It was peaceful and quiet on the hilltop, and gradually the old man settled back against his rude home and allowed himself to relax for his daily forty winks. For an hour he slept there in the solitude; then an ear-piercing whistle rent the air. Instantly, the man was awake. The long expected had happened. Lawrence had come home. He rose and walked down the path with surprising agility. Just around a turn he came face to face with his nephew, Lawrence Wilder. They greeted each other warmly. Then, in the matter of fact manner men assume after moments of emotion, they picked up the bags and started toward the house. Once there, the bags safely deposited inside, they sat down on the well-worn bench outside the door.

Lawrence Wilder was good to look upon. He was so tall, well formed and erect, that his associates called him "Lovely." His brown eyes were usually running over with mirth, and his laugh was as infectious and genuine as a schoolboy's. To the ladies he was the modern "Beau Brummel," who could dance, and talk, and flirt in the most accomplished manner, and who had taken up surgery on the side.

"The dear boy is so serious about his fads," said one stout matron, with a marriageable daughter.

That was the Lawrence Wilder the world knew; but the man who came to his uncle that day, was different. He was becoming world weary, and a bitter disappointment was making him cynical, so he had come back to his boyhood home on the mountain-top to renew his faith in God and man.

Sitting there on the bench, before the rude cabin, he told his uncle his troubles. The old man listened quietly to the youth's arraignment of society. Then he said, slowly, "My boy, don't become a cynic. Don't you know that cynicism is cheap and indulged in only by those who are steeped in this world's evils? It doesn't seem right for you, who have had so many advantages, and whom the world has used so well, to doubt mankind's goodness."

The uncle paused; a thought flashed through his mind. He had it. The root of this evil—of all evils, was—woman. He opened his mouth to speak, but he was a wise man and sounded the depths before plunging in.

"How do you get on with the ladies, son?" he inquired, with the old, kindly twinkle in his eyes.

"Well enough," came the indifferent answer, "but they sicken me. It's always the same old story, fine feathers and society. I meet girls and girls, each one worse than her predecessor." He stopped abruptly, and turned away.

During the two weeks that followed, Lawrence remained at the cabin. He was not at all bored by the whisperings of nature. She seemed to be changing his inmost fibers and making a new man.

Meanwhile, his uncle had been doing a little investigating. He believed that the only ailments which ever affected a young man of Lawrence's type were indigestion and love-sickness. There was nothing the matter with Lawrence's digestion. It was, as he expressed it, "right as rain." It was, then, plain to be seen that his nephew was in love. So he wrote to an old friend of his in the city and asked him if he had any idea who the cause of the trouble was. In a few days a long lawyer-like epistle came in answer, the substance of which was as follows: A certain young lady had told Lawrence that he was a good-for-nothing society butterfly, shirking his work that he might play with shallow-minded companions. She added that if he would get to work and attend more strictly to his professional duties, she would consider his proposal. Lawrence had gone away hurt and angry, and with a growing distrust of humanity in general, and women in particular.

To the uncle, there seemed little to do but wait. He watched his nephew carefully, though closely, and detected signs of uneasiness long before any intention of departing was announced. He was not surprised when Lawrence said one morning, "Guess I'll go back to work this afternoon."

"All right, my boy," the uncle replied, quietly. Without more ado, the bags were packed, and by three o'clock the old man sat alone on his rough bench, thinking over what had happened. "It'll come out all right," he soliloquized, optimistically. "He needed discipline, and I'm glad he got it. It'll be lonely without him, though," he added, regretfully.

Months passed and another June came. As before, the old man, sitting on his rude bench, was thinking of Lawrence and the frequent good reports and cheerful letters received since he went back to his work. As if in answer to a wish a voice just around the corner of the cabin said, laughingly, "Here we are, Uncle." It was Lawrence, but there was a girl with him. In silence the old man looked at them. Then he chuckled softly, and said, "You have proved my cure. The remedy, as well as the cause, of all evils, is woman."

The War and Germany

OBVIOUSLY if we Americans are to form a just opinion of the great issues involved in the present conflict in Europe, we must hear both sides of the question. America will probably be called upon to act in the role of mediator at the end of this titanic struggle, and she must, therefore, understand the German side of the question as well as that of the Allies. Today we are receiving practically all our war news from English sources. It seems fair that we should listen to the German side of the story whenever we hear it.

People have blamed the German Emperor for this conflict, and he is today singled out as a scapegoat. It is beyond doubt that 67,000,000 German people entered this war as one unit, and are fighting as such today.

There appear to be three reasons for the present war. They are: England's jealousy at the growth of the Germans in commercial and naval powers; the long desire of the French to recover Alsace-Lorraine; Russia's desire to eliminate Germany as an ally of Austria, who stands in her way to Constantinople. It seems as if each of the three great powers now making war on Germany had her own reason for wishing to crush her.

Germany, almost surrounded by hostile states, must necessarily arm. Would it have shown good judgment on Germany's part for her to cease arming, while the great nations about her were strengthening their fighting power? We hear people say that Germany has been preparing for this war for twenty years. True enough, Germany knew then, as she does now, that war was bound to come, and she was not going to be unprepared. The facts in the history of the crisis leading to the present struggle show that the German Emperor, by threatening to tear up the Treaty of Alliance with Austria, compelled Austria to reopen diplomatic relations with Russia after they were broken off, and to adopt a more conciliatory attitude towards Russia's demands. Negotiations between Russia and Austria had practically reached an agreement on the basis that Servia should render satisfaction to Austria without sacrificing her independence.

Then like lightning came Russia's order for general mobilization, producing such a panic that the Kaiser was compelled to surrender the control of affairs to the military leaders. As Russia's power lies in its vast hordes of men, so does Germany's lie in swiftness of mobilization.

The violation of Belgium neutrality by the Germans seems to be the cause of a great deal of popular feeling going against Germany. It has been proved however, that French officers were in command of Belgium's fate long before the Germans entered.

The great issue of this conflict, which is becoming clearer every day, is whether the civilization of western Europe shall continue to exist, or

whether Germany, the last obstacle to the Slav advance, is to be crushed and Russia dominate with its mediæval social conditions, with its autocratic government as the head of 200,000,000 ignorant and superstitious Slavs, with its Tartars and Cossacks. This is the choice the world must make, and this is the issue which the terrific struggle will decide.

WILLIAM H. GAFFNEY, '15.

A Canoe Trip

IT was one day late in November, at Little Brook, New Hampshire, that a friend and I started out for a canoe trip. The sun from a clear blue sky was shining brightly on Old Mother Earth.

We had put all that we thought necessary into the canoe, including a rifle, shotgun, bedding, and food for two, using great caution in packing the things so that we might get the weight as even on both sides as possible. But when we got in and seated ourselves, much to our disgust, the canoe rolled over, letting us both into the water. How it happened I do not know, but we gathered up all our goods again except the bread, which I am sure gave the fish a good meal. We had to go under water for our guus and canned goods, but recovered them all.

After eating our dinner we started again, this time without mishap, and as the current was strong and the wind in our favor, we made good time. We passed through woods where not a sound could be heard, not even from our paddles, as they were dipped into the water and removed with the regularity of clockwork. Then again we threaded our way through a meadow, where all the snow, except in little patches here and there, had disappeared, leaving the grass looking fresh and green. Finally the sun began to drop over the purple hills in the west, sending a red and yellow glow over the water. The Connecticut River looked in the distance like molten gold, sparkling and dancing in the sun. We reached the river just as the sun died away, like the glowing coals of a fire.

Silently we steered the canoe into a cove on the Vermont side of the river. There we ate our supper, and then got ready for a good night's rest. Before lying down I gazed once more on the scene which had been so beautiful in the last rays of the sun. The stars were beginning to creep out into the darkness, while on the river fantastic shadows were cast by the trees and by our fire on the bank.

Replenishing the fire, I lay down to dream of the fairy-land of the North.

WALTER ROLLINS, '17.

ALUMNI AND SCHOOL NOTES



The elocution classes have been resumed, under the direction of Miss Sadie A. O'Connell, who succeeds Miss Bearce in this department.

The Freshman Class has elected the following officers:—

Dixi Hoyt, president; Robert Hull, vice-president; Canzadia Cook, secretary; Gladys Barry, treasurer; Wilfred St. Jean, marshal.

A committee from the Senior Class has been appointed to meet Miss O'Connell and arrange for the class play. The parts are to be contested for and a large number of names have already been handed in. Mr. Clarke suggested that one-half the net proceeds be given to the Athletic Association, and the class voted to do so. It is hoped that the entire school will co-operate to make the affair a success.

The following managers have been elected by the Athletic Association:

Miss Evelyn Hearsey, teacher-manager of the Girls' Basket-ball team; Elizabeth Savage, student-manager; Russell Wass, assistant manager of the Boys' Basket-ball team; Waldo Suhlke, assistant manager of the Baseball team; Merton Mason, assistant manager of the Track team.

SUGGESTION: In a fire drill always imagine you are going down to lunch.

Miss Felton: Can't any one write a paragraph on "Boys and Girls" without making it partial?

Mr. G., '16: It can't be done.

Miss Ham to Mr. S.: Please translate "He is having a son built for a house."

Information found on examination papers:—

"Affinity is the wantness of one thing for another."

A use of hydrogyn chloride—"laundering."

"Cross your I's and dot your T's."

B., '15, told the third period English class that if Lady Macbeth was sick enough to have a doctor, she was liable to die.

FOUND—A new name for the United States—"The Untied States."

Some of the seniors object to trial by Shakespeare. Trial by combat is more regular.

Alumni Notes

There are quite a few of last year's graduating class who are filling positions in their home towns. Francis Coughlin is working in Nixon's Drug Store. Marjorie Tremblay is bookkeeping for the Gavin Hardware Co. Blanche Vorse is working as clerk for Mr. Hull. Mary Coughlin is working in the Economy Dry Goods Store. Gladys Morhous is working in the Blanchard-England Comb Shop. Philomena Guy is employed by the Woolworth Company. Mildred Richardson is doing bookkeeping for the Leominster Gas Company.



Lillian Connaughton, '13, is a stenographer for the Star Manufacturing Company.



Clarence Kline, '14, is reporting for the *Fitchburg News*.



Rachel Potter, '14, is studying at Wheaton College.



On November 15th Herman A. Suhlke died at his home in Detroit, Michigan. After attending the Leominster public schools and graduating from the high school in 1902, he studied at the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Graduating from there with honors in 1906, he made his home in Detroit, where he lived for eight years. The alumni remember Mr. Suhlke as fond of athletics, a star in football, and a general favorite.



The Fabberwock from Boston comes, with splendid literature.
A few more cuts would brighten it; of that I'm very sure.

The Radiator, Somerville, has notes and notes galore.
Of course, in such a great big school they have a splendid store.

A long green paper now I see,—Seattle, Washington.
The Totem ('tis the name of it) is filled with lots of fun.

We all enjoy the Children's Page of *The Breccia*, Deering High.
Dear Freshmen, 'tis for you to read. Oh, do not pass it by!

Of all this month's exchanges this is the liveliest one.
Three cheers for you, O *Breccia*! This year you've well begun.

For *The Argus*, Gardner High School, I have some good advice:
Fill up your empty spaces and give more for your price.

Then here's our friend, *The Senior*, from Westerly, R. I.
It's rather short of stories, I'm sure I don't know why.

To *The Enterprise* and *The Artisan*, as well as *The Student's Review*:
You're constantly improving. Do you think that we are, too?



THE team played the Hudson High School eleven, at Hudson, Oct. 24, and brought home a victory. Leominster had a hardy looking team to play against, but before the ball had been in play five minutes Thomas had carried in over the line for a touchdown and Daly had kicked it over the goal. The first touchdown may make little difference in the actual score, but it means much to the team securing it. After the first touchdown Leominster pushed Hudson steadily down the field until within a short distance of the enemy's goal line and Bagley, in a short end run, took the ball across for the second touchdown. Daly kicked a second goal, which made the score 14 to 0 in favor of Leominster. Toward the last of the second period the ball had been carried to within Hudson's fifteen-yard line, when Brigham made a forward pass to Leamy and Leamy made the third and last touchdown of the game. Daly again kicked the ball over the bar and the score became 21 to 0. The whistle then blew for the first half.

In the second half Hudson came back strong and the gains on both sides were well fought for. The ball went up and down the field many times, but neither team scored. In the fourth period the ball was twice dangerously near Leominster's goal line, but was speedily brought out of danger. It was after it had been brought out of danger the second time that the final whistle blew.

There were some warm discussions during the game, but matters were finally smoothed over.

Leamy, Burley, and Thomas played well for Leominster, while Stone and Walsh excelled for Hudson.

The line up:

| L. H. S. | HUDSON HIGH |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Arnold, l e..... | r e, Stammers |
| Freeman, l t..... | r t, Schofield |
| White, l g..... | r g, Ryan |
| Brigham, c..... | c, Sawtelle |
| Carter, r g..... | l g, Stewart |
| VonDell, r t..... | l t, Myrick |

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------|
| Leamy, r e..... | l e, Walsh |
| Thomas, qb..... | qb, Crossman |
| Bagley, Bacon, l h b..... | r h b, Poole |
| Daly, r h b..... | l h b, Stone |
| Burley, Suhlke, f b..... | f b, Lamson |

Score: L. H. S., 21. Touchdowns, Thomas, Bagley, Leamy. Goals from touchdowns, Daly, 3. Umpire, Smith. Referee, Hagerman. Time, 12 m. quarters.



We played Gardner on our home grounds, Oct. 31. There was quite a bit more interest in this game, as the winner would take second place in the league while the loser would take the last place. The teams were equally matched, except for the fact that Gardner had the heavier men.

Leominster opened the game with a kick-off that was downed on the forty-yard line. Linnell then carried the ball twenty yards nearer our goal on a fake forward pass. Gardner tried a few quarter-back runs which proved successful and which carried the ball ahead another twenty yards. Johnson of Gardner in the next play threw the ball across to Carey, who carried it across for the first touchdown. Linnell then kicked a goal.

Au the opening of the second period the ball was on Gardner's thirty-yard line, but Gardner punted and we lost what we had gained. Leominster failed to make much headway and had to punt. Thomas unfortunately was in the way and the visitors got the ball on our twenty-two-yard line. Kauppi made a pass to Carey, who carried it across for the second touchdown. A question here arose as to whether the catch by Carey was legal or not. It was claimed that the ball touched the ground before being caught by Carey. Coach Kimball threatened to take the team from the field, but, after a stiff argument with the umpire, decided to continue the game. Linnell kicked a second goal, making the score 14 to 0.

During the third period we managed to hold the visitors. The ball moved up and down the field, but neither team scored.

Gardner made one touchdown in the last period. After a series of lively scrimmages the ball was carried across our goal line, making the last touchdown of the game.

The line up:

| L. H. S. | G. H. S. |
|------------------------------------|----------------|
| Arnold, l e..... | r e, Greenwood |
| Suhlke, l t..... | r i, Brooks |
| White, l g..... | r g, Kersey |
| Brigham, c..... | c, May |
| Carter, Farrell, Freeman, r g..... | l g, McCaffrey |
| VonDell, r t..... | l t, Lovejoy |
| Crane, Thomas, qb..... | qb, Evenson |
| Bagley, l h b..... | r h b, Linnell |
| Daly, r h b..... | l h b, Kauppi |
| Burley, f b..... | f b, Johnson |

Referee, F. H. Baldwin, Dartmouth. Umpire, F. J. Handrahan, Waltham. Head linesman, F. R. Mason, Gardner. Time, two 10 and two 8 m. periods. Attendance, 300.

On Saturday, Nov. 7, the team went to Gardner for its third league game. On this trip it was accompanied by about twenty-five of the students. The crowd left on the 1.17 train from Fitchburg and reached the grounds at about 2.10. According to a special arrangement by Mr. Clarke, the Leominster rooters were allowed to enter the grounds without paying admission, the regular season tickets being used. Gardner rooters will be allowed the same privilege when they come to Leominster.

The Gardner team appeared on the field at 2.30, and fifteen minutes later the Leominster boys appeared. Leominster, it seemed, was again outweighed. After a short practice the teams lined up and the game began.

The game had been in progress but a short while when Linnell, Gardner's left half back, was injured by a kick in the head, but he pluckily resumed the game. At first Gardner tried line plunging and Leominster was pushed steadily back. Then, with a long end run, the ball was carried to our five-yard line. From there, by pushing our team back, Gardner made the first touchdown and Linnell kicked a goal. Gardner kicked off and the ball was downed on our fifteen-yard line, then advanced by slow gains for the second touchdown. Linnell again kicked a goal. Gardner kicked off, and Leominster was pushed steadily back for a touchdown. Linnell kicked a third goal which made the score 21 to 0. The teams lined up again, but the whistle for the end of the first half blew, and stopped the game.

Leominster came back strong in the second half, and managed to hold Gardner. The ball zigzagged up and down the field until Leamy got it on a fumble and carried it across for a touchdown. The try for goal was unsuccessful. In the last period Gardner made gains, but they were all earned and hard to get. When the final whistle blew, the ball was about a yard from our goal line where it had been for nearly three minutes.

The line up:

| G. H. S. | L. H. S. |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|
| Mulcahy, l e..... | r e, Arnold, Cook |
| Lovejoy, l t..... | r t, Farrell |
| McCaffery, Anderholm, l g..... | r g, Carter |
| May, c..... | c, Brigham |
| Keresey, r g..... | l g, White |
| Brooks, r t..... | l t, Suhlke |
| Greenwood, r e..... | l e, Leamy |
| Evenson, Brunki, qb..... | qb, Crane |
| Linnell, l h b..... | r h b, Kirkpatrick |
| Kauppi, r h b..... | l h b, Bagley, Bacon |
| Johuson, f b..... | f b, Burley |

Score: G. H. S. 21, L. H. S. 0. Touchdowns, Johnson, 3. Leamy. Goals from touchdowns, Linnell, 3. Umpire, Baldwin, Marlboro Referee, Vinall, Springfield College. Linesman, Smith, of Leominster. Time, 10 m. periods.



Leominster practice game with Worcester Academy Second, Nov. 11, resulted in a score of 96 to 0, in favor of Worcester. The Academy Second

team is composed of heavier boys. Some of them outweighed us by about forty pounds, so the defeat was not so surprising.



Leominster played the Lyman School, Nov. 14, at Westboro. The teams were about evenly matched, and the game was quite interesting. The result was a 20 to 20 tie. The game was punctuated with warm discussions which delayed it until darkness fell.



Although our football team is being beaten in nearly every quarter, we should not lose faith in it, but should support it all the more loyally. A losing game is the hardest game, and a losing team needs the support of every one. Our team has been outweighed in nearly every struggle, but it is of the "never say die" class, and we still have hopes.

The Last Leaf

Oh, lonely leaf upon the dreary bough,

Why dost thou linger, so shriveled and brown and sear—

Thy beauty gone, thy gay color faded now—

Dost thou not know thy summer's gone, thy death is near?

Thou art the last of the gorgeous golden throng,

No more do balmy breezes caress thy withered face, --

But wild winds and storms, as they murmur their mournful song,

Do toss thee, limply hanging there, in their rude embrace.

Forlorn, thou dost quiver and stir in the still cold air.

The wandering moon casts down her radiant eye

Upon thee. The sun that once brought beauty rare,

Does try to warm thy shivering form and coax away the sigh.

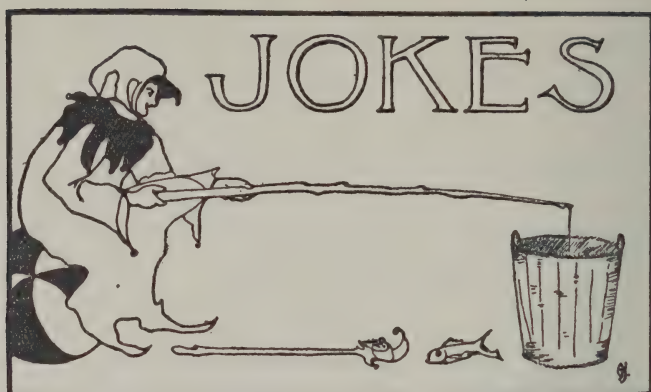
Thou dost sadden my heart and o'ershadow the dawn,

When thou, so dark and drear against the evening sky,

With all thy comrades, all thy brilliance gone,

Must linger and mourn and wait with death so nigh.

HELEN BRIGHAM, '15.



George: I can't understand why my girl shook me.

Harold: What did you write to her the last time?

George: All I said was, "My Dear Susie: The dog I promised you has just died. Hoping these few lines will find you the same. Yours, George."

"Alas," confessed the prisoner, "in a moment of weakness I stole the piano."

"In a moment of weakness! Goodness, man! What would you have taken if you had yielded in a moment when you felt strong?"

The half-back was helped to his feet amid the cheers of the crowd. He looked dazed, but managed to ask, "Who—who kicked me?"

"It's all right," cheerily said the captain, "it's a foul."

"A fowl, indeed," echoed the half-back. "I thought it was a mule!"

"How benevolent you are getting," observed a visiting friend as the other tossed a dime to an organ-grinder.

"Yes," was the reply, "not a dago's past but I give something to the poor."

A Methodist Bishop was recently a guest at the home of a friend who had two charming daughters. One morning, accompanied by the young ladies, he went out trout fishing. An old fisherman, wishing to appear friendly, called out, "Ketchin' many, pard?"

Drawing himself to his full height the bishop replied, "Brother, I am a fisher of men."

"You've got the right kind of bait," was the fisherman's rejoinder.

Frankie: Say, pop, where does the Hudson rise?

Pop: Blest if I know.

Frankie: Then I'll get licked tomorrow on account of your ignorance

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L.H.S. SQUAD 1914.

THE MAGNET

Vol. VIII. LEOMINSTER, MASS., DECEMBER, 1914. No. 3

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

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Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.

Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.



EDITORIALS

THREE and one-half years ago, when the present senior class entered L. H. S. as freshmen, Mr. Clarke also entered as our principal. For nearly four years he has been with us, and when he leaves in January for his new position at Winthrop it will be to the great regret of the student body. Although we wish him every success, we shall never forget what he has done to make our school what it is today,

The boys will always remember and appreciate the opportunities which were presented to them in the *Congress*. Among

other things he has introduced elocution as a study and procured a teacher for those who enjoy that subject. He has been in sympathy with the interests of the pupils and perfectly willing to promote their ideas whenever possible. He has been perfectly fair and tried to do the square thing. The students have appreciated especially the short recess between the second and third periods; the privilege of using the gymnasium for dancing on two days of the week; and the efficient method of procuring and serving lunch.

When Mr. Clarke leaves, we shall lose an honest, conscientious, and just principal.

A CORDIAL invitation is extended to the Class of 1918 to help support THE MAGNET by contributing material. The earlier you begin, the surer you are making yourselves positions on THE MAGNET Board in your junior and senior years. If you do not excel in narrating, describe something that has interested you, and that you think would be of interest to others. Poetry is always welcome, if you are so fortunate as to possess any gifted persons in your ranks. Do not be discouraged if your first contributions are not printed, but remember that everything worthy is counted, and that some day L. H. S. will depend on you to run her paper.

M. ETHEL RYAN, '15.

Snowflakes

I watched the snowflakes fluttering down
 From their homes in cloudland dark with its frown.
 They danced and they sank in the cold winter air,
 And continued to drop so pure and so fair.

Then said I: "Snowflakes, will you tell me, I pray,
 Whither you hasten so lightly and gay?"
 The snowflakes laughed, but gave no reply,
 And fell faster yet 'fore my questioning eye.

I stood there, still hoping their errand to see;
 Still lower they came, so happy and free.
 They made a white blanket so soft where they lay
 That protected Mother Earth, who bade them to stay.

MARGARET HOWE, '16.

Mammy's Strategy

"GOODNESS! Doan you'se all know what a Cris'mas is? Why, a Cris'mas a day when ys' hab comp'ny, dat's what it is. An' you hab a feast ar' all de lobely tings, yo' sho' do."

"Oh, Mammy, wouldn't it be lovely if we could have a Christmas and"—

"And pies, and cakes, and turkey," broke in little Bobby.

"Christmas"—began Bobby.

"Christmas!" exclaimed the Squire, coming in the door at just the wrong time. "Have you been telling the children about Christmas? Hum! As if it wasn't hard enough to get along as it is without having Christmas. It's especially hard to get along now that all the tenants refuse to pay their rent. When they do pay they only give paper money that's good for nothing since Washington stirred up the country. And wasn't it just the other day that the soldiers were pillaging around here and took all the corn and two horses? Nice time to celebrate Christmas, I must say." And the Squire, having finished his tirade and thinking he had settled the question of Christmas, drew up to the fire and began amusing himself by turning the large piece of lamb which hung over the fireplace seeming to deny his assertion of poverty.

Bobby stole out toward the barn, and his sister Janice, feeling a lump in her throat which she could not seem to swallow, crept out to join him.

"Hello, Bobby. What's the trouble?" asked Mr. Meredith, one of the Squire's bondsmen, as he discovered a forlorn little heap in a corner of the barn.

"Christmas," sobbed Bobby.

"Well, well. That doesn't seem like a very cheery Christmas to me. Then, too, 't isn't Christmas yet."

This, instead of cheering Bobby, made him fairly howl with grief, and it was many minutes before Mr. Meredith could comfort him. Then it was only by the promise of a horseback ride, a sport of which Bobby was very fond.

"Hello! And who's been telling you that you could give the children horseback rides? Wasting time, I call it, and teaching the children to expect to be waited on. Put up that horse now, and the children may go to the house," and the Squire ordered his carriage made ready for a trip to town.

Two calamities in one day! Poor Bobby! He came into the house, the very picture of despair, followed by Janice, who, although not crying, certainly was not happy.

"There, there, Bobby," soothingly said his old colored Mammy, "doan

you'se know that you can hab a happy day 'thout havin' a regula' Cris'mas?"

Bobby's cry over, the children were made happy by watching and helping Mammy cook, and by mixing small cakes of their own, which they baked. But Mammy was troubled by the fact that through the Squire's disagreeableness, the children could have no Christmas. Plan as she would, she could think of no way to bring the Squire to consent to one.

"Lor's sake, do' seem's if the Squire might get ober his cankerousness 'nough to gib dem po' chillens a bit ob extra an' some compn'y for Cris'mas. But Mammy, she's gwine t' fix him. She's gwine t'—" but at this point, Mammy's brain became too muddled for her to say what she was going to do, and the next minute Mammy was asleep.

The Squire came home from town that night, evidently very pleased with his afternoon, but could he have heard some of the remarks which were made when his back was turned, he would have seen there was some cause for anxiety. While his countrymen were all in favor of George Washington, he was loud in his praises of the King and openly denounced Washington. For this reason, and on account of their general dislike for the Squire, his neighbors had determined to punish him.

The next morning Mammy arose early, and soon after getting the Squire's breakfast, succeeded in slipping mysteriously to her room and putting on her best black dress which had been kept for Sunday's only up to this time. She put on her black bonnet with the bright trimming. The next time the children looked for her she was nowhere to be found. Unbeknown to the children she had slipped out the back door and was now well on her way to the British camp, thinking that, if the Squire liked the British so well, he surely would not object to having a few at his house for a Christmas dinner. The British had given the convenience of the knoll, which was just outside the town the Squire lived in, as their reason for placing a camp there, but it was really because all the townspeople opposed them, and they wished to keep these stanch followers of George Washington under their guard.

Mammy was rather frightened at what she had undertaken, but she had made up her mind, and the thought of the children prevented her from changing it. Following the road to the camp, she soon came in sight of it. She was very much encouraged when she noticed that there were only one or two red-coats in sight. Choosing the largest tent as the General's, she reached the entrance just as all the men, who had been consulting with the General, came out.

"A spy! A spy!" they called, as they caught sight of Mammy.

"No sah! No sah! 'Deed I ain't no spy," emphatically denied Mammy.

The laughter was stopped by the appearance of the General in the doorway of his tent. Seeing this black woman, who reminded him so much of an old colored Mammy he remembered, he asked her kindly what she wanted.

Having seen a picture of the General, Mammy was ready to thank him for his kindness. "For de Lor's sake," she exclaimed, "if thar aint de

General hisself. 'Deed I knew him right off for his kindness. He's a fine General," and she made her best curtesy to him. The General's rather keen and piercing eyes held a kindly expression, and he extended his hand, a hand that had shaken that of the King's, and asked Mammy to come into his tent. When they were seated, she began to talk with him.

"'Deed, sah," she explained, "The Squire is that fussy he won't 'low the chillens for to hab no Cris'mas. An' sah, yo' an' some ob de officers could come an' ask him for a Cris'mas dinner, an' 'deed, sah, I'll hab ebery-tin' ready an' you'se all will tink you'se got a feast, sah."

The General, although rather amused, did not object to the thought of a Christmas dinner, yet he asked Mammy if he should tell the Squire he was invited.

Mammy, in great alarm lest he should do so, began to beg him not to. "No sah, no sah. Doan you'se all be tellin' the Squire, cause he'd like t' punish me if yo' should, sah. Yo' jes' say, 'Squire, you'se a fren' ob de King, an' we'se a fren' ob de King, so for de King's sake gib us some Cris'mas dinner,' and I know'se he will do it."

"Then I'm to invite myself, am I, when there's no real need of it? We have enough food."

"No need ob it, sah? Course dere's need ob it. Jes' tink ob dem po' chillens 'thout no comp'ny an' den say deres no need ob it!"

"How can you get food ready without the Squire's knowing of it?"

"'Deed sah, doan you'se tink yo' could send a man early t' ask? 'Sides, doan we'se hab 'nough for an army 'most ebery day? You please come 'long an' doan bring more'n five men an' we'll hab a Cris'mas fit for a king, sah."

Whether it was Mammy's persuasion, or the thought of a homelike Christmas, that made the General decide to come, is not known. At any rate, about eight o'clock, on Christmas, a red-coated man rode up to the Squire's door and asked him if the General and four men might have dinner there. With the promise that they could have a dinner there on Christmas, the man rode back to tell the General, and the Squire went into the house to tell Mammy.

At about twelve o'clock Mammy grew more and more anxious that the children should be out in the front yard.

"Why can't we stay here and watch you, Mammy?" asked Bobby.

"'Cause dere's no knowin' who might come an' who might wish t' stop," said Mammy.

So the children happened to be out in the front yard just as five horse-men came into sight down the road. Their red coats and bright shining buttons pleased the children and they ran up the street to see who was coming. Imagine their surprise when they found these strange men were going to come to their house for a Christmas dinner. The children were even more pleased by the wonderful dinner which Mammy served. There was an abundance of everything, and it surely was a feast, as Mammy had predicted. After dinner, the men took turns in telling the children story

after story, and what pleased Bobby most, let him try on their coats and wear the one that came nearest fitting. When the time came to go to bed the children were unwilling to do so.

After Bobby was asleep, Mammy's strategy saved the Squire from something far worse than a Christmas without company, for the men who disliked the Squire so much, had determined to tar and feather him, a frequent punishment in those times. About nine o'clock there was a loud knock at the door, and a disguised voice told the Squire to step to the door. Thinking it was a neighbor, he answered, "Come in, the latch-string is always out."

"Come out, or we'll force ye."

At just that point Mammy slipped around to the front of the house and told the men of the Squire's visitors. Why she should do so she never quite knew, but when she was questioned she would always answer, "'Deed an' I didn't want de chillens waked up, nor de party troubled, so I jes' say's dat de Squire done got comp'ny."

Mammy's warning, together with the sight of one red-coat, which was as near as they wished to have it, made the men quickly go away, and the Christmas party was continued.

"Oh, Mammy, we had the loveliest Christmas," said Bobby the next day.

"Now you'se chillens go 'long an' tend to you'se own business, an' don't bother Mammy no more."

M. L. RICHARDSON, '16.

Coming of Santa

The golden moon was peeping
Over the hilltops white,
The happy children sleeping
On that glorious Christmas night.

Then over the gleaming stillness
Came the chime of jingling bells,
And in the chilly darkness
It echoed through nooks and dells.

Then nearer and nearer it sounded
And Santa drew over the hill,

The reindeer stamped and pounded,
The children crept up to the sill.

Wide open they threw the curtain
And peeped out over the snow;
Yes! there he was, they were certain,
His bells jingling soft and low.

Back to their little beds they crept,
With happy thoughts for the morn;
All through the winter night they slept,
Waiting for day to dawn.

MARION RICHARDSON, '16.

The Christmas of 1914

CHRISTMAS! What memories, what associations does the mere mention of this magic word bring to our minds! Immediately we think of a Little Stranger who came into this world on a cold, clear, starry night, and the wonderful lesson of Love which he taught us. He came to us in unpretentious glory, a Messenger of Peace and Love. He came to give us faith, to strengthen our souls and spirits, because of his great love for us.

Listen! We can hear the reverberating sound of cannonading, the moans of the sick and wounded, the cries of little children, the weeping and despairing wives, mothers, and sisters. What does it all mean? We cannot say, for war is on and the cannon are loud.

Have Faith and Love forsaken mankind, that all this misery and strife should exist? Nay, mankind, unfilial, has deserted Faith and Love. Its soul is in a gigantic struggle with the Spirit of God and his love for man. It is fighting with all its petty armaments in a futile attempt to destroy the earth with blood, shed for vengeance.

Hearkening to the ear-splitting noises of war, gazing on the battlefields, and the broken family circles, we wonder if Christmas is really here. We hear the heavy tread and clank of restless armies as a result of the Spirit of War; but we listen, almost in vain, for the rustling of the silken garments of Peace and Love. Yet there are still a few places on this old earth where Grim War has not stalked in to impress its deadly grip. Mankind in these isolated oases is holding on to its belief in the lesson taught by Jesus. It dare not let go its hold on Peace and Love.

To the man serious in his duty toward God and his fellow-men, the sound of Christmas bells will be mingled with the faint echo of the bursting shell and cannon, from the lands where strife is prevalent. He will not permit himself to forget them. The sufferings of those caught in the iron grasp of Strife may be alleviated to some extent by the neutral nations of the world. If it is only through intense suffering that mankind may come to a true appreciation of the spirit of the Christmas-tide, we must not forget that it is within the power of all of us to help bear the burden, and we must not neglect it.

Forsake not Faith and Hope. Observe the season's festivities, and put all your efforts into the making of a Christmas that will radiate love and happiness to all in need of it. God loves us. There is proof in the brilliantly shining stars, in the warm radiance of the sun. He makes us suffer that we may come closer to his Spirit.

Grim Spectre of War and Death, thou art making a last stand to maintain the former powerful grip on the civilization of humanity against Peace

and Love. But on Christmas the bells will ring and the angels of God in heaven will sing out over the earth the old sweet song of

"Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men."

Thou shalt hear, and hearing thou shalt hear thy death knell.

IRENE E. GUENNETTE, '15.

A Fight for Life

A True Story

NEAR the town of Sandoway, Burma, in India, there are mountains known as the Yoma Mountains. Many robbers—"dacoits," as the Burmese call them, live in the Yoma Mountains and often attack the surrounding cities in bands numbering anywhere from three to fifty.

Soon after India's last conflict with England, a band of about forty dacoits made an attack upon Sandoway. Their leader was a *blind* Buddhist priest who had left the mosque, being dressed in priest's costume and riding on a red pony. As the dacoits were journeying down the mountain, they came to a village adjacent to Sandoway. The deputy-commissioner of Sandoway happened to be in the same village. After finding the dacoits were there too, and knowing that he could get no help and that the dacoits would kill him if they got the chance, he escaped from the other end of the village into the jungle. Having arrived at the jungle, the deputy-commissioner hid in grass, which was about fifteen feet in height. There he stayed for fear the dacoits might find him. The tigers growled all around him, causing him to keep moving in the grass in order to avoid them.

The next morning he found he had lost his way. At any moment he feared a dacoit might pounce upon him. While roaming around he met a stranger, of whom he asked the way back to Sandoway. This man turned out to be a Christian who was very glad and willing to show him the way.

While all these things were happening, the dacoits were on the road to Sandoway. Arriving there, they started right to work. One of the first things they did after setting several places on fire was to try to get into the Treasury Building.

Of course the deputy-commissioner was not there to lead the men in fighting the dacoits, so a young man about eighteen years old, who had served under the deputy-commissioner, got together ten Chin Indians, natives of Sandoway, to fight against the dacoits. They carried guns, while the forty dacoits had, in addition to these weapons, swords and all sorts of other weapons. The Indians, coming upon the dacoits, began to fire at them. After a while the boy leader of the Indians began to realize that it

was absolutely no use for them to fire at the dacoits, as there were four times as many dacoits as Indians. By this time it was night.

The dacoits had frightened the inhabitants of Sandoway rather badly. Many of the people had lost their homes, and were frantic because the dacoits might take their lives at any time. They finally escaped into the cemetery, knowing that they would be safe there, as the dacoits are afraid to go into a cemetery.

One missionary family escaped by going inside a Mohammedan mosque which was open. In the weird and uncanny darkness of the mosque, the small boy of the family whispered, "Mamma, I remember my verse!" When the mother asked the child what the verse was, he answered, "Now God sees me."

Finally, the boy leader of the Indians ordered a bayonet charge on the dacoits, who then tried to escape as quickly as possible. All that were not wounded or captured had a hard time trying to swim across the river.

Among the captured ones was the blind Buddhist priest who had led the dacoits. He said he would not make any more disturbance if the people of Sandoway would let him rule as long as a dog sits in the middle of the road without moving. Instead of this he was put in prison at once. The little red pony was taken to a police station where he could be of great service to the policeman.

Sandoway was not again disturbed by dacoits for many years.

ESTHER LOTHROP, '17.

My Trip Across the Atlantic

WHEN I was a little girl we lived in Aberdeen, Scotland. My father was a superintendent in a large factory. We had some relatives living in Leominster who wrote and asked my father to come to America. He decided to go and soon was on his way. He arrived about twelve days after he had started, and remained here about one year, working in a comb factory. Then he returned to Scotland, and was not home long before he decided to return to America. Soon after, he wrote for us to come, and within a week we were ready to start.

One morning we left in a carriage for the station where all our relatives were gathered to see us go. Some of them were crying because they never expected to see us again. The train came in and we said good-by for the last time. We journeyed on and on. It grew dark and we all fell asleep. The next morning when we awoke, we were in Liverpool. Getting off the boat we went to an inn to get something to eat. There was a parrot at the inn which kept saying, "Change your money, boys, change your money." Every one laughed who heard him, he was so funny.

About noon we went aboard the ship. I was very much surprised at the size of it. We had to go through a close examination before we could get our berths. I had very red cheeks, and I was healthy, so the doctor asked my mother what was the matter with me. My mother was frightened, but he only laughed and pinched my cheeks, saying he was only joking. Then we had to be vaccinated. The nurse would wash our arms, and then the doctor would scratch them with something like a pen. Then we received our berths in staterooms having about six beds in each. There were two on each wall, one over the other, and a small window, called a port-hole, on one side.

In the next berth to ours there was a small boy, about two years old, with his mother. He cried day and night. My mother told my sister and me to give him some of our books and toys. We did, and they kept him quiet some time. These books were our school books because, in Scotland, we bought all the books we used. My sister had one book left, and she has it now, but he kept all the others.

The first day we sat at the table we didn't like the way the food was cooked, so we didn't go back to eat any of the other meals. My mother had brought food with her, and she also bought food on the ship, so we did not go hungry.

My sister and I used to help the waiters set the table, because it was fun to run up and down the long tables with the dishes. We were up on deck most of the time, as we had good weather; but when it was stormy no one was allowed to venture upstairs. On Sunday we were given ice cream, which we never expected to receive on a ship. My mother was sea-sick, and so was my brother, because he ate so much chocolate. He bought it at a little store on board the ship where fruit and candy were sold.

We were on board the ship ten days, and when we reached Boston Harbor my father met us, and from there we went to Leominster.

GRACE MACKIE, '19.

"What's the matter, little boy?" asked a kind-hearted gentleman of a youth who was yelling lustily.

"Boo, hoo; boo hoo," sobbed the boy.

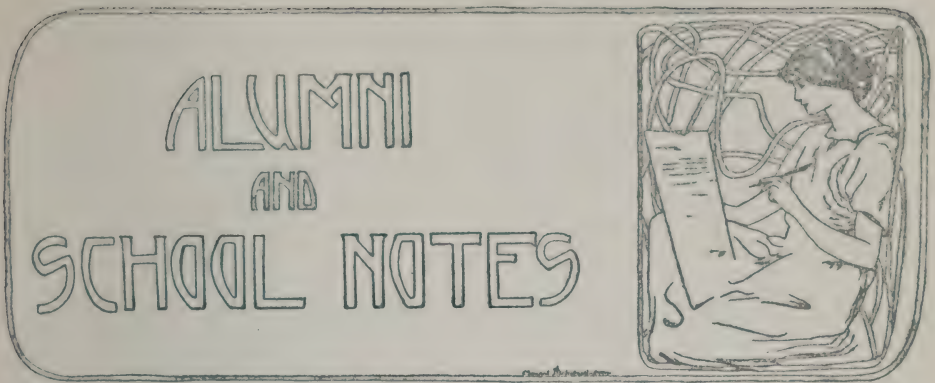
"Come, come," soothingly said the old gentleman, "don't mind, don't mind."

"I didn't," shrieked the boy. "That's what I got licked for."

"When Hemandhaw's children won't learn their lessons, he spansks them with a paddle."

"He does?"

"Yes; and the children call the paddle their 'board of education.'"



At a mass meeting one of the teachers said, "Don't knock, but boost." This applies not only to the football team, but also to the other school activities. THE MAGNET cannot exist unless the students of this school take interest enough to contribute an article once in a while. Before criticising the paper, ask yourself whether you have done anything to better it; then remember the editors can't make something out of nothing. Get to work yourself!

The Sophomore class has chosen the motto: *Ne tentes, aut perface*—Attempt not, or accomplish thoroughly. The Freshman motto is: *Vincit qui laborat*—He conquers who labors.

The annual Junior dance, held the night after Thanksgiving, was a most successful party, about one hundred couples enjoying themselves until midnight. The gym. was very prettily decorated in orange and black, the class colors. Fir trees were used to make an attractive corner for the chaperons, who were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kimball, Miss Daily, and Miss Hearsey.

The members of the football team who "were greatly surprised" when asked to make a speech at the mass meeting, evidently forgot their training in oral composition.

After some discussion, the Seniors have chosen the motto: *Per pericula ad triumpham*—Through trials to triumph.

The Juniors apparently had less difficulty in choosing their motto, for at the dance *Veritas, honor, et scientia*—Truth, honor, and knowledge—was seen in orange and black over the chaperons' corner.

Miss R., "Der See lachelt."—The sea laughs.

Loud whisper, Tee, hee, hee.

Miss H.: The albumen in the hen's egg is to feed the yolk, which is a chicken.

Mr. C.: That's all right, S., but what might you have used to save such a long proof?

S., '16 (after thinking a few minutes): Brains!

Mr. C. wanted him to say "algebra."

FROM THE COMMERCIAL LAW EXAM

By marriage man and wife become one, but who is the one? (This was not written by a girl.)

Any one can make a contract who is not a husband or his wife.

An infant is a man who has not yet grown up.

A man need not pay his funeral expenses until he is dead.

Inspired by a Senior class meeting:

We do have lovely meetings,

Oh, my! yes, indeed!

We're about as happy as a cat

When a dog has got it treed

The girls are bobbing up and down

As in St. Vitus' dance,

And with their standing all around

Who else can get a chance?

Of course they don't know how to vote,

For that is not their place;

But the way they try to make things go

Is changing our whole race.

The teachers gave a reception to the parents on Dec. 4. Each teacher received in his recitation room and then every one met in the Assembly Hall for the entertainment, which consisted of selections by the orchestra, songs by Mr. Kenney and Miss Phillips, and readings by Miss O'Connell. Then refreshments were served in the lunch room by the Seniors.

TRANSLATIONS

"The rough soldiers burst out into laughter as she took the poor prisoner by the neck."

"He opened his eyes wide and was fast asleep again."

"The serpent darts forth his three tongued fork."

Pupil: Is the afternoon session a legal contract?

Mr. C.: No; it is a privilege.

A rather alarming notice appeared on the board in Room 7; (S) Weeping days—Tuesdays and Fridays.

The gift of the class of 1914 has arrived at the school. It is a splendid set of books entitled "The World's Story," published by Houghton Mifflin Co. The set consists of fourteen volumes beautifully bound in half leather. With this set the school receives one year's subscription to the magazine entitled *The World's Story and Home Progress*.

Through the kindness of the class of 1909 the school has just received a four years' subscription to *The Literary Digest*, a weekly magazine. Both of these gifts are highly appreciated by the present students.

In the game for the championship in tennis which was played at Worcester Tech., Tombleu, who for two years was the intercollegiate champion of Maine, defeated Vinal, '13, the Freshman player. Both had defeated two of the strongest men at the college, and the game between them was very close, Tombleu finally winning. Vinal, holding the second place in the contest, was awarded a handsome cup.

William Jenna, '11, is the only graduate of this school who ever attended West Point, which fact gives additional interest to his high standing in that academy.

Myrtle Farrar, '14, Myrtle Roberts, '14, and Shirley Whitney, '13, are studying at Framingham Normal.

mont this past season. Ronald Bur-
rage, ex '12, is also at Vermont.

Louis Little, '11, was one of the
star players in the line-up for Ver-

Harold Barrett, '14, is studying at
the Allen School in West Newton.

High School Congress

HENRY K. SCANLON, Speaker

THE first meeting of the Leominster High School Congress for the 1914-'15 session was opened by Speaker Scanlon, Nov. 30, at 7.30 p. m. There was an exceptionally large attendance at the meeting—75 members and about the same number of visitors. There was a short business session at first, during which several by-laws and rules for procedure were adopted. The following subject was chosen for debate at the next meeting, Monday, Dec. 14: *Resolved*, That every able-bodied male American citizen from eighteen to thirty-five should serve, at some time, three years in the army. After the business had been transacted, George Jones gave a talk on "The History and Purpose of the Congress." This was followed by an address by Judge Freeman on the subject, "Law." This talk was comprehensive and practical in nature. Judge Freeman explained the common law and the court system from the Police Court to the Supreme Court, and gave interesting examples to illustrate. The Congress adjourned at nine o'clock.

ARTHUR L. CHANDLER, *Clerk*.

An Exhilarating Experience

Along the dusty way we sped,
In our old automobile,
We certainly *did* make things look red,
And how our brains did reel.
For though it was only a little Ford car,
(How scornfully the word comes out)
We flew right speedily o'er the tar,
And put all things to rout.
When suddenly before my eyes
A chicken I did see,
I verily heaved some weary sighs
For now t'was up to me.

I could not swerve to right nor left,
Or over we would go,
So the farmer man was sure bereft,
For the chicken came to woe.
Happily onward we did fly
Mid clanking, crashing and groaning,
Across the highway with a cry
Sped men, women and children, moaning
Then up West Street through all the mud,
Ploughed that Ford car of mine,
And down to earth, then, with a thud
Came we, when we reached Vine.

RUTH WALDRON, '16.



The pupils of Columbus High School, Columbus, Nebr., are certainly progressive. According to their paper, *The High School News*, their latest movement is a campaign against cigarette smoking. I trust the time will come when something similar to the following can be said of our school:

CIGARETTES ARE NO MORE

"It is reported by good authority that there is not a cigarette smoker in Columbus High School. There are at present one hundred and six boys enrolled. The pledge, circulated by two popular Junior boys, is making much headway. It came like a bolt out of a clear sky. The school tenders congratulations. The movement did not stop with the high school, but is spreading out into the city.

"This is a young man movement, inaugurated by high school boys who were one-time victims of the habit, but who on Monday, November 16, drew up an instrument, signed it, and solicited others. It worked. It is working now. It will work more."

The Thanksgiving number of *The Totem* does not fail to come up to its usual high standard. This paper contains the most interesting story I have read in any of the month's exchanges. "The Last Goal," a tale of an old prospector and his horse, is full of life and interest.

This paper has a page devoted to "Society" each month, giving descriptions of various dances and parties of the students. This unusual department is quite an addition to the paper. Another novelty it presents is the section turned over to one class (so far this year) in each publication. In the October issue different members of the Freshman class aired their views on what entering the high school meant to them. The Sophomores, likewise, wished to put in their word, so in the Thanksgiving number they have written paragraphs on their "Thankful Fors," as one Sophomore expresses it.



ATHLETICS

THE last game of the football season was played Thanksgiving morning with Fitchburg. The field had been cleared of snow, but the ground was soft, and at places there were puddles of water where snow had melted. About three thousand people attended, including a large showing from Fitchburg. The prospects for Leominster were not very bright for we were opposed by a heavier, more experienced team, and one which had only been scored on twice, while the Leominster team had met numerous defeats. There were promises of a good game, for although they thought they were going to lose, they were not going to let Fitchburg walk on them.

The game started at 11.10 with Leominster's kick-off. The ball was downed on our forty-yard line. Then by reason of heavier weight it was carried forward by gains of two and three yards, until Herndon, of Fitchburg, made the first touchdown. Moriarty kicked a goal which made the score 7 to 0. Fitchburg kicked and with a few gains and because of the fact that Leominster was penalized twice, Fitchburg secured another touchdown; Moriarty kicked another goal. Fitchburg tried line plunging to no avail, but secured a gain on an end run. Crane was knocked out at this point; but resumed the game. Leominster then began to gain, first a yard or two, then little longer ones. White kicked and the ball was stopped on Fitchburg's fifteen-yard line. Fitchburg gained slightly, then lost by being penalized. Fitchburg kicked; but the ball was returned as far as Fitchburg's twenty-eight yard line and the first period closed.

During the next period the ball was carried up the field toward our goal posts, then Leominster got in on a fumble. Fitchburg was penalized and Leominster kicked; but it was blocked and carried across for a touchdown. Moriarty missed the goal. Fitchburg kicked and then carried the ball over for another touchdown. After the teams had lined up again the whistle for the first half blew.

During the interval between the halves, the Fitchburg fife and drum corps attempted to march around the field, but on the advice of Mr. Clarke the police drove it off. It was lucky for the drum corps that this was done, as a large quantity of Leominster-made snowballs awaited its arrival.

It was during the second half that the fighting spirit of Leominster showed itself. We were fighting against odds and were being beaten; but the team fought, and fought hard, and the second half abounded in spectacular football.

The ball was on the twenty-yard line when a Fitchburg player got it and started on an end run. Arnold, the smallest man on the team, was in the way, and to see him tackle a man big enough to be his father was worth the price of the game. He stopped him, but when they took the Fitchburg fellow off and pried Arnold out of the muck, he was the color of mud. After several applications of water the white began to show and he resumed the game. An end run which was resumed by Kirkpatrick on the four-yard line carried the ball again into the danger zone. Fitchburg tried line plunging and Herndon carried the ball across again for the last touchdown. The ball after the kick-off was finally carried to Leominster's five-yard line and here on the last bit of ground Leominster put up the best fight of the season. Four times the heavier, more experienced team tried to get across the line, but failed.

In the first attack, Fitchburg gained two yards, then gained one, and had only two to go when Leominster pushed them back to the seven-yard line. Leominster was penalized, and Fitchburg gained. Then Fitchburg was penalized to the ten-yard line. White kicked out of danger and then Fitchburg made short gains and with the last whistle the football season closed.

The line up:

| F. H. S. 33. | L. H. S. o. |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| Connors, Ligom, l e | r e, Leamy |
| Herndon, l t | r t, Thomas |
| Hidden, l g | r g, Suhlke |
| Hannula, c | c, Brigham |
| Myllykangas, r g | l g, Carter, Jones |
| Fish, Dineen, r t | l t, White |
| Moriarty, r e | l e. Arnold, Farrell |
| Stevenson, Parker, qb | qb, Crane |
| Savage, l h b | r h b, Bacon, Bagley |
| Sheriffs, r h b | l h b, Kirkpatrick |
| Rossier, Rice, f b | f b, Burley |

Touchdowns, Herndon, Stevenson, Connors, Fish, Moriarty. Goals from touchdowns, Moriarty, 3. Goals missed, Moriarty, 2. Referee, Frank W. Lowe, Dartmouth. Umpire, F. J. Handrahan, Waltham. Head linesman, William Lynch, Cushing Academy. Time, 12 and 10 minute periods. Attendance, 2,500.

The football squad have elected Robert Crane as captain of the next year's football team.

The mackinaw offered by Shapley Bros. to the player who attended practise the greatest number of times, was awarded to Captain Brigham.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association Hugh Milam, '17, was elected assistant manager of football by an almost unanimous vote.

The boys who received their letter in football are: Brigham, (Captain), White, Thomas, Carter, Bagley, VonDell, Kirkpatrick, Burley, Crane, Suhlke, Freeman, Leamy, Cooke, Arnold, Gaffney (Mgr). Honorable mention was given to Jones, Bacon, and Farrell.

The basket-ball season opened on Monday, Dec. 6, with twenty-two out for the first team.

BASKET-BALL SCHEDULE—1914-1915.

Dec. 19, Fitchburg Normal at Leominster.
 Dec. 26, Hudson at Leominster.
 Jan. 2, Worcester Boys' Club at Leominster.
 Jan. 9, Gardner at Leominster.
 Jan. 16, Uxbridge at Leominster.
 Jan. 23, Fitchburg High at Leominster.
 Jan. 27, Uxbridge at Uxbridge.
 Jan. 30, (open)
 Feb. 6, Fitchburg High at Fitchburg.
 Feb. 12, Gardner at Gardner.
 Feb. 20, Southbridge at Southbridge.
 Feb. 27, Worcester Boys' Club at Worcester.
 Mar 6, (open)
 Mar. 13, Southbridge at Leominster.
 Mar. 20, Fitchburg Normal at Fitchburg.

Johnnie's Licking

Johnnie was behaving bad,
 Which, of course, was very sad.

So that night, when home came Pa,
 The bad news was told by Ma.

Pa said, "Son, now you just skip
 To the shed and get that whip."

Johnnie with a tearful face,
 Went to the shed at a very slow pace.

Johnnie needed sympathy;
 He went to Ma and said, "O gee!
 Please have pity on little me."

Mother said, "You poor young one,
 Come to your mother on the run.

'I will ask your cruel Pop
 To desist if you will stop

"Raising rumpus round the house,
 Please be quiet as a mouse."

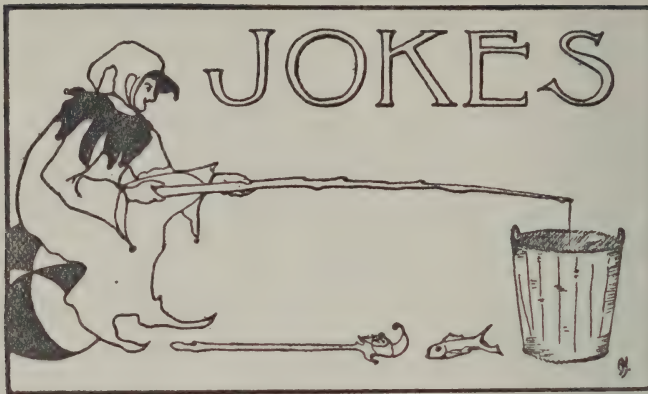
Johnnie promised on the spot.
 Did he keep quiet? Well, I guess not!

He pulled the cat's tail, and made her holler,
 Then he spilt some ink on his father's collar.

He got his licking, you bet your life,
 In spite of the pleadings of his father's wife.

Thus I will end my foolish ditty.
 I think I, not John, should be given the pity.

MORSE FREEMAN, '16.



The word "fast" is as great a contradiction as we have in the language. The Delaware was "fast" because the ice was immovable; and then the ice disappeared "fast" for the contrary reason—it was loose. A clock is called "fast" when it goes quicker than time; but a man is told to stand "fast" when he is desired to remain stationary. People "fast" when they have nothing to eat; and eat "fast," consequently, when opportunity offers to eat.—*Ex.*

A farmer once called his cow "Zephyr,"
She seemed such an amiable hephyr,
When the farmer drew near,
She kicked off his ear.
And now the old farmer's much dephyr.

"Your wife used to like to sing, and she played the piano a lot. Now we don't hear her at all. How is that?"

"She hasn't the time. We have two children."

"Well, well! After all, children are a blessing."

"Yes," said the small boy of the Latin class, "*lapsus* may be the Latin for "slip," in a book; but when mother laps us, it usually means a slipper."

SPEAKING FIGURATIVELY

2 lovers sat beneath the shade,
And 1 un2 the other said:
"How 14-8 that you, beg,
Have smiled upon this suit of mine,
If 5 a heart, it palpit8s 4 you,
Thy voice is mu6 melody,
So, 0-y nymph, will you marry me?"
Then lisped she softly, "Why, 13ly."
—*Ex.*

"Mr. Smith," said the counsel, "you say you once officiated in a pulpit. Do you mean that you preached?"

"No, sir; I held the candle for the man who did."

"Ah, the Court understood you differently; they supposed that the discourse came from you."

"No, I only threw a light on it."

C. C. Lawrence & Co.

Hats, Caps, Bags, Trunks, Umbrellas, etc.

Men's Fine Furnishings a Specialty

J. P. CONNORS

VETERINARIAN

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School Physicians—Dr. T. A. Shaughnessy, Dr. Frank L. Dunham.

Faculty

Principal—Edward R. Clarke, Civil Government. **Sub master**—John H. Coburn, Mathematics, Commercial Law. **Secretary**—Adell Phillips.

Assistants—Alberti Roberts, Evelyn G. Hearsey, Science; Frank P. Bell, Alice G. Smith, Edna F. Cole, Blanche M. Jobes, Commercial Branches; Florence M. Felton, A. Leila Daily, English; Ethel Ham, German; Frances L. Lockey, Latin; Ethel A. Thissell, History; Elsie W. Jeffers, French; Martha Lundagen, Algebra, English, and French; A. B. Kimball, English and History; Mary J. Sharkey, Physical Education; H. U. Pease, John A. Foss, Manual Training; Augusta R. Nettel, Florence I. Howe, Sewing; Marion Warren, Cooking; William H. Kenney, Director of Music; Mary Hadley, Supervisor of Drawing; James C. Smith, Drill Master. **Grade IX**—Annie Conlin, Hattie D. Harrington, Marea B. Lewis. **Director of Athletics**, Alfred B. Kimball.

Athletic Association

Philip White, President; Waldo Suhlke, Vice-president; Ruth Burnap, Secretary; Alberti Roberts, Treasurer. Roger Beedle, Manager of Football; Hugh Milam, Assistant; Robert Crane, Captain. Philip White, Manager of Baseball; Waldo Suhlke, Assistant; Henry Regan, Captain. George Jones, Manager of Basketball; Russell Wass, Assistant; Philip White, Captain. Ralph Young, Manager of Track Team; Merton Mason, Assistant; John Leamy, Captain. Miss Evelyn Hearsey, Teacher Manager of Girls' Basketball; Elizabeth Savage, Student Manager; Doris Wilson, Captain.

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Junior—President, Roger Beedle; Vice-president, Morse Freeman; Secretary, Irma Holden; Treasurer, Iola Guennette; Marshal, Waldo Suhlke.

Sophomore—President, Hugh Milam; Vice-president, Harold Morse; Secretary, Hazel Holden; Treasurer, Ruth Wilkinson; Marshal, Stuart Damon.

Freshman—President, Dixi Hoyt; Vice-president, Robert Hull; Secretary, Canzadia Cook; Treasurer, Gladys Barry; Marshal, Wilfred St. Jean.

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COMPANY B—Captain, Albert G. Lauzon; 1st Lieut., Philip E. Foster; 2d Lieut., William H. Gaffney; 1st Sergt., Harold D. Burley; Quartermaster Sergt., Harvey H. Goodwin; Sergeants, Harry H. Kalin, Louis F. Rahm, Frank T. Bagley, Roland T. Spinney; Corporals, Robert M. Carter, Harry W. Tenney, Russell D. Wass, Robert H. Crane, Raymond J. Farquhar, Lester G. Glasheen.

COMPANY C—Captain, George W. Jones; 1st Lieut., Berton L. Blanchard; 2d Lieut., Arthur L. Chandler; 1st Sergt., Chester W. Demond; Quartermaster Sergt., Paul T. Brigham; Sergeants, Mark L. Daly, Charles F. Maynard, Philip Butler, Jacob I. Kalin; Corporals, William C. Thompson, Owen R. Willard, Milo R. Bacon, Forrest A. Lowe, Paul Swantee.

COMPANY D—Captain, Harold S. Black; 1st Lieut., John F. Lynch; 2d Lieut., Clyde C. Cleverly; 1st Sergt., Clifford Kirkpatrick; Quartermaster Sergt., Harold P. O'Keefe; Sergeants, Ralph G. Baker, Daniel J. Tobin, John E. Sargent, Francis J. Toolin. Corporals, Edward K. Figenbaum, William C. Allen, Martin H. Foster, William H. Griffin, Byron D. Merrill, Robert A. J. McNevin. Lance Corporal, Emil J. St. Cyr.

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THE MAGNET

Vol. VIII. LEOMINSTER, MASS., JANUARY, 1915. No. 4

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

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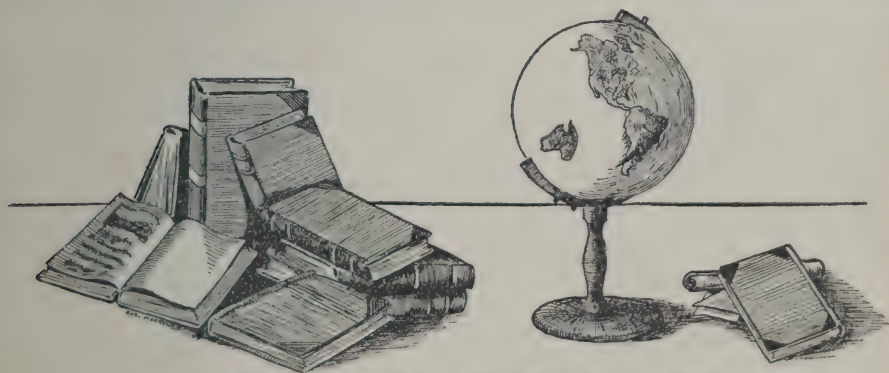
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Assistant Business Manager, RALPH BAKER, '16.

Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.
Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.



EDITORIALS

ON January 11, Mr. Kenneth L. Morse, formerly of Abington, Mass., took Mr. Clarke's place as our principal. There is no need of further proof of his efficiency than to say he was the one man chosen from some fifty or sixty others who applied for the position. His lively interest in athletics and other school activities will be appreciated by the school. Every pupil should do his part to make it as easy as possible for Mr. Morse to pick up the numerous threads of the mechanism of this school of some five hundred students. It is no small task for a man to walk into a large school,

entirely unacquainted with the numerous points of the daily routine, and see before him scores of strange faces, to take up the work of the principal. It goes without saying, that Mr. Morse will enjoy the heartiest co-operation of all, and a sincere welcome to begin his work.

ANOTHER unexpected vacancy was caused in our faculty which is greatly regretted by all, that of Mr. Roberts. He has taught science here for three and one-half years, entering the same year as Mr. Clarke. His resignation was somewhat sudden, coming as a surprise during the Christmas vacation. He has accepted the principalship of Rockland High School where we wish him every success.

A hearty welcome is extended to his successor, Mr. Maynor D. Brock, formerly a professor in Mercersburg Academy, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania.

M. ETHEL RYAN, '15.

IN MEMORIAM

WHEREAS, the Almighty God has deemed it fitting to take three of our schoolmates unto himself, we, the student body of Leominster High School, do offer our sincerest sympathy to the bereaved parents and relatives of

GRACE R. SAWIN
HELENA R. HALLIGAN
LEAH G. MEADER

Twenty-five Minutes with the Senior Composition Class

An Ideal Story Book

IT is what I call an ideal story book—this great outdoor world of ours. In it one finds every theme imaginable, and many undreamed of before. Where can one find more varied modes of life than among the birds and animals? The struggles of each family furnish one small thread which runs into the main plot of the huge volume we mortals call "Nature." In no other book are poetry and music woven so beautifully into the prose of everyday life. Every type is compassed by the one volume. For the mystery seekers, there is the babbling of brooks, and the murmuring of the trees before a storm. For those who revel in descriptions of beauty, there are the rainbow, the sunrise, and the sunset. If turbulent tales hold the reader's interest, where are they more startlingly depicted than in the upheaval of the ocean, and the crashing of the thunder storm? Or, if there must be a love story connected with the main plot, the mating of the birds furnishes it. If poetry, not prose, appeals, it can all be found in "Nature," in the swish of water and the songs of birds. There is music, too, in the dirges of the pines and the lullabies of the poplars. Where can one find a more complete volume, a more ideal story, than in the book Mother Nature has given us?

ERMA I. CARTER, '15.



Developed from the Topic Sentence

TO pass through that room without arousing the household was seemingly impossible, but he resolved to try it. Stealthily and as quietly as he could, he climbed the creaking stairs, arriving at the top of which, he drew a long breath, for he must now open the door of one of the sleeping rooms and procure a key which hung on a nail just within. What if the sleeping man should be aroused? "Well, after all, isn't it worth the chance?" he said to himself. Turning the knob carefully, he slowly swung open the door. At this, he heard a heavy sigh, which startled him almost to withdrawing. Yet he listened attentively, but as no noise was heard, he decided that it was only his fear and sensitiveness which made him imagine some one had stirred. Silently gliding towards the nail, he reached out to grasp the key, when the sleeper once more sighed, but did not awaken.

Hurrying from the room he reached the hall where once more he breathed freely. Now there remained that precious package to find. That surely should prove to be no obstacle, for hadn't they, she and he, hid it themselves? Up the attic stairs he crept, penetrating utter darkness. On opening the attic door he was startled by the path of light which the moon gave forth across the room. Again gaining his self control, he advanced towards the window underneath which was a heavy chest. With all his strength doubled at this time, he pushed the box to one side. Then he felt for a little catch with his hand. At last he touched the cold steel. He eagerly pushed back the bar which showed a little secret opening. In this was concealed a small, black walnut box. This he seized with a stifled cry of joy, pushed back the chest, and hastening downstairs, laid the key within the bed-chamber, and fairly ran from the house.

Through the woods by many a little by-path, he came to his lonely, little cottage. There in the first light of day he reverently opened the box, and with an expression of ecstasy gazed upon a lock of her hair, his picture and hers—the secret of his hermitage in the woods of Dunlocke.

GERALDINE KILLELEA, '15.



Is a High School Education Worth While?

HOW many, many times this question is asked: "Is a high school education really worth while?" It seems as though people with common sense would hardly ask it. Yet the fact that they do ask it repeatedly, makes it necessary to lay a foundation for the simple answer, "Yes," by some solid, indisputable arguments.

For one thing, a high school education trains the different faculties and possibly even prevents the student from making a failure of his life by causing him to realize the qualities which he lacks, and affording the opportunity, or, better still, offering the necessity for developing these qualities. As a general thing, the high school contains a large number of good, wholesome boys and girls, so that pleasant friendships are formed; and in the "each one for himself life," the student learns to depend upon himself in the best possible way without the harmful environment found in shops or factories. Moreover, the technical training is most essential. Without expense to his parents, the student may either wholly prepare himself for college, or by concentration and effort, be capable of securing a good position as a stenographer or bookkeeper immediately after graduating. Therefore, we find that a high school education really pays in more senses than one. Besides making the student of more value commercially, it broadens his ideas, trains him mentally and physically, makes him more self-reliant, and gives him real pleasure.

RUTH HARTMAN, '15.

Winter

A SONNET

O winter days, so clear, and cold, and bright,
And hours of pleasure filled with laugh and song,
Fading at length into the shadows long,
And the restful quiet of the starry night,
What wondrous beauty in the morning light,
When every bush and tree with diamonds strung
Glitters and sparkles. Then the world seems young
And joyfully entreats, "O stay thy flight;
Haste not to cast aside thy covering soft,
Nor loosen from thy bonds the noisy rill.
Let each fair morn bear to the skies aloft
Its fiery sun to cheer the cold earth, till
With gathering dusk it gently sinks, thus oft
Shading with rosy glow each slumbering hill."

ESTHER HULL, '15.

The Frost King

A SONNET

O hoary Frost King, thou hast wandered far
From ice-bound shore and frozen mountain wall,
Where thou dost rule supreme in thy palaced hall
With majestic grandeur—beneath the cold North star.
I know thou art real; thou com'st with the moonbeam's golden bar,
For I see on the pane the touch of thy finger tips,
And oft I feel the tingling kiss of thy lips.
And yet thou never wert seen as thou sped in thy glittering car
To work thy miracles. And thou dost go
So softly, silently, dropping the frozen tears,
Awaiting the time to vanish with the beautiful snow
To return to thy Northland home of countless years,
Where secure in thy glittering palace wild winds will blow
Their murmuring songs—the sweetest music to thine ears.

HELEN BRIGHAM, '15.

Across the Snow

The day is hushed and drawing to its close;
 The sun sinks low in floods of glowing rose;
 The shadows lengthen, and the darkness creeps
 Across the fields so white with recent snows
 That lately glistened in the winter sun.
 Each bird that has not flown away now sleeps
 Quite happy and content—the day is done.

As do the transient glories of our race,
 The flaming colors fade,—night comes apace;
 And o'er the pines, majestic, tall, and dark,
 My lady moon ascends with stately grace.
 Her pale beams gild the cedars bending low,
 Beneath their plumy burdens—ah, but hark!
 What sounds are those that float across the snow?

A faint and silvery tinkle far away
 Breaks in upon the silence; are the gay
 And airy fairies holding revelry?
 Or are Jack Frost and all his sprites at play?
 'Tis some mysterious elfish trick, I trow,
 But in the distance, speeding toward us, see!
 A sleigh! we heard the bells across the snow!

ELIZABETH WOOD, '15.

The Strength and Efficiency of the American Navy

IS the American Navy powerful and efficient enough to accomplish its tasks? That is a question that a great many thoughtful citizens are asking themselves. In the first place, these tasks have greatly increased in the past few years. The period when we were able to depend upon our geographical isolation for our security from external danger has passed. We have possessions scattered throughout the Pacific which must be defended, we have two long and extended coast lines to protect, and we have made ourselves responsible to the world for the maintenance of the neutral-

ity of the Panama Canal. Through our Monroe Doctrine the United States has assumed a certain responsibility for the New World and must protect it from foreign invasion.

The United States Navy, then, with these responsibilities placed upon it, should compare in strength and efficiency with the best in the world. However, if our construction plans are not altered, our navy, which is at present in third position, will be in fourth place, and in a few years may be excelled by Japan and Russia.

The dreadnaught strength of a navy is the first test by which to determine its efficiency. On applying this test, we find that while it now ranks third, it has under construction only the same number of vessels of this class as the powers that rank far below us. We are constructing four; Great Britain, sixteen; France, eight; Germany, Russia, and Italy, each, seven; Japan and Austria, four.

An analysis of the predreadnaught type of battle-ships shows still more conclusively how the United States is falling behind in the race for sea power. The United States has more predreadnaught battle-ships than any other country except England; but this fact, while it appears to prove our strength, is our weakness. A navy that is overloaded, as the United States is, with predreadnaughts, is out of date. Not a single nation among the eight strongest naval powers is building predreadnaughts, which proves that they have become useless in modern warfare.

A very speedy, powerful, and useful battle-ship is the cruiser. England has nine cruisers; Russia and Germany, four each; but the United States has none, and is constructing none. Also, our navy is woefully deficient in scout ships. Scout ships have numerous duties—such as keeping a nation's flag afloat where it ought to be seen, so that the battle-ships may practice fleet manœuvres; relieving the great battle-ships of many minor duties; and forming an advance skirmish line in fleet warfare. England finds it necessary to have thirty-one scout ships; Germany, fourteen; while our navy has three.

The American navy has a small, but a good, fleet of torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers. Again, comparison shows weakness; the British navy has two hundred and sixteen; the German, one hundred and thirty-four; the American, sixty-four. Our supremacy in quality could not accomplish much against such overwhelming numbers. Our number of torpedo boats and torpedo-boat destroyers would be still further decreased, for in actual war they would have to serve as scout ships because of our shortage in this line. Our efficiency in this department is still further impaired by the fact that there are only about two hundred torpedoes for the one hundred and seventy-three torpedo tubes of our flotilla. We are just as badly off in regard to mines. These require several months to manufacture, and so our navy might fight the decisive battle of a war before they could be made. In the matter of submarines, we are better off. We have a group of large fast ones under construction, but again we are deficient in numbers.

Our navy lacks trained officers and men. The German navy, which is one of the best balanced in the world, has nine men to one officer; the United States navy, seventeen men to one officer. This proportion of officers to men is entirely wrong, and in case of war the problem of supplying experienced officers would be a serious one.

Finally, the American navy has a large number of ships that are so small and slow that they are practically useless. We are barely holding third place in dreadnaught battle-ships, cruisers, and submarines and are fourth in torpedo boats and destroyers. We are utterly outclassed in scout ships, and have not a single battle cruiser.

PAUL BRIGHAM, '15.

The Messenger

IN southern Arizona, there is a small town called Underwood, where the big mine of the Underwood Refining Company is located. The company built its factory, and the village grew around it. The town, however, was too small to boast of a bank, so the funds for the weekly pay roll had to be brought up from Fayville, five miles away.

A man went down to Fayville each Thursday and brought up the money. The "messenger," as he was called, had to be a man of courage, for the weekly pay roll of some \$36,000 was a great temptation in that rough country. It twice happened that the messenger had been held up and forced to surrender the money. Once, one had been killed in an attempt to fight the robbers. It had finally become a test of courage and ingenuity for the messenger to outwit bandits. Disguises of many kinds were tried by the messenger, and some had proved successful, while others had been easily detected by the robbers.

Larry Nichols, the new messenger, was an erect young man of thirty-five, with blue eyes, and a square jaw. He had once served in the British army and could shoot with deadly accuracy. His ability to shoot was, perhaps, the chief reason for his being elected for the position. In the afternoon before one memorable pay day, Larry rode to Fayville with an old farmer, and went to the bank to draw the money. He was dressed as a fisherman and put the bills and silver into the basket which was slung over his shoulder. He managed to ride back about a mile with the same old farmer with whom he had come down. They talked of fish and fishing, and the old man seemed eager to entertain him; but once, when Larry was not looking, the old man lifted the fish basket and weighed it in his hand. Its weight seemed to satisfy him, for he wore a pleased expression, and resumed

the conversation with more spirit. At the end of his ride, Larry bade the farmer a cheerful goodnight and started out on his journey.

It was a fine September night, with a big golden harvest moon that left patches of white in the country road and bathed the surrounding country in a beautiful white light. As he topped the last hill, and the valley where the mine was located spread out before him, he sat down on a bowlder and looked at the picture before him. The valley stretched out from beneath his feet to the range of hills on its further side. In the moonlight the green hills, five miles across, seemed only a few minutes' walk from where he sat. In the center of the valley was the plant, with its small buildings, and the huge elevator towering over all. Down past the buildings the little brook, now a band of silver in the moonlight, ran on its way. In the various buildings he could see lights, and the September night wind bore to him the faint roar of the machinery. He could single out the main office in the shadow of the elevator, where he knew McCreery, the superintendent, awaited him. On just such a night he had gone with a company of volunteers to the rescue of a lone gunner in northern France. He could see the man as he worked the lone cannon, and remembered the man's thanks. He had won his V. C. and risked death, but he had saved a lone gunner, a man by the name of Murnane. At last, he arose and started down the long hill to the plant. Thus far nothing had happened. He was in sight of home, and the money was safe. At one place along the road the trees grew together so thickly that they shut out the moonlight. The road for a quarter of a mile was as black as a tomb. As Larry approached it, the thought suddenly came to him that it was an ideal place for a holdup. He tried to shake off the thought by laughing at the idea of burglars being so near the plant, but still he was uneasy. At last, with a sudden burst of courage, he shifted his revolver, and breaking into the old company song, "Tipperary," started forward.

At the same time that Larry had left the plant for Fayville, a trio of rough looking men were earnestly trying to get Tim Murnane to join them in a plan to hold up the messenger. Tim had been sergeant in the British army, but since his term of enlistment had expired, he had been a soldier of fortune. He was a tall, lank individual, with blue eyes and a straight mouth. When he once made up his mind, there was no changing it. He had been a soldier, a gold hunter, and a cow-puncher. He was now being drawn into a band of outlaws. At last he consented, merely because it promised excitement.

That night, the four, with two others, lay in wait for the messenger in one of the darkest spots on the road. They were sure of his coming, for they had received word of his disguise and the route he was to take. Suddenly, from up the road, they heard a lusty voice singing, and they inspected their guns once more. The singing grew louder and louder, when suddenly Tim stiffened. The song was the favorite song of his company when he had been a soldier and a gentleman. When he had been left on the battlefield one moonlight night, in northern France, still loading his

cannon, it was this song the rescuers had sung. He particularly remembered the lieutenant's voice. Then suddenly he recognized the voice of the singer coming up the road. It was the voice of the lieutenant who had risked death to save him. Tim's mouth straightened, and he drew his old service revolver.

When Larry approached the darkest spot, he broke into the chorus:

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,

Then all at once he heard a shout, "Run, run for your life, Larry!" Three and four revolver shots cracked in rapid succession. He immediately ran for the plant. Half way down the hill he turned back, for from out of the dark passage a man ran into the moonlight. As he watched, the man turned and fired twice, then started to run, but staggered and fell.

Larry threw the basket of money into the brush, and started in defense of his unknown friend. Late that night, McCreery, the superintendent, was astounded to see his messenger, hatless, and carrying a man covered with blood, walk into his office. They found five bullets in Tim, but before he became unconscious, he held forth a hand to the messenger and whispered: "We're square now, Larry."

ALBERT LAUZON, '15.

The Dawn of a Tomorrow

THE war was at an end. The privation and hardships of the long marches, the filth and fever of the camp, and the steady sweep of death's gruesome scythe had all ceased at last. Over the countries so lately engrossed in the most terrible conflict of all time a stillness had fallen, made doubly impressive because it followed so closely where but a short while before the rattle of musketry, the roar of the cannon, and the sharp snap of the rapid firing guns had reigned supreme.

From a distance Mars, creator of war, glanced over the scene of the late battles and stroked his chin in triumph as he beheld the havoc which he had wrought. He smiled derisively at the women and children bemoaning the loss of those who had been held so dear to them, and the incarnate fiend burst into monstrous laughter at the sight of the thousands upon thousands of poor refugees made homeless through his own insatiable greed. Was all this not enough to appease even Mars?

"O God of War," the thousands cried, "depart, and, contented, never more return to this earth. Thou hast left the nations fruitless and penniless. Oh, never bring them together again in dire conflict."

In his deep, cruel voice, he answered their appeal with a careless gesture. "I will go, but let the future generations await my return."

Having uttered these uncertain words, the mighty master of battle departed. But England, France, Germany, Austria, Servia, Belgium, and Turkey were only a shadow of their former selves. The defenses of England were gone, the beautiful cities of France were in ruins, the universities, and consequently the scientific and research work, of Germany were no more, and the once great Ottoman Empire had fallen in the dust. War could no longer exist between these countries, because they were all too weak to rise from earth once again and strike another blow. The youth, and consequently the vigor, of these nations was gone. All that remained was old age, unprogressive and unambitious. They were without strength, and in their helpless rage each raised imploring arms to the one remaining world-power, America.

From over the seas Uncle Sam looked, first triumphantly and then pityingly, at his fallen brothers. With a blow of his hand he could sweep them all away and be ruler of the world. He was sorely tempted, but although Mars whispered in one ear and tried to goad him on, Virtue held him back. Then, with a sudden determination, he thrust the War God aside and, turning to his own healthy, prosperous people, spoke.

"It is for you, my children, to take advantage of the costly lesson thrust before you. It is your place, who are still untouched and unharmed by the ravages of war, to understand to the fullest extent the immensity of the important position which you must fill. It is the task of this generation to be the guiding light and good Samaritan of the poor misguided nations. You are equal to it, as America has always been equal to every demand made of her.

"I speak especially to you, young men of the nation, for it is to you that the world appeals to fill the places left vacant by our fallen friends. You, and you alone, can now take up the scientific and research work which our brothers can no longer do. You have become an Atlas, whose position it is to uphold the whole earth, and you can do this only by means of the most untiring and ceaseless labor. Therefore, prepare yourselves to take up the burdens of the hitherto progressive nations."

Young and old America listened intently to the all-important words, and in the grim silence of determination closed their fists and nodded their approval to every word which was spoken; then, turning away, hastened to carry out the appeal made to them.

The nation became the world's workshop as day after day the task of nursing the fallen countries back to strength grew in immensity. The boundless enthusiasm of the United States was all put unselfishly into their labor, and slowly, but surely, the results began to be apparent. Day after day, week after week, and month after month, great steamers left the American ports, laden with food, clothing, and other necessities for the suffering nations, and the effect was miraculous. They began to recuperate slowly at first, but finally in leaps and bounds, and America was hailed as the savior of all mankind. Her young men rallied unhesitatingly to the banner of progress and diligently carried out each demand made of them.

When finally their brothers were able to rise to their feet and carry on by themselves the good work which America had started, the great preserver withdrew her aid and watched them constantly gain strength, happy in the knowledge that her work had been faithfully accomplished. The dawn of a tomorrow had come, even as it will come for all of us who live.

GEORGE W. JONES, '15.

My First Sight of Death

HOW it happened I can never explain. I only remember seeing the huge sled, heavily loaded with lumber, slide sidewise across the icy road. It hung for a moment, balancing on one runner, then, with an ear-splitting roar, rolled over on its side, burying beneath its massive bulk the unlucky teamster.

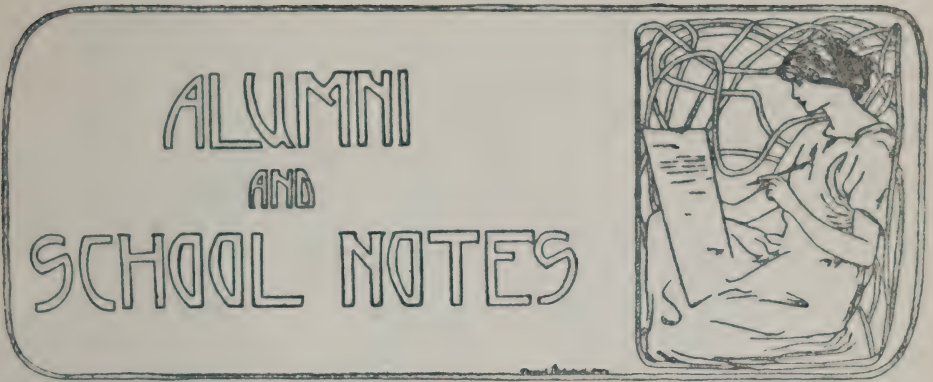
Before the crash had ceased to echo, the men sprang into action. The boss of the gang bounded to the overturned load. Catching up an axe he cut with a single stroke a thick oak stake that held the load. The lumber was still secured by a stout cable chain whose links were three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and on this his axe fell. The first blow failed to sever the chain; but at a second, it fell apart.

Like insane persons many men tore at the lumber that imprisoned their comrade. The noise made by the boards as they were thrown aside beat upon our ears like a continuous crash. It seemed as if the last board would never be reached, but finally the crushed and torn body came to view. The head lay beside a small stone, on which the weight of the load rested, so that the features were not marred. Tender hands raised the bleeding body and coats were hastily torn off to form a couch for it to rest upon.

I knelt and took the head of the unconscious man in my lap. At first, I thought that life was extinct, but after a short time a feeble groan escaped the parted lips. Slowly the eyes opened and at last rested on the face of the boss. Then he murmured in a pleading voice, "Tell her, fellows, that"—His eyes rolled wildly, then suddenly became still. The death rattle broke the awful stillness, and with tears in their eyes those big, rough teamsters bared their heads.

For the first time I had seen that grim reaper claim his due.

WILLIAM C. THOMPSON, '16.



Here is a paragraph which might be adopted by any who have not made New Year's resolutions. It is taken from David Starr Jordan's "The Call of the Twentieth Century."

Your first duty in life is toward yourself. So live that your alter-self—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual. Far away in the twenties and thirties of the Twentieth Century he is awaiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself. What will you leave for him? Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation, a mind trained to think and act, a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, boy of the Twentieth Century, let him come as a man among men in his time, or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had a chance to touch it? Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experiences, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own, or will you fling his hope away, decreeing wantonlike that the man you might have been shall never be?

The Senior class party was a decided success. The hall was very prettily decorated with green and white bunting. The dance orders and lighting showed the originality of the committee. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke and Dr. and Mrs. Perry were chaperons.

A son, Herbert T. Hatch, Jr., has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert T. Hatch.

Rehearsals for the Senior play have begun under the direction of Miss O'Connell. The play will be given Feb. 5th. Show your school spirit by buying a ticket.

Mr. B. made the following remark to the bookkeeping class: "In days gone by, the people believed the most important things a teacher taught were reading, writing, and arithmetic. Nowadays, it seems as if the most important things a teacher has to do begin with three 'P's.' They are: Play with the children; please them; pass them."

LATIN IV

Miss B., '15, scanning *Iamque ungis summae* said, "Iamque, you geese, some eye."

Mr. P., '16: F. and I had an argument about hot air in the English class a few days ago. If, in trying to prove my side of the argument, I had discovered something to do with hot air, you would call me a hot air philosopher, or a philosopher of hot air, wouldn't you?

B., '15: They captured Smith and caught him.

Mr. P., '16: Heat rises.

Mr. B. (who had just requested that the pupils stand when reciting), Heat does better than you do, then.

"Nathaniel Hawthorne was the grandmother of David Hawthorne."

The only VonDellian sonnet in existence:

There was once a pretty girl,
Whose name was Mary Pearl,
And she loved a handsome boy,
Who was her pride and joy.
After church they'd take a walk,
But all Johnnie did was talk
About the most material things.
He never said a word of rings.
At last, Mary Pearl in wrath,
Sent him on the homeward path,
Then he asked her for her love,
And she gave the treasure trove.
Then he bought a nice big diamond,
So she changed her name to Wyman.

Some one told Miss Thissell that Edward I made his son King of Whales.

Elizabeth Carroll, Mary McHugh, and Olive Wellington, are among those of last year's graduating class who are studying at the Fitchburg Normal School.

Elsie Woods, '14, is attending the Post Business College, at Worcester.

Sidney Harris, '13, is studying at the University of Vermont.

Irene McPherson, '14, is clerking at the Adams Dry Goods Store.

Mildred Howe, '11, is bookkeeping for the Leominster Co-operative Bank.

High School Congress

HENRY K. SCANLON, Speaker

THE second meeting of the Leominster High School Congress opened Dec. 14, at 7.30 P. M. with Speaker Scanlon in the chair. After a short business session an interesting debate was held on: *Resolved*, That every able bodied American citizen from eighteen to thirty-five should serve, at some time, three years in the army. The affirmative, supported by Harry Kalin and Berton Blanchard, was defeated by Paul Brigham and Philip White with a unanimous vote. A vote on the merits of the question resulted in the negative again winning 49 to 3. Ronald Spinney, who had been chosen extemporaneous speaker, discussed "Neutrality" in an interesting manner. There were fifty-six members present. The Congress adjourned at nine o'clock.

ARTHUR L. CHANDLER, *Clerk*.



The stories of *The Jabberwock* are excellent. They are remarkably unusual and original in comparison with those of many other exchanges.

The Red and White, Rochester, N. H., has a very well filled literary department. The editorials are especially forceful.

The Student's Review, *The Senior*, and *The Argus*, might improve by finding something to say in regard to their exchanges. Now, your exchange department is little more than a list of names. I might refer you to the *High School Herald*, Westfield, Mass. Its exchange column is very well developed as well as interesting.

From *The News*, East Orange, N. J., I should judge that East Orange High School had completed a very successful football season. Even the exchange column of the November number mentions football.

The Clarion, West Roxbury High School, Boston, Mass., might be improved by an index.

The exchanges not mentioned above are as follows: *The P. I. H. S. Flyer*, *The High School News*, *The Clark College Monthly*, *The Radiator*, and *The Artisan*.

AS OTHERS SEE US

THE MAGNET is very much pleased that some papers have finally found something to criticise in it. Here are a few friendly criticisms:

The Philomath, Framingham, Mass., speaks thus: Your Table of Contents and your Directory is a very good plan. You have very attractive cuts and cover design.

The Argus, Gardner, Mass., has this to say: We think more illustrations would add a great deal to your paper.

From *The Tripod*, Thornton Academy, Saco, Me., we have: THE MAGNET is a very "drawing" little paper. Some of the stories are especially good.



ATHLETICS

THE first game on our basket-ball schedule was Dec. 16, with Fitchburg Normal. The visiting team was composed of larger and more experienced boys. The team put up a good fight, but were outclassed by the visitors, and we lost, 31 to 4.

Dec. 26, the game with Hudson was cancelled, so we played the alumni. Their team was composed of basket-ball stars of former years. Garland, the crack center, and Barrett, last year's captain, were the most prominent. The alumni showed that they had not forgotten the game, and we lost, 45 to 24.

Jan. 2, we played the Worcester Boys' Club team and lost by a score of 31 to 3. This is one of Worcester's best teams, which certainly did play excellent basket-ball. We were beaten almost from the start, though we put up a good game.

On Jan. 9, we played our first league game with Gardner. The teams were about evenly matched, and although the score was disappointing, the game was one of the most interesting thus far. The fates seemed to be against us in this game, for we placed the ball on the edge of Gardner's basket many times only to have it hang for a breathless pause, and then drop on the outside. About the same number of fouls were called on both sides.

The line up:

| G. H. S. 12 | L. H. S. 3 |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Linnell, l f..... | r b, Suhlke |
| Kauppi, r f..... | l b, Thomas, Newton |
| Anderholm, c..... | c, Milam |
| Seaver, l b..... | r f, White |
| Carey, r b..... | l f, Cook, Thomas |

Baskets from floor, Anderholm, 3, Kauppi, Linnell, Cook. Baskets on free tries, Linnell, 2, White. Referee, W. M. Forbes. Timers, Mullanney and Person. Time, 15 minute halves. Attendance, 300.

Jan. 16, we met and defeated the Uxbridge High School team in one of the best games of the season. Uxbridge, it was reported by local gossip, had a very strong team, and in view of our recent record the victory seemed to be accorded to Uxbridge before the game. Leominster, however, did the unexpected, and the visitors went home with a defeat. The game was close during both periods, but finished with a 11 to 7 score in our favor.



The second team have had their ups and downs also. Their first game was played with Fitchburg Normal second team, which they lost, 15 to 5. The next game was with Gardner High second, and although they put up a better fight than in the first game, they lost again, 17 to 4. In their third game, however, they sent the visitors home with a defeat. This, it has been said, was due to the new player.



Although some of the games have been disappointing, they have been well attended. This shows a good spirit which should be kept up, for the more interest you show in the team, the more spirit the team will show against its opponents.



The girls' team is having an unusually hard time in securing games. It seems as though the other teams were afraid of our team. Perhaps they are.



Pay up your dues. Athletics cannot be run on promises; they need something more substantial.



The Junior Class has won the interclass series in basket-ball. The three lower classes have been well represented by teams, but the Senior Class has had only two out for its team. The Seniors have had two games forfeited, and lost one. The standing and the games are as follows:

| | Won | Lost |
|------------|-----|------|
| Juniors | 3 | 0 |
| Freshman | 2 | 1 |
| Sophomores | 1 | 2 |
| Seniors | 0 | 3 |

| | | |
|---------|--------------|---------------|
| Jan. 4 | Freshman 14 | Sophomores 16 |
| Jan. 5 | Juniors 24 | Sophomores 4 |
| Jan. 11 | Juniors 1 | Seniors 0 |
| Jan. 12 | Juniors 4 | Freshman 2 |
| Jan. 15 | Freshman 28 | Seniors 3 |
| Jan. 19 | Sophomores 1 | Seniors 0 |



His Wife: This paper says an army of 100,000 men wrecked a railroad in Belgium.

Railroad Magnate: What a waste of energy. A board of directors would have done it just as thoroughly

Two college students were brought before the magistrate, charged with hurdling the low spots in the road in their motor car.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the magistrate.

"We're not going to have a lawyer," answered the students. "We are going to tell the truth."

The Vicar: For shame, my lad. What have those little fish done to be imprisoned upon the day of rest?

Tommy: That—that's what they get for-for chasing worms on a Sunday, sir.

Lefty: Why do you carry that lantern?

Gyp: Because it lightens my work.—*Fester.*

"Them pesky suffragettes wants everything now-a-days," growled Farmer Brown, peering over the *Morning Star*.

"Yes," sighed his meek spouse, "I heered Deacon Applegate say last Sunday that they'd soon be sayin' Awomen! at the end of a prayer."

This is what appeared on the back of a sheet of music:

"Sing me to sleep" for fifty cents.

"It's a long way to Tipperary" with the piano.

"Put your arms around me" for twenty-five cents

"Blest be the tie that binds" for ten cents.

"Just before the battle" with violin.

"Old Black Joe" with cornet.

"Woodman spare that tree" for twenty-five cents.

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VETERINARIAN

Leominster High School Directory

School Committee—Frank I. Pierson, Chairman; Dr. Clarence S. Brigham, Dr. M. Henry Chrystal, Dr. H. Porter Hall, John C. Hull, Frederick T. Platt. *Superintendent of Schools*—Dr. W. H. Perry.

School Physicians—Dr. T. A. Shaughnessy, Dr. Frank L. Dunham.

Faculty

Principal—K. L. Morse, Civil Government. *Sub master*—John H. Coburn, Mathematics, Commercial Law. *Secretary*—Adell Phillips.

Assistants—M. D. Brock, Evelyn G. Hearsey, Science; Frank P. Bell, Alice G. Smith, Edna F. Cole, Blanche M. Jobs, Commercial Branches; Florence M. Felton, A. Leila Daily, English; Ethel Ham, German; Frances L. Lockey, Latin; Ethel A. Thissell, History; Elsie W. Jeffers, French; Martha Lundagen, Algebra, English, and French; A. B. Kimball, English and History; Mary J. Sharkey, Physical Education; H. U. Pease, John A. Foss, Manual Training; Augusta R. Nettel, Florence I. Howe, Sewing; Marion Warren, Cooking; William H. Kenney, Director of Music; Mary Hadley, Supervisor of Drawing; James C. Smith, Drill Master. *Grade IX*—Annie Conlin, Hattie D. Harrington, Marea B. Lewis. *Director of Athletics*, Alfred B. Kimball.

Athletic Association

Philip White, President; Waldo Suhlke, Vice-president; Ruth Burnap, Secretary; Alberti Roberts, Treasurer. Roger Beedle, Manager of Football; Hugh Milam, Assistant; Robert Crane, Captain. Philip White, Manager of Baseball; Waldo Suhlke, Assistant; Henry Regan, Captain. George Jones, Manager of Basketball; Russell Wass, Assistant; Philip White, Captain. Ralph Young, Manager of Track Team; Merton Mason, Assistant; John Leamy, Captain. Miss Evelyn Hearsey, Teacher Manager of Girls' Basketball; Elizabeth Savage, Student Manager; Doris Wilson, Captain.

Class Officers

Senior—President, William Gaffney; Vice-president, Frank Bagley; Secretary, Vera Holden; Treasurer, Rachel Hart; Marshal, Philip White.

Junior—President, Roger Beedle; Vice-president, Morse Freeman; Secretary, Irma Holden; Treasurer, Iola Guennette; Marshal, Waldo Suhlke.

Sophomore—President, Hugh Milam; Vice-president, Harold Morse; Secretary, Hazel Holden; Treasurer, Ruth Wilkinson; Marshal, Stuart Damon.

Freshman—President, Dixi Hoyt; Vice-president, Robert Hull; Secretary, Canzadia Cook; Treasurer, Gladys Barry; Marshal, Wilfred St. Jean.

Roster of the Leominster High School Cadets

COMPANY A—Captain, Guy H. VonDell; 1st Lieut., Paul R. Nettel; 2d Lieut., Henry K. Scanlon; 1st Sergt., Philip J. White; Quartermaster Sergt., Harold P. George; Sergeants, Earl J. Carter, Roland S. Ames, Lawrence K. Marshall, Roger K. Beedle; Corporals, Henry M. Regan, Harold N. Thomas, John E. Leamy, Morse Freeman, Arthur J. Pierce, Waldo E. Suhlke.

COMPANY B—Captain, Albert G. Lauzon; 1st Lieut., Philip E. Foster; 2d Lieut., William H. Gaffney; 1st Sergt., Harold D. Burley; Quartermaster Sergt., Harvey H. Goodwin; Sergeants, Harry H. Kalin, Louis F. Rahm, Frank T. Bagley, Roland T. Spinney; Corporals, Robert M. Carter, Harry W. Tenney, Russell D. Wass, Robert H. Crane, Raymond J. Farquhar, Lester G. Glasheen.

COMPANY C—Captain, George W. Jones; 1st Lieut., Berton L. Blanchard; 2d Lieut., Arthur L. Chandler; 1st Sergt., Chester W. Demond; Quartermaster Sergt., Paul T. Brigham; Sergeants, Mark L. Daly, Charles F. Maynard, Philip Butler, Jacob I. Kalin; Corporals, William C. Thompson, Owen R. Willard, Milo R. Bacon, Forrest A. Lowe, Paul Swantee.

COMPANY D—Captain, Harold S. Black; 1st Lieut., John F. Lynch; 2d Lieut., Clyde C. Cleverly; 1st Sergt., Clifford Kirkpatrick; Quartermaster Sergt., Harold P. O'Keefe; Sergeants, Ralph G. Baker, Daniel J. Tobin, John E. Sargent, Francis J. Toolin. Corporals, Edward K. Figenbaum, William C. Allen, Martin H. Foster, William H. Griffin, Byron D. Merrill, Robert A. J. McNevin. Lance Corporal, Emil J. St. Cyr.

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Clerk, Arthur Chandler.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Paul Brigham.

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Left to right—back row, Albert Lauzon, George W. Jones, Philip White, Frank Bagley, Philip Foster. Front row, Claire Spring, Miss O'Connell (teacher), Henry Scanlon, Erma Carter, Irene Guennette.

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THE MAGNET

Vol. VIII. LEOMINSTER, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1915. No. 5

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

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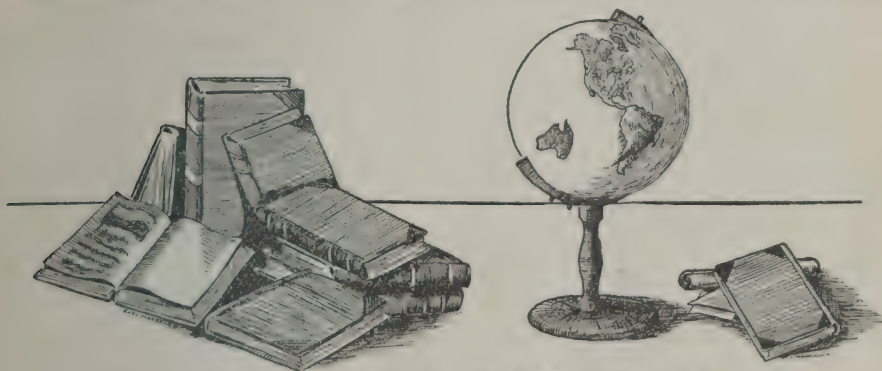
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Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.
Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.



EDITORIALS

DURING this month, in the schools all over our land, we honor by tributes, songs, and patriotic vows the two greatest men in our history, Washington and Lincoln. But is this all it means to our young citizens—the mere act of keeping their memory alive with a tribute or a little anecdote of their lives? Has it become a matter of convention? Our country sets apart these days for a vastly more important reason. She, like a proud mother who points to her worthy fore-fathers as examples for her children, points to these two great men with loving pride, and invites us to

be, as they were, strong characters with sterling qualities. She wants her youth through the studying of their lives to grow into noble American men and women. She needs great men at all times, whether in war or peace, and she is proud of her great men.

At the present time the need of a sturdy, intelligent race of people is more urgent than ever before. Our country realizes how fortunate we are to be one of the few nations which is aiding civilization rather than tearing it down. She knows she must help supply the awful gaps which the pitiless hand of war is making in Europe. Now is the time when she is calling for men, who, like Washington and Lincoln, are active in brain, strong of heart, and of sound minds. During this month especially does she send out her appeal to the American youth.

M. ETHEL RYAN, '15.

The Fall of Liege

[From the Journal of Captain Ferdinand Bocher, Staff Officer of King Albert of Belgium]

GERMANY desired a pathway to Paris. Germany meant to force its way to Paris, no matter what it cost, and it so happened that the little country of Belgium lay in the desired pathway. If Belgian neutrality was violated by the Germans, it was well known that England would interfere, and join the Allies. Germany, however, recognized its own great military strength, and chose to strike out for Paris by way of Belgium. This meant that a number of strongly fortified cities in Belgium, among which were Liége, Namur, Diest, and Antwerp, must be taken in order that the Germans might gain their purpose.

At the first approach of the Germans, they had very little difficulty in forcing their way forward. All attention was now centered upon the strongly fortified cities. It was believed by many that these would serve as a severe check to the German army, giving the English and French time to send fresh troops to prevent the forward progress of the Germans.

The Germans headed toward Liége, one of the most strongly fortified of Belgian cities. Liége lies on the river Meuse, and is surrounded by a range of hills, upon which were constructed thirteen forts, designed and built by Brialmont, the great Belgian engineer, who also built the defensive works on the road from Russia to Bukharest, and the fortifications of Antwerp and Namur.

King Albert desired to be present at Liège to direct personally the work of defending the city against the approaching Germans. Thus it happened that I, as a member of the King's staff, was ordered to Liège with His Majesty, King Albert.

There was no pomp or glory in our journey to Liège, as the King wished to remain unrecognized while laying plans for the defense of Liège.

The appearance of the city strongly impressed me as we approached. Large barrels with open heads were being sunk in the roads at the outskirts of the city. The tops of these barrels were on a level with the road, so that the approach of the enemy's cavalry would be impeded. The high hills that surrounded the city, crowned with large, white forts, gave the place a very strong defense. The forts were modern and well equipped. It seemed impossible that the beautiful city, within the heart of these hills, with its fine cathedrals, buildings, and streets could ever fall before a human enemy while it was thus protected.

The Germans swept onwards like bloodhounds of hell. Waste, devastation, and murder lay behind them, while before them people hastily picked up their necessary possessions and fled for Liège, the city where they believed they could find shelter and safety.

There was slight hindrance to the advance of the Germans, and now they were prepared to test their real strength on Liège. They drew up about the city with their numerous forces, followed by their trains of siege guns.

The principal siege guns used by the Germans were eleven-inch howitzers, throwing a seven-hundred-and-sixty-pound shell. This weapon was well known before the war, but its destructive effect was not fully realized. It contains no less than one hundred and fourteen pounds of high explosive, and is fused with delay-action to penetrate before bursting, which greatly increases its destructive effect. The range of this gun is more than six miles. Two sixteen and five tenths inch mortars were also used by the Germans which fire a projectile weighing more than one ton, with about the same range as the howitzers. The vertical fire of these howitzers and mortars against a fort is such as to pierce any overhead cover yet constructed.

The Germans brought these howitzers up to positions where mats of cane and steel plate had been laid to protect the ground, and then made a girdle about each wheel with linked blocks. These are the largest howitzers which can be fired without a permanent concrete base.

A gun-cupola of a fort hit by one of these shells would probably be disabled. This did not always happen, as most of the shells hit the cement sides of the fort, penetrated, and burst. This disabled the revolving turrets, and at last shells penetrated to the ammunition galleries, and disintegrated the structure from within until the whole fort became a tumbled heap of concrete blocks, with useless guns and turrets half-buried in the ruins.

The Belgians held out gallantly against the first rush of the German advance guard, but when the forts were being battered down by the siege

guns, there were not enough troops to come up and hold the weakened places. King Albert's presence in the fortifications inspired the Belgian army in its desperate encounter, and some of the outlying forts maintained an effective resistance until the end of August, 1914.

"Surrender!" That was a loathsome word to all supporters of Liége. To surrender meant that Liége would receive no better treatment at the hands of the Germans than that part of the country which lay in their wake. The beautiful buildings, which had been objects of interest to the whole world would soon be desecrated. Homes would be destroyed.

With such feelings, the brave Belgian forces continued to struggle in defense of Liége. They put up such a brave and lasting struggle that they will long be remembered by the outside world.

The siege by the Germans continued, and the damage wrought by their huge guns, together with the insufficient number of Belgian troops, soon wore the defense of the city out, and Liége was at last forced to surrender.

However, King Albert and his staff, and numbers of the people managed to escape before the city was taken. As had been foretold, Liége was laid waste by the Germans, and they still advanced.

The personal bravery shown by King Albert in the defense of Liége added greatly to his popularity with the Belgians, and he is one of the most beloved monarchs of Europe.

It has been predicted by some military observers that the delay of the German advances at Liége will prove the determining factor in the war. At any rate, the bravery and endurance of the Belgian forces, the remarkable offense of the Germans, and the generalship shown by both sides will long be remembered by the world.

GEORGE E. SHIELDS, '15.

A Trip to the Moon

I SAT in the old orchard gazing dreamily up into the sky, now dotted with millions of tiny stars. Slowly from behind a dark cloud the moon appeared. It gradually grew larger and larger, until at last the full moon shone brightly over the earth, casting weird shadows on the trees and shrubbery in the old orchard. "How mysterious the moon seems tonight. I wonder what the old fellow is thinking about?" I thought.

Then, suddenly from out the darkness came the faint tinkling of bells. I listened, enchanted at the sweet, musical sound, which slowly became louder and louder and then very softly ended.

And there in front of me was something lovelier than any picture I had ever seen or imagined — a tiny golden chariot, drawn by six fairies, dressed in rainbow-colored silk.

In this wonderful chariot sat the daintiest little creature, with golden curls and bright, sparkling blue eyes. She also wore a gown of rainbow silk, and on her head a crown of gold, in the center of which was a small gold circle to represent the moon. She was more radiantly beautiful than all the others, and I could not help staring at her.

Suddenly she laughed happily and asked, in her sweet voice, "Do you know who I am?"

"No!" I answered. Then added quickly, "But I certainly would like to."

"I am Queen of the Moon," she answered, simply. "And I have come here to invite you to take a trip back to the moon with me."

Could it be true? Was I really going on a journey to the moon? I pinched myself hard and found that I was very much awake. Yes, and there was the queen waiting for my answer.

I arose quickly, and at the same time she took a silver wand from a little box. Two of the fairies helped her down from the chariot and she stood facing me. I felt like a giant beside her, as she was only about a foot tall.

Of course I told her I would be delighted to go, at which she said, "But you must first be made small enough to ride in my chariot." She told me to kneel down, which I did very promptly, so eager was I to start for the moon.

The queen waved the silver wand several times over my head and the most wonderful thing happened. I felt myself gradually growing smaller and smaller, until presently I was just the size of the fairies.

I was helped into the chariot, and soon we were ready to start. Slowly the little chariot was rising, swiftly we floated until we were high above the tree-tops. Like a bird the chariot sped onward, and soon we were in the clouds. I was too excited to talk, so I just kept my eyes fixed on the moon.

Then suddenly the moon disappeared and we sailed into fairyland. Oh, I cannot describe the beauty of it all—tiny castles of silver, little lakes, and everywhere gardens of beautiful roses and violets. Yes, it was truly fairyland.

"How wonderful!" I cried, in excitement. "But where is the moon?"

"This is the moon, my dear," said the queen. "We are now in the fairy Moon Kingdom."

"Oh!" was all I could say. The little queen escorted me to her palace, which stood by the side of a lake where were islands of tiny pine trees and all sorts of interesting things.

It seemed as if I could stay forever in such a glorious place, but it was growing late, so we must soon be on our way to earth. As we drifted slowly downward, I asked the queen why the moon looks the way it does from the earth.

"Ah," she answered, "that I cannot tell. That has always been the secret of the fairies."

Slowly we sailed downward until at last we reached the old orchard. The silver wand was waved again, and I was restored to my natural size.

I thanked the queen, and the little chariot went swiftly on its way. I watched it out of sight, wondering what the fairies' secret could be, and thinking that the moon was quite the nicest place I had ever visited.

MADELINE MOONEY, '17.

A Tale of Old Kentucky

OLD Moses Taylor sat on a bench at the western side of the cabin, holding a bear-trap across his knees. It was a fine autumn day in Kentucky. The birds were twittering and hopping about in the trees as they prepared for their journey to a warmer climate in the vicinity of the Gulf of Mexico. The gorgeous tints of the leaves as they floated to the ground had warned the birds that it was time for them to go. The sun, still some hours high, shone bright and hot on Moses as he sat there. A casual observer would have thought him to be asleep, but, although his eyes were nearly closed, he was on the alert, as he always was, for any suspicious movement in the forest. The Indians were still enemies of the white man, as the gun by Moses's side indicated. In fact, Moses, like all the other early pioneers, was regarded by the red men as an invader.

He was now thinking of the coming winter and of the hardships that it would bring. He wondered if game would be as scarce as it had been last winter. He remembered how he had been saved from starvation by the deer that had stumbled into his clearing over by the big beech, and lifted his eyes to refresh his memory by the sight of the tree. He was about to drop his gaze once more to the bear-trap, when he noticed an eagle's feather move behind a tree.

Two jumps, and Moses, with his rifle, was inside his hut, bolting and barring the door. He had recognized the eagle's feather as an Indian brave's head-dress. On the wall of his cabin hung an extra rifle beside some horns of powder and shot. Moses grabbed the rifle, which he always kept loaded, and prepared to repulse the Indian, or Indians, as the case might be.

He heard nothing for some time, and at last decided to try to discover what deviltry the redskins were up to. Therefore he crept to the north side of his cabin, where he had seen the feather, and peeped out through a small crack between two logs. As he looked he saw an Indian's head move out from behind a tree. He could not help trying a shot. It was followed by a yell, and he saw the brave fall forward, dead.

"There's one varmint less, anyway," he exulted, only to have his joy cut short by a volley of arrows striking the cabin. The Indians, nine of them according to the number of arrows that struck the cabin, had fired to draw the answer of the defenders of the cabin in order to ascertain whether Moses

was alone or whether one or more of his brother pioneers were with him. Moses held his fire, not wishing to be without one rifle loaded all the time.

A silence followed, during which the Indians probably consulted together, then a blood-curdling war-whoop arose and Moses saw nine Indians jump from behind trees and rush toward the cabin.

A rifle barked. Immediately an Indian commenced to spin round and finally fell. A second shot hit another foe, but did not kill him. The Indians were dismayed at the two rifle shots, and, thinking that Moses had a companion, ran back into the woods.

After a long and ominous silence Moses saw a streak of flame dart from the woods and heard something strike the cabin roof. In a few minutes he smelt smoke and heard the flames as the dry boughs on the roof caught fire. The Indians had fired an arrow with flaming moss wrapped around it.

"Here's where my dugout comes in handy," said Moses, as he tore up a few boards from his cabin floor, revealing a hole in the ground. He climbed in and crawled along a few yards until he came to a cave tall enough for him to stand up in and about ten feet long by six feet wide. He turned to a pile of sods and soon had the opening to the cave filled up airtight. A hole under the roots of a tree at the other end of the cave let in air and a little light. After taking a drink from the spring which he had found, while digging the cave, Moses felt quite comfortable, although it was terribly hot.

After a few hours the heat subsided and Moses could hear the redskins poking about with sticks in the ruins of the cabin for his remains. He took a sod out of the barrier and could see the Indians quite plainly. After loading a rifle, he fired, and a brave fell forward into the ruins of the cabin.

The other Indians turned and fled, nor did they stop until they had put two or three miles between themselves and the cabin. Ever afterwards no Indian would approach the spot where their comrade had been shot by the spirit of the white man who had been burned to death.

As for Moses, he remained in his dugout until a few days later, when he was found by Daniel Boone and a couple of brother pioneers, who took him to the fort at Boonesboro. The next day he was prevailed upon to remain at the fort and to help defend it during what turned out to be a serious reprisal of the Indians.

BYRON D. MERRILL, '17.

The best essay was to win a prize. Every child bent diligently over his work until, at length, they were told to lay down their pens.

"Now, then, Tommy Briggs," said the teacher, "read your essay."

All went smoothly until Tommy struck the following passage: "The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

"How do you make that out?" queried the teacher.

"Why," was the reply, "this geography says that the population of London is very dense."

All for Guinea Pigs

“I WISH to goodness,” exclaimed James Thorpe, wrathfully, “that some one would devise a scheme to keep those scamps out of my apple orchard. Twice today have I chased half a dozen boys out. I’ll give any of you five dollars who’ll fix up a sign that will scare them.”

Then grandmother’s gentle voice soothed the irate man and, the little storm over, the family took up a discussion of the war. This subject did not interest Johnny Thorpe, aged twelve; so he slipped away quietly to bed.

Here was the chance to get Sammy Thompson’s guinea pigs. He must think up a sign that would scare the boys out. Sleep came to him, however, before any plan could be formulated.

But a partial solution must have come to him in his sleep, for six o’clock the next morning found him sliding down the piazza post. Once on the ground, he gazed around fearfully, lest his descent should have been seen. Satisfied that he was not discovered, he ran across the neighboring field and five minutes later stood, whistling as if his life depended on it, under the window of a white farmhouse.

Some minutes later a tousled head appeared in the window and a sleepy voice demanded, “W’at yer want Johnny?”

“Come down right away. I’ve got somethin’ to tell yer.”

“Aw right. Wait for a feller.”

Shortly the owner of the rumpled head slipped sneakily out of the back door. In his hand was a paper bag and his blouse bulged in the most amazing manner.

“Wot yer got?” queried Johnny.

“Eats. Come on.”

And away they sped to a secret meeting place in an unused building. There they proceeded to divide the spoils and with the aid of doughnuts and other eatables to devise a scheme which would make them joint owners of a pair of guinea pigs, the coveted possessions of Sammy Thompson.

The plan worked out, and the “eats” gone, each boy sped away to bring the necessary accessories. They succeeded to such a degree that an hour later Tommy’s older brother, passing the window of the building, heard some one say, “He’s gotta die, ain’t he?”

“Ya, yer gotta die,” agreed the other relentless one.

“Yer ain’t no good anyway, and yer allus makin’ me work. Besides ‘dead men tell no tales.’”

Perplexed and disturbed, the brother hurried around to the door and there beheld a spectacle that made him hold his sides, until he could smother his mirth sufficiently to lecture the young rascals. Beside a chopping block stood Tommy, holding the legs of a fine big rooster, and near him was Johnny

with a gory axe in his hand. Both were gazing at the rooster's head on the floor.

"Gee," said Johnny, finally, when the silence became unbearable, "I wish we hadn't done it."

"So do I," Tommy agreed, "but we had ter, didn't we? We gotta have those guinea pigs."

Johnny, turning, saw Bill. He stood speechless for a moment and then burst out, "Skip, Tommy, Bill seen us."

"You youngsters stay right there," said Bill, mastering a desire to laugh. "Now, what did you do that for?"

Bit by bit, interspersed by whispers and entreaties, the story was told from beginning to the end. They had formed a partnership for the purpose of purchasing the longed-for guinea pigs.

"Yes, I understand that," said Bill, after a time, "but what did you kill that rooster for?"

"To get his blood. We were goin' ter write a sign with it. Like this. See?" and he held up a grimy scrap of paper which read,

KEEP OUT.
TRESPASER'S SHALL DYE!!
THIS SYNE WAS WRITTEN IN A
TRESPASER'S BLOOD!!

With difficulty Bill suppressed another smile and hustled the offenders into the house. There Tommy's father hastily summoned Mr. Thorpe and the story was re-told to the questioning judges. The result was that each culprit was dealt with according to the usual custom in the back shed.

James Thorpe, Johnny's uncle, declared the joke was on him, and a few weeks later each boy received a pair of guinea pigs with Uncle Jim's compliments.

ERMA CARTER, '15.

The Sounds of a Storm at Night

IT was night, and a fearful storm was raging on the coast. I could not sleep, so I listened to the sounds.

The stormy wind bellowed about the house, rocking it like a cradle. Now it shrieked as one in pain; then, subsiding, it moaned like a lost spirit. It was a wonderful night for ghosts to be abroad, and so powerful is the association of ideas that I even imagined I heard the clanking of chains. The combined sounds made me feel not afraid, but lonely and sad.

Yet the noises of the storm on the land could arouse no such feelings as those borne to me on the gale from the sea. The roar of the angry

ocean I could hear above all else. The dashing waves crashed and thundered on the rocks below and seemed to make the whole earth tremble with their terrific force. These sounds of the ocean, together with the sense of its power and vastness, beyond comprehension, filled me with awe. I listened with fascination.

Above the other sounds the shrill screeching of the gulls was carried clearly on the wind, and from the noise I imagined these wild birds to be flying just above the foaming sea, exulting in the awfulness of the night.

The tolling of the bell-buoys struck mournfully on my ear, like funeral bells. At this sound my mind was filled with a fearful fancy. It suggested a great schooner, with its freight of human souls, out in the teeth of the gale. The helpless captain hears the warning and strives with strength inspired by despair to save the lives entrusted to him; but the merciless wind drives the schooner farther in and in, and at last, with a cruel swoop, dashes it furiously upon the jagged rocks. So well might I fancy that the bell-buoys sounded like the tolling of funeral bells.

Soon, as I listened, the sounds grew less loud and less constant as the storm abated. The wind, which had raged about so furiously, died down until I heard a low wail, as though it were exhausted. Since the wildness of the storm was gone, the screeching of the gulls reached me less and less frequently, and I was thankful to hear the bell-buoys only at long intervals. But the great ocean, which was too mighty to be controlled so quickly, was not yet calmed. Its sound still reached me, but it was not the same as before. Now it came upon the shore in deep heaves and sighs, like the sobbing of a great man. At length this sobbing was the only sound that broke the stillness of the night.

MARIAN GAULD, '15.

A Visit to a Chinese Restaurant

ATTRACTED by a huge sign which bore the words, "Chop Suey," I joined a party of five to dine at the Chinese restaurant in a quaint New England city. We had often tasted chop suey, but never had it been served in such a truly oriental atmosphere.

In the office of the restaurant an extremely polite Chinese waiter stepped up and led us down a long aisle. On each side of the aisle were stalls. We could hear voices and the clatter of silver and china, but we could see no diners, as the small apartments were curtained. Upon coming to an empty stall the waiter pulled aside the curtain and we entered.

I call these tiny apartments "stalls," for I know of no word which describes them better. They are just large enough for the table and the people

who sit around it. The walls are formed of mirrors and Chinese pictures, probably built in for one to regard while waiting for the first course—for who does not find the latter tedious?

The waiters seemed to glide about noiselessly, and occasionally we were startled to see one peeping through a small hole in the wall, provided for the purpose of seeing if we were in need of anything. The food was served in the most delightful dishes. One could easily imagine oneself in China, everything was so thoroughly Chinese.

We were served many delicious dishes, among them chicken chop suey and chow main. The latter is cabbage, cleverly disguised and served with a mushroom sauce. Most of the Chinese foods are so highly seasoned that one not used to them would hardly care for them as a steady diet. Throughout the meal delicious Chinese tea was served in tiny china cups.

For dessert a small dish of candied fruits, including watermelon rind, citron, preserved ginger, and many other fruits, was served to each person. They were so rich that a single taste proved sufficient. There were also large nuts with a thin shell which contained something resembling a raisin. We gave our opinion as to what the candy was made of. I guessed that it was the rind of a citrous fruit rolled in small seeds. I dubbed it "birdseed candy," which seemed appropriate.

When we stepped again on the crowded street and joined the hustling throng, it seemed as though we had returned from a real foreign country to our native soil.

DORIS B. WILDER, '17.

An Old-fashioned Garden

AS we stand in the doorway, bidding grandmother good-bye, a pleasant view of her delightful garden lures us to depart by the large white gate at the further end.

It is a little, out-of-the-way place, quiet, homelike, and beautiful. One would think some enchanted princess lives there, it is all so still. At the end of the grape arbor there is a fence which separates the garden from sloping green banks leading to a stream. As we turn a little to the left, we notice stairs, tumble-down and tangled in vines, which lead to a high tower where one may have a lovely view of these grounds. Already, though April has but dawned, the pink arbutus has bloomed and withered, and the purple violets are peeping up from the lush grass. There are benches in the shade of many trees, and large white stones mark off the place where once a flower garden bloomed. There are no cultivated flowers, all are wild. They have grown together in confusion. A painter's brush may find many objects worthy of its art here.

The sun seems to shine always on this particular spot, and as we pass through the large, white gate, half covered with vines, we cannot but regret to leave it.

ROSALIE TRICOT, '17.

ALUMNI AND SCHOOL NOTES



The Senior Class presented "All Charley's Fault" on Friday evening, Feb. 5, to a large audience. The orchestra played, and home-made candy was sold before the play and between the acts by the senior girls. The play was in every way a success. Miss O'Connell, elocution teacher, coached the pupils in the cast most efficiently. The characters were:

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Gen. Waldo Blake, a retired merchant, | Philip White |
| Charles Blake, his son, | Phillip Foster |
| Harry Dodsworth, Charles's friend, | George Jones |
| Jimmie Hughes, No. 1999, W. U. T. Co., | Frank Bagley |
| Professor Krieger, professor of music, | Henry Scanlon |
| Cupps, a colored butler, | Albert Lauzon |
| Margaret and Eleanor Blake, daughters of | |
| the General, Claire Spring, Erma Carter | |
| Kittie, in the General's employ, | Irene Guennette |

Certificates for proficiency in type-writing have been awarded the following members of the Senior class:

| |
|--|
| Irene Guennette, Remington, sp'd 57, err's 6 |
| Irene Gueanette, Underwood, " 49, " 5 |
| Anna Harrigan, Remington, " 50, " 6 |
| Rachel Harte, Underwood, " 50, " 4 |
| Vera Holden, Remington, " 48, " 2 |
| Olga Johnson, Remington, " 46, " 5 |

Speaking of gifts sent on the Christmas ship, Miss L. told the third year German class that the articles sent were "Bilderbuecher, Flan-

nellstoff, und undere nutlose Dinge"—picture books, flannel, and other useless things.

Mr. Roberts, former Science teacher, spent the week end of Feb. 5 in town.

Miss F. (to English IV. B): "'One Last Fond Kiss' lends itself easily to memorization."

According to a member of the Civics class, Washington was inaugurated March 4, 1895.

Some one has warned Miss L. that *St. Nicholas* has some very young things in it.

The following is one of the results of a Freshman assignment in letter writing:

Henry F. Sawtelle,
Chairman of Board of Selectmen.
Dear Madman:

"A collective noun is a noun with a lot of people in it."

"Physiography—science of the study of the face."

The school observed Lincoln Day in the usual manner. The exercises were held in Assembly Hall and consisted of selections by the orchestra, reading of the Governor's Proclamation by Mr. Morse, the "Gettysburg Address" by Roger Beedle, and remarks by the veterans of the Grand Army.

The Girls' Basket-ball Team held a dance in the gymnasium, Feb. 16. The hall was decorated with banners and looked extremely well. The chaperons were Mr. and Mrs. Morse, Miss Sharkey, and Mr. Brock.

Edmund Garland, '13, is playing with the Fitchburg Y. M. C. A. Basket-ball Team this season. He was formerly a star in our school team.

Herman Safford, Herbert Green, and Peter Knapp, all of '12, are at Worcester Tech.

Margaret Munsie, '11, and Esther Mayo, '12, are at Smith College.

Judson Richardson, '12, is studying at Mass. Institute of Technology.

Aurora Kingman, '14, is at Mt. Ida.

High School Congress

HENRY K. SCANLON, Speaker

THE third meeting of the High School Congress was opened at 7.30 o'clock, Jan. 15, by Speaker Scanlon. After the usual brief business session an interesting debate was held on the bill: *Resolved*, That capital punishment in Massachusetts should be abolished. The negative, supported by James Gillespie and Harold George, defeated Ronald Spinney and Roland Pitts, on the affirmative, by a vote of 22 to 9; and the bill was defeated by a vote of 32 to 10. Morse Freeman, the extemporaneous speaker, discussed "The European War." Congress adjourned at 9.30 o'clock.

There were fifty-one members present when the gavel sounded on Jan. 19. Morse Freeman and Roger Sargent, on the affirmative, won the decision from Eugene Brigham and Hugh Milam, on the negative, by a vote of 26 to 13, on the question: *Resolved*, That the American navy should be enlarged to compare in fighting strength with any navy in the world. The bill itself was carried by a vote of 30 to 10. Mr. Morse then gave a few suggestions for the management of the Congress. The meeting adjourned at 9 o'clock.

The meeting of Feb. 1 was called to order by the Speaker at the usual time. There were thirty-two members present. The bill: *Resolved*, That by a constitutional amendment equal suffrage be allowed in all the United States, was decided upon for the next meeting, which is to be an open meet-

ing. The question: *Resolved*, That the American Indians should become citizens of the United States was debated by Frederick Warren and John Hull on the affirmative, and Erwin Smith and James Butler on the negative. On the merits of the debate the affirmative won by a vote of 14 to 7; and the bill was passed, 16 to 10. Paul Brigham spoke extemporaneously on "The Proposed Increase in the American Army." The Congress adjourned at 9 o'clock.

On Feb. 15, forty-nine members and forty visitors were present. Henry Scanlon, speaker, presided, and the subject for debate was: *Resolved*, That by a constitutional amendment, equal suffrage be allowed in all the United States. The affirmative was supported by George Jones and Raymond Potter, while the negative was taken by William Thompson and Albert Lauzon. The debate was a heated one and was the closest that has been held this year. On the merits of the debate, the affirmative won, 20 to 19. On the merits of the question, the negative won, 21 to 20. Roland Pitts was the extemporaneous speaker. His subject was, "The Misuse of Neutral Flags." The bill chosen for debate at the next meeting of the Congress was: *Resolved*, That the United States forbid the exportation of arms or materials for the manufacturing of arms to warring nations.

ARTHUR L. CHANDLER, *Clerk*.

A Sonnet to the Sea

O mighty, fathomless raging sea,
 O thundering, roaring desert of foam,
 Moaning, tossing and utterly free,
 Gurgling and swishing in an undertone,
 Almighty main of unseen power,
 Increasing awe with every hour,
 The hidden secrets thou dost hold
 Have not or never can be told.
 Thou canst so mild and tranquil be
 As soft thou lapst the sandy shores;
 But when thou dost rage as in agony,
 Thou art more desolate than desert moors.
 O deep, all powerful, soulful sea,
 Known can thy mysteries never be.

CLAIRE M. SPRING, '15.

The Dream Ships

In the morning I saw the dream-ships
 Sailing out to sea;
 And I wondered where they were going
 And what they would bring to me.
 Would they bring back wondrous treasures;
 Silver, jewels and gold?

Or would they just be laden
 With Failures, as of old?
 In the twilight the ships came sailing,
 Sailing across the sea;
 And they brought my Heart's Desire,
 Out of the depths to me.

ESTHER FOLLANSBEE, '16.



Criticised in the words of Shakespeare. "Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear." For I am nothing if not critical." If you have tears, [but I hope you haven't] prepare to shed them now.

The first copy of *The E. Z. Marc* (Templeton) "hath indeed better bettered expectation." It is a splendid beginning. Just remember that "The end crowns all." "Make haste, the better foot before."

The last *Breccia* (Deering High School, Portland, Me.) is an anniversary number, recalling memories of the school's early days. To "call back yesterday, bid time return," is rather a good idea, is it not?

The Oracle (Cincinnati, O.) is certainly "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." Are not ten pages too many to be devoted to Locals and the Knockers' Club, the trivialties of which "have a plentiful lack of wit"?

The Oak, Lily, and Ivy (Milford) "adds a precious seeing to the eye" on account of its arrangement and suitable cuts.

For a paper "as merry as the day is long" take *The Presque Isle High School Flyer*. "Let it serve for table talk."

Although our exchanges on the whole are very good, often they might be called "more matter with less art." Sometimes "there's a skirmish of wit between them," and now and then we find "a hit, a very palpable hit." This may be "neither here nor there," but for those that cling too closely to prose "I would the gods had made thee poetical." Now let us "leave this keen encounter of our wits," and if fault be found with the criticisms, "condemn the fault and not the actor of it."



ATHLETICS

Jan. 23d we played Fitchburg on our own floor. The game started with much spirit and there were promises of a fast game until, after a few minutes' play, White received injuries to his arm that forced him to withdraw. The game then began to be one-sided. A little later Suhlke received injuries that caused him to cease playing and from then on the game was all Fitchburg's. The remainder of the team put up a good fight, but the visitors were too much for them, and we lost, 25 to 10.

The line up:

| F. H. S. 27 | L. H. S. 10 |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| Stevenson, Claman, r f..... | l b, Thomas |
| Fish, l f..... | r b, Suhlke, Rollins |
| Marshall, Shireffs, c | c, Milam |
| Parkhurst, r b..... | l f, Newton |
| Herndon, l b..... | r f, White, Cook |

Goals from floor, Fish, 5, Stevenson, 3, Parkhurst, 3, Marshall, 2, Thomas, 3, Newton, Cook. Goal from fouls, Parkhurst, 1. Referee, W. M. Forbes. Timer, M. Person. Time, 15 m. halves. Attendance, 150.

We lost our practice game in Uxbridge, Jan. 27, by a score of 33 to 8.

On our open date, Jan. 30, we played Worcester Tech. Rifle Club and lost, 13 to 7.

On Feb. 6, the team went to Fitchburg for the third league game, where, in spite of our best efforts, Fitchburg piled up a score of 70 to 8. Captain Fish, of the Fitchburg team, sustained a fractured collar bone during the game and was forced to retire. The winning of this game gives Fitchburg the Basket-ball championship.

The line up:

| F. H. S. 70 | L. H. S. *8 |
|------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Fish, Barr, Parker, l f | r b, Thomas |
| Allen, Parkhurst, r f..... | l b, Suhlke, Wallace |
| Sullivan, Marshall, c | c, White |
| Herndon, Claman, l b | r f, Milam |
| Woods, Blake, Stevenson, r b | l f, Newton, Rollins |

Baskets from floor, Fish, 11, Marshall, 9, Allen, 4, Parker, Stevenson, 3, Sullivan, 2, Herndon, Parkhurst, 3, Claman, Thomas. Baskets on free tries, Thomas, 5. Free tries missed, Thomas, Fouls called, on Fish, 3, Parkhurst, 2, Herndon, 2. Referee, Forbes. Timer, Mullaney. Time, 20 m. halves. Attendance, 250.

* Leominster awarded one foul.

On Feb. 12 the team went to Gardner for the last league game of the season. The prospects of victory seemed to be slight, for Gardner had beaten us on our own floor; but win we did, after an exciting game. The team showed marked improvement over previous games, and although Gardner put up a good game, we were too much for them. Milam suffered a wrenched ankle, and it seemed as though we were going to lose; but he was able to continue. The big feature of the game was a basket by White from the middle of the floor. Even the Gardner rooters admitted that it was a good shot.

The line up:

| L. H. S. 9 | G. H. S. 7 |
|-------------------|--------------|
| Newton, l f | r b, Lovejoy |
| Milam, r f | l b, Seaver |
| White, c | c, Anderholm |
| Thomas, l b | r f, Linnell |
| Suhlke, r b | l f, Kauppi |

Baskets from floor, Suhlke, White, Newton, 2, Kauppi, 2, Linnell. Free tries missed Thomas, 3, Linnell, 4. Fouls called, on Suhlke, 2, White, 2, Thomas, Lovejoy, Seaver, Linnell, Kauppi. Referee, Forbes. Timer, Fox. Time, 15 m. halves. Attendance, 200.

The second team played Fitchburg High Second on Feb. 6 and lost, 16 to 6.

They played Gardner Second, Feb. 12, and again lost, 16 to 0.

The girls' team have played three games thus far. Two of them with Lowell Y. W. C. A., they lost; but the third, played with Nashua Y. W. C. A., they won, 24 to 5. The team has tried hard to secure games, but has only succeeded in getting games with teams which are almost out of their class. The team this year is composed of Miss Flewelling, r f; Miss Wilson, l f; Miss Lundagen, c; Miss Boyden, s c; Miss Killelea, r b, l f; Miss Kenney, l b.

Gardner and Leominster are now tied for second place in the league.

The Athletic Association is in need of funds now, so if you have received your basket-ball ticket, why not be honest and pay for it when it will do the Association a great deal of good?

The ninth grades have organized teams and have played several games.



It was never a happy day for Sammy's painstaking father when his young hopeful's school report arrived at his Boston home.

As for Sammy himself—well, he was a philosopher.

The awful day had come once more, and the father was in the lowest depths of misery.

"Sammy, Sammy," he groaned, "Why is it that you are at the bottom of your class again?"

"What does it matter whether I am at the bottom or the top," said that wise youth. "They teach the same at both ends, you know."

"How is your son getting along in the city?"

"Fine! He's on the pool committee in his club."

"What will it be, sir? Sauerkraut or pate de fois gras?"

"Ham and eggs. I'm neutral."

"Is old Doxey as stingy as they say he is?"

"Yes. He won't even buy a calendar, for fear he may not live the year out to use it up."

Mrs. Winship left her little son, Randall, to play with his baby brother. Shortly after, she heard the baby screaming lustily. Hurrying to the room, she found Randall picking up his marbles, while the youngster was trying vainly to get hold of some of them.

"Why, Randall!" said the mother, "don't be so selfish! Let your little brother play with some of your marbles."

"But," protested Randall, "he means to keep them always."

"Oh, no, dear; I guess not. What makes you think so?"

"Well, I guess yes! I know he does, 'cause he's swallowed three of 'em already."

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School Physicians—Dr. T. A. Shaughnessy, Dr. Frank L. Dunham.

Faculty

Principal—K. L. Morse, Civil Government. **Sub master**—John H. Coburn, Mathematics, Commercial Law. **Secretary**—Adell Phillips.

Assistants—M. D. Brock, Evelyn G. Hearsey, Science; Frank P. Bell, Alice G. Smith, Edna F. Cole, Blanche M. Jobs, Commercial Branches; Florence M. Felton, A. Leila Daily, English; Ethel Ham, German; Frances L. Lockey, Latin; Ethel A. Thissell, History; Elsie W. Jeffers, French; Martha Lundagen, Algebra, English, and French; A. B. Kimball, English and History; Mary J. Sharkey, Physical Education; H. U. Pease, John A. Foss, Manual Training; Augusta R. Nettel, Florence I. Howe, Sewing; Marion Warren, Cooking; William H. Kenney, Director of Music; Mary Hadley, Supervisor of Drawing; James C. Smith, Drill Master. **Grade IX**—Annie Conlin, Hattie D. Harrington, Marea B. Lewis. **Director of Athletics**, Alfred B. Kimball.

Athletic Association

Philip White, President; Waldo Suhlke, Vice-president; Ruth Burnap, Secretary; Albert Roberts, Treasurer. Roger Beedle, Manager of Football; Hugh Milam, Assistant; Robert Crane, Captain. Philip White, Manager of Baseball; Waldo Suhlke, Assistant; Henry Regan, Captain. George Jones, Manager of Basketball; Russell Wass, Assistant; Philip White, Captain. Ralph Young, Manager of Track Team; Mer-ton Mason, Assistant; John Leamy, Captain. Miss Evelyn Hearsey, Teacher Manager of Girls' Basketball; Elizabeth Savage, Student Manager; Doris Wilson, Captain.

Class Officers

Senior—President, William Gaffney; Vice-president, Frank Bagley; Secretary, Vera Holden; Treasurer, Rachel Hart; Marshal, Philip White.

Junior—President, Roger Beedle; Vice-president, Morse Freeman; Secretary, Irma Holden; Treasurer, Iola Guennette; Marshal, Waldo Suhlke.

Sophomore—President, Hugh Milam; Vice-president, Harold Morse; Secretary, Hazel Holden; Treasurer, Ruth Wilkinson; Marshal, Stuart Damon.

Freshman—President, Dixi Hoyt; Vice-president, Robert Hull; Secretary, Canzadia Cook; Treasurer, Gladys Barry; Marshal, Wilfred St. Jean.

Roster of the Leominster High School Cadets

COMPANY A—Captain, Guy H. VonDell; 1st Lieut., Paul R. Nettel; 2d Lieut., Henry K. Scanlon; 1st Sergt., Philip J. White; Quartermaster Sergt., Harold P. George; Sergeants, Earl J. Carter, Roland S. Ames, Lawrence K. Marshall, Roger K. Beedle; Corporals, Henry M. Regan, Harold N. Thomas, John E. Leamy, Morse Freeman, Arthur J. Pierce, Waldo E. Suhlke.

COMPANY B—Captain, Albert G. Lauzon; 1st Lieut., Philip E. Foster; 2d Lieut., William H. Gaffney; 1st Sergt., Harold D. Burley; Quartermaster Sergt., Harvey H. Goodwin; Sergeants, Harry H. Kalin, Louis F. Rahm, Frank T. Bagley, Roland T. Spinney; Corporals, Robert M. Carter, Harry W. Tenney, Russell D. Wass, Robert H. Crane, Raymond J. Farquhar, Lester G. Glasheen.

COMPANY C—Captain, George W. Jones; 1st Lieut., Berton L. Blanchard; 2d Lieut., Arthur L. Chandler; 1st Sergt., Chester W. Demond; Quartermaster Sergt., Paul T. Brigham; Sergeants, Mark L. Daly, Charles F. Maynard, Philip Butler, Jacob I. Kalin; Corporals, William C. Thompson, Owen R. Willard, Milo R. Bacon, Forrest A. Lowe, Paul Swantee.

COMPANY D—Captain, Harold S. Black; 1st Lieut., John F. Lynch; 2d Lieut., Clyde C. Cleverly; 1st Sergt., Clifford Kirkpatrick; Quartermaster Sergt., Harold P. O'Keefe; Sergeants, Ralph G. Baker, Daniel J. Tobin, John E. Sargent, Francis J. Toolin. Corporals, Edward K. Figenbaum, William C. Allen, Martin H. Foster, William H. Griffin, Byron D. Merrill, Robert A. J. McNevin. Lance Corporal, Emil J. St. Cyr.

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THE MAGNET

Vol. VIII. LEOMINSTER, MASS., MARCH, 1915. No. 6

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

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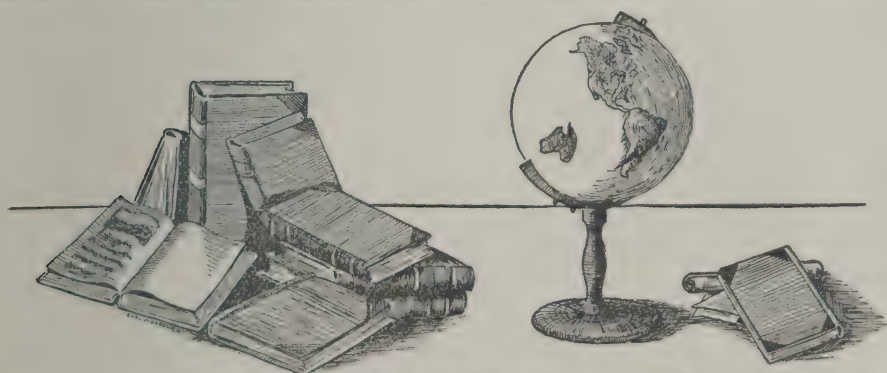
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Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.

Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.



EDITORIALS

IN our school at the present time we have about four hundred pupils. Of these seventy per cent. have no school spirit at all, and only about eighteen per cent. show spirit really worthy of the name.

Where has our school spirit gone? A number of years ago an enthusiasm was developed that would make any school proud of itself. Have the pupils of Leominster High lost that spirit of loyalty for which it has long been noted? Do they no longer want to see Leominster on top? Without doubt they do. Still, they are

making no effort to bring this about. They fail to turn out for the various sports and do not help to support a winning team.

Some of the fellows come out because they think they have the team "cinched" and can easily win a letter. Their motive is selfish and altogether wrong. We want the fellow who has the ambition to make Leominster High School a "top notch." Some of the girls certainly showed real school spirit at our basket-ball games this winter. Their example should be followed. Let every fellow and every girl wake up and unite. Bring the students of the Leominster High School back to their old state of school loyalty!

ROBERT H. CRANE, '16.

IT has seemed to be the general belief throughout the school that the seniors are possessed of a number of privileges, which allow them to run around the building and do about as they please. This is where the under-classmen err greatly, for to the seniors were given only two privileges: the first, allowing the senior boys to look after the third floor; and the second, permitting them to leave and enter any room at any time without consent from the teacher in charge.

To a slight extent we have exercised the right to control the third floor. The second privilege is one of greater interest and importance.

In some ways, this last privilege is a good thing. When a person wants a book to study from another room, he saves the time of signing the slip when going out and resigning it when returning. The new plan allows him to go to the library without interrupting a class in order to get a teacher's signature. The old requirement was troublesome to both the class and the teacher, while if one goes about one's business on one's honor, nobody else will be disturbed.

On the other hand, one may bring up arguments against this privilege. Some people say that it will be abused. It is natural that the novelty of the privilege should lead pupils to misuse it. Even now perhaps some do. A senior may forget a book on purpose to return for it and, by a pre-arranged appointment, meet

some one in the corridor. Others may attempt to skip a recitation period just because they have the privilege. Again others may come down to watch a company drill for part of a period because of the newly acquired freedom.

Probably the process of adjustment will take some weeks, but it seems well that these privileges should continue, because pupils will in time recognize what it means to be placed upon their honor, and will take pride in upholding it.

CHESTER W. DEMOND, '15.

THE football season ended last November, and with it I think our school spirit must have vanished too. School spirit is applied to the supporting of athletics, usually, and because of that idea most of us forget that it also includes the supporting of everything else connected with the school. How very few of us realize that we have an utter lack of spirit when we contribute absolutely nothing toward the support of THE MAGNET!

Seniors! This year is your last chance! In many school papers one or two pages are devoted exclusively to senior editorials and essays. Let there be something written by a senior in each number to come. It is up to you, as the highest class in school, to support your paper.

Juniors! It is mostly from your ranks that next year's editors must be chosen. That alone ought to be a sufficient reason to arouse you.

Sophomores and Freshman! THE MAGNET is your paper. Do not think that you must write a long involved story or essay; write what really interests you, and what you would like to tell others, even if it does not cover more than a page. A well written short article, if interesting, can always be used and is very much appreciated. There ought always to be a good supply of short articles at the printer's office to be used to make our paper appear more full and more finished. Let there be such an abundant supply of material from you for the April and May numbers, that the editors next year will have a wonderful supply to commence their work in September.

M. ETHEL RYAN, '15.

Camping in the Maine Woods

AS we got off the train at Passedunkeag, Maine, our party, consisting of my father, uncle, cousin Charles and I, found we were in a little town where the traditional old-fashioned country store and the hotel were the chief attractions.

Toward the latter we turned to meet our guide, a hardy woodsman, tall and muscular, with whom we completed our preparations for that long anticipated hunting trip. We spent the night in this rural inn and on leaving next morning created quite a sensation as five of us, with baggage on our shoulders, traps and rifles in our hands, struck out in a northerly direction for our hunting grounds.

The baggage on our shoulders was not very heavy, and the guide led us at a swift gait until noon. An hour's halt for lunch gave us rest, and we were soon on our way again. In the afternoon, about 3 o'clock, the guide led us to a fine spot near a bluff, where we were to build our lean-to. This spot the guide claimed was admirably situated near a cool spring and an abundance of fuel.

We quickly made our lean-to against the bluff, out of pine boughs which were woven in and out between sticks driven into the ground. For the roof we laid sticks on the upright boughs, and on these birch bark was fastened by cords of rope. Our lean-to was then completed. After supper we tumbled into the lean-to, rolled into our blankets, which were on dry leaves, to enjoy the frosty air.

The next morning I awoke first. Calling Charles, I told him that it would be a good time to try out our rifles, before any one else awoke. We went a mile away from camp, where we saw a buck deer eating moss near a brook. I managed, with Charles holding my rifle, to drop the buck. We took him back to camp, where we found the other members of the party wondering about our disappearance.

On seeing the buck we carried, they easily guessed what we went for. It was still early in the morning. The guide then showed us how to skin the animal, pointing out to us the good and poor meat. Apparently he found his task of skinning the creature difficult, for he told us we could skin our own animals after this.

We enjoyed our deer meat immensely, the taste and smell being excellent. Our council was then formed and decided to have one or two stay around camp during the day time. Charles and I were chosen first as a sort of punishment for taking advantage of them in the bright hours of the morning.

When the men started out, Charles's eyes sparkled with the prospects of setting some traps in a promising brook we passed a few hours before. I soon had all the camping articles under cover, while he was cutting some enticing bait from the deer's carcass, which hung from a high tree outside

the lean-to. We then set our traps in beaver and muskrat runs, anticipating with eagerness what we might find on the following morning.

About the middle of the afternoon, the two men came in with a fox, a couple of geese, and a rabbit. The two geese were soon ready to eat, when the guide came in with nothing. We all asked him where he had been, but to no avail.

All during that second evening, our respective fathers tried to relate their experiences, but were always stopped short by the guide, who would have a tale of equal interest. He knew they were not adventurers, and so believed they had never done anything out of the ordinary.

We awoke the next morning to see a heavy fall of snow on the ground, and it was continuing to come down with no abating of its fury. The guide was something of a weather prophet, and said that the snow would turn into a blizzard and that it would be a good idea to carry dry pine wood into one end of the lean-to for future use. Charlie then made a confession about his traps, and was told to go get them immediately. Soon he returned with his traps, and from under his coat pulled out a beaver and muskrat, to the joy of every one. During the day the guide made us some snowshoes. All of us had a pair ready for trail in the morning when night drew near. While we lay in our blankets that night, the guide told us that he could make more in a day if his companions were not too inquisitive.

The fourth day out was spent practicing on our snowshoes. Our guide was an expert on his snowshoes, so he was delegated to bring in the fresh meat for our meals that day. He brought in a lynx, telling us that he wanted something out of the ordinary for fresh meat.

Friday, the fifth day, every one of us was up early to go hunting on snowshoes, except my father, whose turn it was to stay and take care of the camp.

I went alone and, in fact, every one in the party did. I was more than a forenoon's walk out from camp, when I spied a fox track. It was very straight, because that is a fox's way of walking, and I decided to follow the tracks. It led me through thickets and underbrush, until at last I saw the fox scoot into a hole under a ledge. It was a beauty. Its tail, which was all I could see of him, was the nicest silver grey that I had seen.

I decided to get that fox, no matter what happened. I was leaning up against a tree a hundred yards from the hole when a nose stuck out of the hole, soon followed by the fox's whole body. I quickly fired a succession of shots from my repeating rifle and he dropped dead. On my approach toward the fox, I found he was bleeding from only one place in the shoulder. When I reached camp it was so late that every one was eating his supper. They all saw the silver grey at once and remarked together, "Isn't it a beaut!"

The next day was uneventful, and the following, which was Sunday, was passed quietly. Monday our guide brought in a moose. The head was a magnificent specimen, across which from tip of horn to tip of horn, measured more than three feet. There were long prongs every four or five

inches on the main horns. His body was very large, taking four of us to bring him in.

The next morning we left for home with fresh meat and furs to last for quite a little while, and on departing from the lean-to we pledged ourselves to meet there in the next fall.

ALTON HARRIS, '17.

Features in the History and Development of Agriculture

THE word agriculture is derived from two Latin words: ager meaning a field, and cultura meaning cultivation. On the whole, agriculture comprises the largest industry of the world, as it is carried on in some form in all parts of the earth except the extreme North where man lives by fishing and hunting. Our other industries, and human existence in general depend upon it.

Farming began in prehistoric times when man discovered that some forms of vegetation were useful to him. These desirable plants he cultivated first by pulling out the obnoxious weeds. This had two results: giving the desirable plants more room, and stirring the soil. This ancient farmer soon learned to tie two sticks together with a leather thong, thus forming a hoe. The plow followed. It consisted of a pointed stick bound to a pole or beam with two handles. Probably it was drawn by several men. Whether animals were domesticated and trained as beasts of burden before the plow was invented will never be known since there is no record of that age. It is very probable that the bulk of the farm work rested upon the women while the men were fighting and hunting.

The oldest records of agricultural proceedings were found in Egypt bearing the date of 3000 B. C. In that country farming was carried on to a considerable extent but the farmer belonged to the lower class of people as his occupation was greatly despised. The overflowing of the Nile once a year deposited a fresh layer of rich soil over the land thus making it possible to raise wheat and barley. The grain was sown and trod into the ground by driving cattle over it. The method of harvesting was very crude, the heads of grain being pulled off, in some cases by hand and at other times by cutting or breaking the whole stalk. The grain was threshed out on an earthen floor by men or cattle treading upon it. Flax was raised, the cloth made from it being used to wrap the mummies. Vegetables, such as radishes, onions, garlic, the horse bean, chick pea, chickling, and vetch, were grown. Grapes were also produced to a certain extent. Olives, figs, pomegranates, and dates grew abundantly, also the watermelon and castor-oil-plant.

There are records of agricultural activity in Greece to a considerable extent from 1000 B. C. when that country fell into the hands of the Romans. Mules were raised extensively as beasts of burden and bees were kept. It

is interesting to note that many things which we have in our own country today were raised then. Wheat, barley, flax, and hemp were grown as in Egypt besides the following: Cherries, plums, almonds, pears, apples, quinces, turnips, beets, cabbages, lettuce, chickory, garden peas, and kidney beans.

Among the Romans we find agriculture slightly advanced. The agricultural implements were a little better, but conditions were bad for the poor farmers. The lands belonging to the Roman empire were in the hands of the rich nobles who leased them to the plebeians. These poor farmers raised grain, the greater part of which went for taxes and rent. Some of the more well-to-do people had herds and flocks. Various vines, including the grape, grew abundantly.

In the Dark and Middle Ages agriculture shows a distinct progress. Various plants were taken from Asia and Africa to Europe. Rice, cotton, and sugar were introduced and many vines were grown. In the latter part of the low countries of Western Europe came to be distinguished for their agriculture as well as for their commerce and manufactures. They learned to plow in green crops for fertilizer. The Flemmings are considered the oldest practical farmers. They did all their field work with oxen rather than horses. In the latter part of this period agriculture farther south was hindered by the wars with the Turks.

In the sixteenth century hops became one of the important crops. Agriculture did not advance as much for a time on account of the economic and political upheavals. The Feudal System did considerable harm to agriculture in various countries. The land was owned by the king who let it to his nobles who in turn let it to the peasants or to smaller landholders. The poorer classes were practically slaves. They belonged to their masters who were responsible to the nobles. Each class of people had to collect enough from those below them to live on themselves and to pay their masters. The poor peasants were in such a condition that they could not raise large crops, for their rents were enormous. In the eighteenth century there was more improvement than in any previous. Jethro Tull wrote a book on "Horse Shoeing and Husbandry." This was about the first literature on agriculture. Tull originated the idea of sowing seeds in a drill. He invented the seed drill and the horseshoe. The cultivation of grass also began in this century.

The nineteenth century showed great advance in farming in America. The causes which produced that change were scientific methods applied to agriculture, the improvement in transportation, the opening up of new lands, the improvement in farm machinery, the abolition slavery, the specializing industries, the distribution of farm products, the government agencies, the organization of agricultural associations, literature and research work in agriculture. Perhaps the most revolutionary cause was introduction of machinery.

Less than two hundred years ago grass was cut with a scythe. After the mowing the swaths of heavy green grass had to be spread to dry. At the present time it is cut with a mowing machine. The two horse machine

has a five foot cutter bar so that it will take a swath five feet wide. As the grass is cut, it falls where it stands with the tops all one way and there is no need of shaking out the heavy swaths thus saving much work. Instead of turning it two or three times by hand, as was the case when the scythe was used, it is stirred up once or twice with a tedder drawn by a horse. Science teaches men that it is not necessary to dry it as much in the field. The dry grass is drawn together into windrows with the horserake instead of the old-fashioned rake. A wagon with a loader attached is driven astride the windrows. The result is a great economy of human labor in loading the hay. The last operation is unloading by means of a horse fork. The load is carried to the highest scaffold in a few forksfull saving the strength of from two to five men in pitching it from mow to mow.

The farmer has also welcomed the advent of machinery in the raising and harvesting of wheat. In the past the land was plowed and harrowed with horses, the fertilizer carted out and spread by hand, the seed sown by hand and brushed in. The harvesting and threshing was done by hand. Today the ground is plowed and harrowed with a steam or gasoline traction engine. The seed and fertilizer are drilled in. In the fall the cutting, binding and threshing are done in one operation. Now let us compare the amount of human labor and its cost. In 1830 the average amount of human labor expended to raise a bushel of wheat was three hours and three minutes at a cost of seventeen and three-quarters cents. Today the amount of human labor is ten minutes at a cost of three and one-third cents. Think of it.

We have seen the development of agriculture through the ages. Now let us look into the present condition with its opportunities. Farming has reached that stage when the ignorant poor man has a less favorable chance of competing successfully with his more fortunate fellows. He has discovered that he cannot compete successfully with a machine that can do more work and do it better and cheaper than a human being. Then the farmer must use machines with a full measure of intelligence.

A few years ago a man could live on a farm and raise about all his food and perhaps a part of his clothes. By raising a little more than what he needed himself he could have something to exchange for that which he could not raise. All this has been changed. He wants more of the comforts of life. The automobile and the electric car have brought him so close to the city that to be anything he must spend more money. To get money he must raise larger crops. The only solution of the problem is to farm it on a larger scale and upon a business basis.

Today agriculture is divided into various branches. They are dairying, poultry raising, horticulture, and animal husbandry. These branches are subdivided to a certain extent. Sometimes one branch or a combination of branches is carried on. After a man makes a specialty of one crop such as tomatoes or some other vegetable, supplying some canning factory. Every effort is made to get the largest yields with the least cost possible.

Agriculture offers many opportunities to the young man or even a young lady with average intelligence, stick-to-itiveness, and love for nature and God's pure air. He has the opportunity of studying nature, hearing the birds sing, and proving what is in him. With the proper amount of food and fresh air, hard work will not hurt him. There is, also, the advantage of being free from the monotony of working at one thing year in and year out in a shop. At his own farm, one is, to a certain extent, his own "boss."

As with all other business, farming is easy only to those who are willing to persevere. There are numerous diseases and animals that fly, crawl, and walk, above, beneath, and upon the earth. There is an enemy for almost everything that grows upon the farm. It requires patience and brains to conquer them, but the man with average intelligence will succeed.

Many people are prejudiced against farming because a few years ago many ignorant men lived in the backwoods and ran their small farms to suit themselves. When they appeared in the city, they were green and were the so called hayseeds. Some who are prejudiced against farming will point out a man who has failed in that occupation. There are failures to be sure. But there are proportionately no more failures in farming than in any other business.

Both the state and the federal governments are spending money to help the farmers. An agricultural college is maintained by every state in the Union. These colleges are free to every one in the state. Besides the regular four year courses, some of them conduct two year courses in agriculture and all of them have ten week courses in mid-winter and some in the summer of two or three weeks. The latter are designed for the older farmers. An experiment station is maintained by every state in connection with the college. Bulletins are published on all the phases of agriculture. Those are sent to the farmers upon application.

Agricultural papers are a great source of aid to the farmers. They urge cooperation and discuss the many problems that confront them.

I do not know why it was that I first wanted to be a farmer, but as long as I can remember, I have had a desire to follow that profession. I like to see things grow and to breathe the fresh air. I could never stand it to be imprisoned within the four walls of a stuffy office or dusty shop. Give me farming and give me freedom.

HAROLD P. GEORGE, '15.

I long for the woods, the streams and lakes;

The mountain, vale, and hill,

Where nature lies untouched by man,

And the birds so sweetly trill.

Where the timid deer darts swiftly forth

And the bull moose calls to his mate;

And the lynx is out in quest of prey

As the whip-poor-will mourns his fate.

'Tis there that my heart doth long to be

Away from this dreary strife,

Where one is free and a man's a man,

And unknown is the gilded life.

JOHN T. HULL.

The Little Rebel

THE scorching July sun beat down unmercifully upon the tin roof of the crude little hospital that was situated in an open plain of old Kentucky. The soldiers looked on with dull, longing eyes out of the open door, and even the nurses who were usually cheerful began to look pale and worn as they moved about among the cots smoothing a hot, wrinkled pillow or adjusting a loosened bandage.

As one of the nurses glanced up she saw a little figure standing in the doorway.

"May I come in?" inquired a sweet voice from the threshold.

The men all looked and started, to see the dainty figure in the doorway. But after they had recovered from their surprise, they all tried to entice her to their side of the room.

"My name is Betty and I'm not named after anybody that I know. Though I may be named after some Union women, but my muver won't tell me 'cause she don't like the Union people. But I do just the same. My last name is Dean if you would be pleased to know."

She glanced slowly around the room and saw in one corner, a soldier, lying on a cot. She went to Mr. Peters bedside, and, sitting down, looked into his large, gray eyes. Noticing the bandage around his head she asked him if his head ached much? Then she pressed her soft lips on the lint and said that it would become better now, because that was the way she used to cure her mother's headache.

"I am sorry for what I have said about the Yanks. Even if my mother does dislike the Yanks, I don't."

"How old are you?" sounded a voice from the other side of the room.

"I am five years old today," was the reply. "That is why I have my best white dress and my new slippers on. When the Yankees came to take different things, I hid my slippers and they could not find them."

"Will you tell us about your birthday?" coaxed a young man by her side.

"I haven't had my birthday yet," she smiled. "But muver said maybe, just maybe, that we'd have the birthday tonight, 'cause father will probably come home then."

"Is your father away?"

"My daddy is with General Lee," she answered, proudly. "He used to come home in the day time; but now he is appointed colonel, and I suppose he is busy fighting during the day, so he only comes home nights. He stays only a minute. I shall watch all night until he comes."

Just at this moment a bent, old negro appeared in the doorway. Betty sprang up. "Ned," she cried, "has daddy come home yet?"

The negro, rolling his eyes, fearfully looked at the Union soldiers and said, "No, I don't suppose he will be home until the war is at an end. But

it won't do for the Yankees to go snoopin' round heah. Come home and I will tell you a big secret." And turning to one of the nurses he said, "Her mother is worried most to death."

With one hand held fast in the old negro's and waving the other towards the hospital, she went away.

It was very early the next morning when a Confederate was captured and brought into the hospital. Mr. Peters, the man whom Betty had been talking to, knew that her father had been caught while passing through the Union lines.

Two high officials took the man, handcuffed, into the office, and the nurses and men in the hospital were beginning to think that he was going to be punished with death. Then the old negro brought Betty up to the door and said, "I had to come down the road on business and Betty would not give me any peace until I brought her into the hospital. She can stay here until I come back."

She went over to the cot where Mr. Peters was and cheered him up. After she had been in the hospital a while, the men brought Mr. Dean out of the office and were going to give him his trial, when he noticed Betty kneeling down by Mr. Peters' cot, and asked if he might have a moment to speak.

His little curly-headed daughter climbed upon his knee and sat down. He tried to conceal his handcuffed wrists from the child and told her to tell her mother that he would get through the case all right. Then the men reminded him that his time was up, and he must go. He kissed his little daughter and went out the door of the hospital and got into a rough-looking wagon.

Just at that minute a tall, lank, honest-faced man appeared in the doorway. It was Mr. Lincoln!

As he came into the ward and asked what was the matter, Mr. Peters replied, "Mr. Lincoln, please save Mr. Dean, Betty's father." At this Mr. Lincoln laid his hand down on Betty's curly head and looked at her.

Mr. Lincoln called out of the door, "Bring Mr. Dean in here and give him his trial."

So they brought him in and Betty asked, "May I sit in daddy's lap?" "Surely," replied Mr. Lincoln. "That is the place for a little girl."

Then Mr. Lincoln asked the prisoner what he was doing crossing the Union lines.

"I was simply going to see my wife and child," was the reply.

"It would not take so long if you would tell us the story without my asking questions." So Mr. Dean told the story from beginning to end.

Then Mr. Lincoln turned to the captors and said, "How did you happen to know that Mr. Dean was coming home tonight?"

"The little girl was telling the soldiers in the ward today."

"So you listened to what she said?"

Mr. Lincoln thought for a while then said, "Mr. Dean you are freed."

"But, Mr. Lincoln, you are a Union President."

"Yes, but I am also a man."

All this while nobody seemed to think about Mr. Peters. When they glanced over to his cot his eyes were closed. He had died while the trial was being held.

HELEN FARQUHAR.

The Coming of the Snow King

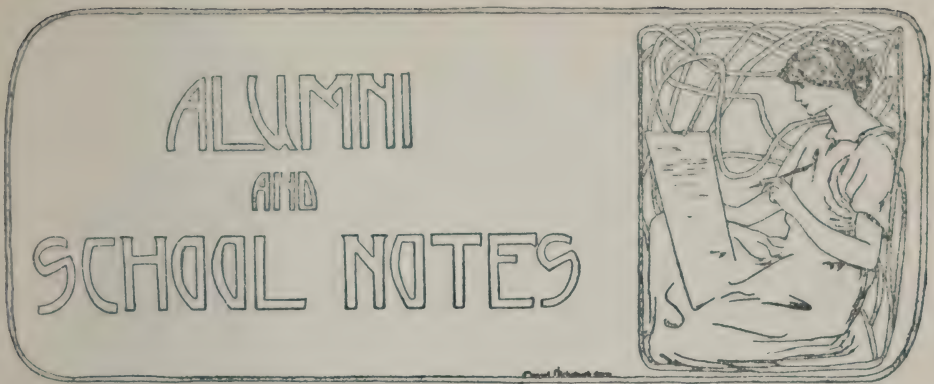
IT was a still, moonlight night in mid-winter. The air was clear and frosty. Above the sleeping earth the great arch of the skies was aglow with the brilliant light of countless stars. The moon, full as at harvest time, shed its silver beams over the hills and valleys all tinged with frost. It saw on the hillsides the flocks of sleeping sheep huddled tightly together for warmth. The little farms and country villages lay in silent contentment and repose beneath the starlit heaven. The whole world seemed under some enchantment.

But when the morning dawned, that bright silent scene of the night had vanished. In its stead was a blinding, bewildering, all-enveloping whiteness. The ground was clothed with whiteness and the trees were bedecked with it. All the air was filled with it. And on the heights, blending and melting away into the whirling deathly veil clinging to all the earth, was faintly outlined a gigantic misty figure. Away off in the distant flakes it seemed of majestic mien and its hoary locks floated away over the dim, mighty shoulders into nothingness. This was the Snow King.

Down from the mountain tops and hill tops, driven by the chill icy breath of this mighty god, came the snow. Down it crept, twisted and tossed in the strength of the Snow King's blast. It swept silently, swiftly over the knolls and into the vales, filling with its deathly whiteness every nook and cranny. The cruel Snow King drove it on and on over the hills, nearer and nearer the flocks of huddled sheep. Stealthily on it came until with a cruel delight it stole greedily down upon its helpless prey. Burying the sheep and their piteous bleatings in its deathly folds, it swept swiftly, softly on in its merciless course. Upon the little farms and country villages, it swooped, enveloping all alike and leaving death in its wake. Thus the fury of the relentless Snow King raged for three days and three nights. And on the fourth night, when his cruel passion was satisfied, the heartless monarch returned to his northern home.

The sky cleared; the moon and the countless stars again shone as brightly as ever through the frosty air; but not on the same scene as before. All the earth was buried beneath the white shroud of snow. The intense silence of death reigned, broken only by the wild, weird howl of a starving coyote running across the ghostly hills.

MARIAN GAULD, '15.



At a meeting of the Senior Class the following resolutions regarding graduation were adopted. These resolutions were drawn up by Mr. Clarke for the Class of 1914 and the outcome was so successful that it seemed wise for this year's class to follow the same plan.

FOR THE GIRLS:

1. That the graduation dress shall be of reasonably inexpensive white material simply made and trimmed.
2. That the *same* dress be worn at graduation and at the reception on the night following.
3. That low black shoes be worn at graduation.
4. That silk gloves, not kid gloves, shall be worn at both graduation and the reception.
5. That no elaborate hair ornaments, or elaborate jewelry, be worn at the graduation or reception.
6. That not more than a dozen and a half of roses or a bouquet of similar size be carried at the reception.

FOR THE BOYS:

1. To spend less for graduation clothing and accessories.
2. To discourage the indiscriminate exchange of photographs.
3. To discourage the lavish giving of graduation gifts, especially the interchange of gifts among the students.

There is to be a "Vaudeville Show" for the benefit of the Athletic Association on Friday evening, April 9. There will be ten acts on the program by representatives of the faculty, the ninth grade, and the four classes of the High School proper. Before and after the performance fortune tellers will be found in stalls along the corridors. Candy will be for sale in booths in the halls. Don't forget to buy a ticket and help the Athletic Association.

The annual Prize Speaking Contest, which will determine the representatives of the Leominster High School to participate in the Interscholastic Speaking Contest at Gardner, will be held the early part of April. Every one is eligible to enter this contest and Miss O'Connell will be glad to help those who desire to compete.

A boy in English I. read a theme on "A Fishing Trip." He spoke of using a gun and during the class discussion some one asked "Why would one carry a gun on a fishing trip?"

From the back of the room came the answer, "Why, to shoot the fish in the water, of course."

HEARD IN ROOM V.

A. Cook: "Ouch!"

Mr. K.: "What's the matter, Cook?"

A. Cook: "Dixi Hoyt me."

SENIOR LATIN

Miss S., '15: "Ac velut ingentem formicae farris acervium." "Just as when aunts ravage a heap of corn."

Mr. Brock, (to the Sophomore science class): "Why is a bicycle called a bicycle?"

Miss C.: "Because the wheel passes by."

Thought question for a theme: "Why did Mr. Hooper wear a black veil?"

Freshman theme: "Mr. Hooper had weak eyes, so he wore a black veil over his nose."

Mr. Brock: "Cottonseed oil comes from the cottonseed and flaxseed oil comes from the flaxseed."

Mr. F.: "Where does machine oil come from, then?"

Miss Hearsey: "What are diamonds used for?"

Mr. B., '15: "Engagement rings." Probably he intends to use one for this purpose.

SENIOR ALGEBRA

Mr. Colburn: "In this problem the father is 40 and the son 5. What will their ages be in 5 years?"

Unknown Voice: "40 and 10."

Mr. C.: "Remember it's a man's age we're getting at instead of a woman's."

Mr. F., '16, (making use of the idiom to adorn oneself).

"Ils' habille pour se coucher."

"He adorns himself to go to bed."

From Here and There

At a German recitation the class was asked for the German forms of English words.

"What is the German for *lawyer*, Tommy?" asked the teacher.

The German for *lawyer* is pronounced *Ahd-fo-kaht*. Though Tommy had studied this lesson with great zeal the night before, he could not recollect the word. So he stammered, very sullenly: "I fo'got."

"Good!" said the teacher, first to Tommy's astonishment, then to his amusement, as he saw the point, and finally to his delight, because he avoided getting a zero.

Martha, a little colored girl, who had been admonished several times for tardiness, came rushing into the schoolroom one morning, late as usual, with the following note:

dear teacher:

excuse my gurl and dont you scold her you think your smart dont you but I jest bet you couldnt tell time neither if both the hands was off your clock.

frum her muther

After the Prohibition campaign of Texas a triumphant anti approached the Reverend Johns with the remark: "Well, how do you feel now?"

"I feel like Lazarus—like I had been licked by the dogs."



On the whole, *The Beacon* (Chelsea) comes up to the general standard of most school papers. However, its arrangement might be greatly improved by beginning each department on a new page, and by not allowing the "Athletics" to run into the advertisements. The Exchange column is missing in this number. A few appropriate cuts and sketches would give the paper a brighter appearance.

We are fortunate in receiving among our exchanges this month *The Signal* (Sistersville, W. Va.). Its literary department is not quite as complete as it should be.

The Philomath (Framingham). Your "Class Notes" are excellent in this number, but the other columns, particularly the "Exchange," are rather brief.

The News (East Orange, N. J.). As usual, your stories are very good and your poetical contributions are praiseworthy.

The Totem (Seattle, Wash.) is the treat of the season. It is unusual and attractive both within and without. Enlivened by effective drawings and pictures, it is thoroughly delightful and enjoyable. In its literature and in its jokes, in its dignity and in its gayety, it is all that can be desired of a good high school paper.

Of *THE MAGNET* *The Oak, Lily, and Ivy* says: "Your stories are very good and your exchange column is attractively written, but more jokes would brighten up your paper considerably."

The following exchanges are gratefully acknowledged: *Four Corners* (Scarboro, Me.), *The Oak, Lily, and Ivy* (Milford), *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, *The Senior* (Westerly, R. I.), *E. Z. Marc* (Templeton), *Massachusetts Collegian* (Amherst), *P. I. H. S. Flyer* (Presque Isle, Me.).



WE have now come to the last quarters of the present school year with very little success in athletics. It is up to each and every one of you to make the track and baseball teams winners. They are *your* teams and they depend on *you* for their support. If they are unsuccessful, it is your fault. Are you going to give the alumni a chance to say, as they have said, "Athletics aren't what they used to be"? Every boy with any red blood at all should say "No" and follow up his declaration by reporting for practice.

The association must have more men for track and baseball. All you need for track is a pair of legs and *grit*. We know you've got the legs, but it is up to you to show the grit. Judging from the small number out for athletics, it seems as though only a few have got sand enough to work for the school. Baseball calls for some previous knowledge of the rules of the game, but any one who can tell first base from home plate and has got the necessary grit ought to be out.

Here is the last chance for the senior men to show their school spirit and to get their letters. The success of a team depends more on you than on any other class. The school needs you now. Are you going to respond to her call, and help?

On Feb. 20, the basket-ball team went to Southbridge and were defeated, 38 to 17.

On Feb. 27, the team played the Worcester Boys' Club at Worcester and were again defeated, 28 to 6.

Southbridge canceled their game, scheduled for March 13, and, as the team did not wish to wait two weeks without games, to play Fitchburg Normal on March 20, they canceled the game with that school and ended the basket-ball schedule for 1915.

The girls' team played the Fitchburg Triads on March 6 and won by a 27 to 22 score.



The game scheduled for March 13 with the Fitchburg Triads was canceled by the Triads.



BASEBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1915

| | | |
|---------------|--------------|----------------|
| Wed. April 14 | St. Johns | at Leominster |
| Sat. " 17 | Westboro | at Westboro |
| Wed. " 21 | Shirley | at Shirley |
| Sat. " 23 | Orange | at Leominster |
| Wed. " 28 | Westboro | at Leominster |
| Sat. May 1 | Fitchburg | at " |
| Wed. " 5 | South High | at " |
| Sat. " 8 | Gardner | at Gardner |
| Wed. " 12 | Open | |
| Sat. " 15 | Murdock H. S | at Worcester |
| Wed. " 19 | Southbridge | at Leominster |
| Sat. " 22 | Gardner | at Leominster |
| Wed. " 26 | Orange | at Orange |
| Sat. " 29 | Fitchburg | at Fitchburg |
| Wed. June 2 | Trade School | at Leominster |
| Sat. " 5 | Open | |
| Wed. " 9 | Southbridge | at Southbridge |
| Sat. " 12 | Murdock H. S | at Leominster |
| Wed. " 16 | Shirley | at Leominster |



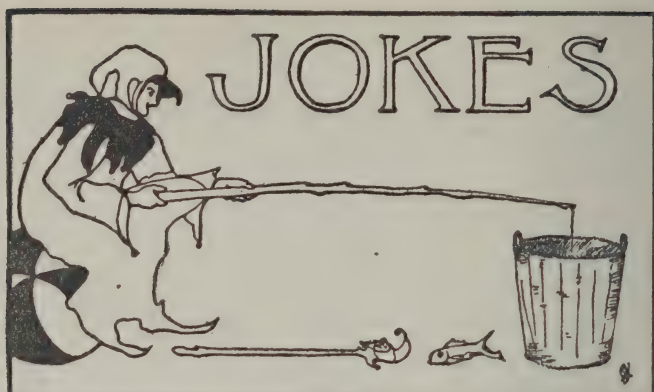
Be sure and attend the Athletic Association entertainment on April 9.

High School Congress

HENRY K. SCANLON, Speaker

THERE were twenty-four members present on Monday evening, March 8. The bill chosen for debate at the next meeting was: *Resolved*, That military education be compulsory in all the colleges and universities of the United States. The question debated was: *Resolved*. That the United States forbid the exportation of arms or materials for the manufacture of arms to the warring nations. The affirmative, represented by Everett Richardson and Morgan Whitney, was defeated by Charles Currier and Henry Scanlon, on the negative, with a vote of 6 to 0. The bill was lost 9 to 8. James Gillespie spoke extemporaneously on "The Proposed School House at North Leominster."

ARTHUR L. CHANDLER, *Clerk*.



First Person (holding out an orange peel): "I appeal to you."

Second Person: "Your appeal is fruitless."

The nature lesson was to be on nuts.

"John," said the teacher, "you may tell me three kinds of nuts you know."

Without hesitation John replied: "Peanuts, doughnuts, and forget-me-nuts."

SHOULD HAVE BEEN PUN-ISHED

A teacher asked her school to use the following words in sentences: Attired, aniline, canopies, cellar.

These astonishing answers were given:

"I am attired at I don't know what to do."

"I fish with a hook aniline."

"She asked for a canopies, but he wouldn't cellar anything."

"This artist," remarked the teacher at the conclusion of the drawing lesson, "painted many other beautiful pictures, which were hung in the galleries of Paris. Now I want you little boys and girls to write me a composition about this great artist."

One of said little boys wrote: "The artist painted many beautiful pictures, for which he was hung on the gallows in Paris."

The children at their opening exercises had just listened to a selection on the phonograph.

"Now," said the teacher, "who can tell me what great singer we have just heard?"

"Caruso," answered a small boy.

"Good!" said the delighted teacher. "Now who can tell me what great man sang with Caruso?"

"Crusoe's man Friday," was the unexpected reply.

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School Physicians—Dr. T. A. Shaughnessy, Dr. Frank L. Dunham.

Faculty

Principal—K. L. Morse, Civil Government. *Sub master*—John H. Coburn, Mathematics, Commercial Law. *Secretary*—Adell Phillips.

Assistants—M. D. Brock, Evelyn G. Hearsey, Science; Frank P. Bell, Alice G. Smith, Edna F. Cole, Blanche M. Jobs, Commercial Branches; Florence M. Felton, A. Leila Daily, English; Ethel Ham, German; Frances L. Locky, Latin; Ethel A. Thissell, History; Elsie W. Jeffers, French; Martha Lundagen, Algebra, English, and French; A. B. Kimball, English and History; Mary J. Sharkey, Physical Education; H. U. Pease, John A. Foss, Manual Training; Augusta R. Nettel, Florence I. Howe, Sewing; Marion Warren, Cooking; William H. Kenney, Director of Music; Mary Hadley, Supervisor of Drawing; James C. Smith, Drill Master. *Grade IX*—Annie Conlin, Hattie D. Harrington, Marea B. Lewis. *Director of Athletics*, Alfred B. Kimball.

Athletic Association

Philip White, President; Waldo Suhlke, Vice-president; Ruth Burnap, Secretary; Alberti Roberts, Treasurer. Roger Beedle, Manager of Football; Hugh Milam, Assistant; Robert Crane, Captain. Philip White, Manager of Baseball; Waldo Suhlke, Assistant; Henry Regan, Captain. George Jones, Manager of Basketball; Russell Wass, Assistant; Philip White, Captain. Ralph Young, Manager of Track Team; Merton Mason, Assistant; John Leamy, Captain. Miss Evelyn Hearsey, Teacher Manager of Girls' Basketball; Elizabeth Savage, Student Manager; Doris Wilson, Captain.

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Junior—President, Roger Beedle; Vice-president, Morse Freeman; Secretary, Irma Holden; Treasurer, Lola Guennette; Marshal, Waldo Suhlke.

Sophomore—President, Hugh Milam; Vice-president, Harold Morse; Secretary, Hazel Holden; Treasurer, Ruth Wilkinson; Marshal, Stuart Damon.

Freshman—President, Dixi Hoyt; Vice-president, Robert Hull; Secretary, Canzadia Cook; Treasurer, Gladys Barry; Marshal, Wilfred St. Jean.

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COMPANY B—Captain, Albert G. Lauzon; 1st Lieut., Philip E. Foster; 2d Lieut., William H. Gaffney; 1st Sergt., Harold D. Burley; Quartermaster Sergt., Harvey H. Goodwin; Sergeants, Harry H. Kalin, Louis F. Rahm, Frank T. Bagley, Roland T. Spinney; Corporals, Robert M. Carter, Harry W. Tenney, Russell D. Wass, Robert H. Crane, Raymond J. Farquhar, Lester G. Glasheen.

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COMPANY D—Captain, Harold S. Black; 1st Lieut., John F. Lynch; 2d Lieut., Clyde C. Cleverly; 1st Sergt., Clifford Kirkpatrick; Quartermaster Sergt., Harold P. O'Keefe; Sergeants, Ralph G. Baker, Daniel J. Tobin, John E. Sargent, Francis J. Toolin. Corporals, Edward K. Figenbaum, William C. Allen, Martin H. Foster, William H. Griffin, Byron D. Merrill, Robert A. J. McNevin. Lance Corporal, Emil J. St. Cyr.

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THE MAGNET

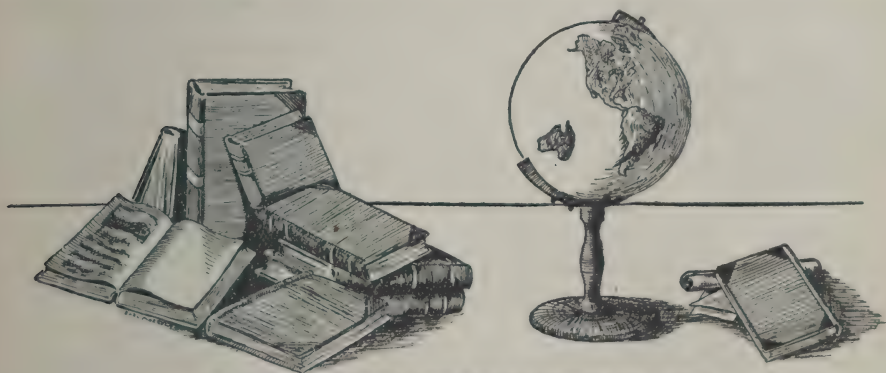
Vol. VIII. LEOMINSTER, MASS., APRIL, 1915. No. 7

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

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Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.
Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.



EDITORIALS

IN many of Ex-President Roosevelt's lectures to young men and women he states that the success of a young person does not depend on his ability to await the opportunity which he expects to come, but—to make good at the first chance which presents itself. In this statement lies food for thought for a majority of Seniors. How many times are Seniors heard to say they really don't know what they are going to do, for they cannot take up the work they wish. We are forgetful of many things we may do in our wish for something we would like to do. Although am-

bition is very necessary to success, it sometimes blinds one to opportunity to such an extent that one cannot see and appreciate the opportunities that are daily presented. The finding of one's life work is like a big game. We plunge blindly, hopefully into the abyss called the outside world, with our eyes shut, and grope for a prize.

How often is an ambitious man disappointed when he has reached his goal only to find he is not fitted for it at all. Then wondering at his own folly, he takes up a work which he scorned in his youth. The best years of his life have been spent in soaring, and now he must settle down and begin what he should have done in his youth, namely, to see and appreciate the opportunities near at hand.

From this example, the value of grasping what is near at hand, can be easily seen. After we are cultivated for something, if not satisfied, it is easy enough to pursue our ambition for we are independent and have something to fall back on in case of failure.

Let us then, not be listless and reply to queries that we do not know what we are going to do while in the meantime, opportunity is beckoning and smiling at us from every way we turn.

THIS number of THE MAGNET is devoted to the Sophomores and Freshmen. THE MAGNET Board wishes to thank all those who contributed to make it a success. Do not be disappointed if your article does not appear in print, but remember we have you in mind as well as those whose articles are printed.

M. ETHEL RYAN,' 15.

A Midnight Canoe Ride

THE Eatons were sitting at the supper table when Mrs. Eaton heard a knock at the door. It proved to be Jack White, a lumberman, from the logging camp. The Eatons wondered why he came, for hardly ever did they have a visitor.

"How-do, Mrs. Eaton. How-do, Eaton," he said. "D'ye think that any of you could go down-stream after a doctor? My wife's sick'ern blazes, an' if she don't get a doctor by mornin', she—she might die."

All was silence for a moment. Then Mr. Eaton spoke.

"Sorry, old fellow, but I couldn't row, or paddle a canoe, because I got my arm smashed from a falling tree." He touched it gingerly. "But why can't you use the horses?"

"They're over in Ashville being shod. I s'pose I'll have to go, but no one can tend to camp then, an'"—

"Never mind," broke in Mr. Eaton, "perhaps,"—and he looked over the table at his son James, a boy of fourteen.

"Oh, Dad!" exclaimed Jim, who took the hint. "May I go? I'll be awful careful, an' you know that I'm no ninny when it comes to handling a canoe."

"Oh, John," said Mrs. Eaton anxiously, "please don't let him go. It's so dangerous goin' over those rapids in the dark. Please don't!"

"Don't you worry, Ma," said Jim. "I'll be all right. Even if old Bob Drake did get killed goin' over those rapids, it's no sign that I shall."

"It's all right," said Mr. Eaton, "if a feller keeps his nerve. I guess you can go."

Half an hour later Jim was paddling a canoe swiftly down the river. He wondered how he would come out on this venture. Suppose he should be crushed to death on the rocks, or spun round and round on a whirlpool! A shudder shook his muscular young body. Now he could hear the rapids, a continual roar and crashing, as the water sped over the rocks.

The canoe began to go without his paddling it now, and Jim knew it would be a hard task to hold it back. Then he entered the rapids and began speeding downward. He struggled wildly to gain control of the canoe, but all in vain. He remembered what had happened to Bob Drake. His boat had struck a rock, and turned turtle, crushing the man on the rock.

Suddenly Jim noticed that the canoe was rapidly filling with water through a leak in the bottom. It was a desperate situation. *What* should he do? Then an idea came to him. He put his heavy coat against the leak, stuffing a corner of it into the hole. This stopped the leak, but, as it was a windy night in March, and his feet were in water, Jim soon began to shiver violently. He wished that he had something to bail out the canoe

with, but he could not find a receptacle of any kind. Soon he took the paddle and began to work swiftly to keep him warm, as he had now passed out of the dangerous rapids.

In less than an hour he landed at the village, and, though he was almost numb with cold, and every bone in his body ached, he attempted to run toward the doctor's house. How he got there he never knew. He just remembered banging on the door and gasping to the astonished doctor.

"C-come-quick! M-Mrs. White-is-s-sick-an'-won't-live-if,"—and then he fainted.

A few hours later he found himself in his own bed with his mother bending over him.

"T-tell-me-all-about-it," he feebly whispered.

"You came home in th' doctor's auto, an' he came just in time to save Mrs. White. She's got typhoid fever, an' you've just got to stay in bed awhile on account of the exposure you underwent. An' everybody says you're a brave boy," replied Mrs. Eaton, jumbling all the news together in her eagerness to tell him everything.

"I'm so glad," sighed Jim, resting back comfortably on the pillows.

HELEN SWANSON, '18.

Has the Aeroplane a Future?

THE aeroplane will undoubtedly be a necessity in the near future as much as the telephone is today. This may seem a broad statement, but necessity is the mother of invention, and some swifter method of transportation will soon be needed to meet the ever growing requirements.

The aeroplane is an American invention, but the improvements are all made by French and German scientists who are always willing to give every new thing a fair show. American laymen are apt to be skeptical. Hearing through the newspapers all the accounts of the accidents and few of the successful ventures, they gain the idea that a flying machine is a flimsy apparatus and that the danger of ascending in one is comparable to the danger of drawing nitroglycerine over a rough road in a wagon without springs. Therefore nobody takes interest in the aerial experimental laboratories that are needed.

This war has shown that the aeroplane is good only in scouting duty, a fact which will partially stop the development of the heavier-than-air machine as an instrument of destruction. Let us hope it will be turned into commercial channels. If the aeroplane keeps on improving as it has during its short life, it will not be far in the future before the advent of passenger ships, light baggage, and finally heavy trucking aeroplanes.

Those who do not believe the aeroplane has improved are ignorant because they do not take enough interest to read about it. The Wright brothers' first flight lasted about six seconds, later the trip across the English channel was made, and finally the flying boat *America* was ready to start on a probably successful voyage when the war broke out. As to the safety of flight, there has been a steady gain. The death list of 1910 was two less than in that of 1914 and the number of active 'planes has increased three or fourfold. The stabilizers are mostly worked by hand, although some very ingenious automatic types have been introduced. Flying in a gale is a common thing nowadays because it is as safe as in calm weather, providing the wind is not puffy. Even then it takes a change of wind velocity of twenty feet a second to disturb the equilibrium.

The story of all great inventions is the same: first a struggle for recognition, a large amount of scoffing wasted by the people, success, and final introduction into every day life. History repeats itself. So it has been with the telegraph, telephone, automobile, electricity in general and all other things. So it will be with the aeroplane.

WINCHESTER BLAKE, '18.

The "Yaller Dorg's" Tale

I AM only a common "yaller dorg." My name's Jip, and I live with my master, a lobster fisherman, in a little village on the Maine coast. Let me say that I can't abide cats or strange dogs.

One day I was walking along the shore watching my master pull his traps, when I almost stumbled upon a black cat lying down as I thought asleep. There were no trees near, so I was hoping for some good fun with this cat. I looked at it, but it did not move. Then I saw that it was dead, having been drowned, and the fishes had already begun to nibble at its eyes.

I turned up my nose pretending not to notice this disgrace to the beach, and soon I saw a boy tie a stone to its hind legs and take it out in a boat to throw it overboard.

The next morning I saw a very wet poodle staggering down the road. I wanted to go and show him who was boss in that town, but my master called me back. I resolved to obey, but to tend to this creature later.

That afternoon I went to look for the cur. I saw him lying down, looking rather unwell, near one of the summer cottages. I was about to pounce upon him, when people came out of the house. A lady had a bottle in her hand, and from it gave the dog several spoonfuls of something which smelled just as my master's breath does when he comes home drunk. This stuff seemed to make the dog a little better, and after stroking his dirty fur, talking to him, and such foolishness the people went off.

I approached him carefully, for I remembered the cat. Sure enough he could scarcely move or speak. He seemed to be half drowned. I spoke to him and asked him what the matter was? He said that he had been in the water for two days, and had swallowed a lot. I asked him how he happened to get into the water, and he answered,

"It's a long story. I belonged to a New York lady. I was her only pet besides a cat, which I was very fond of."

"What did you say about that cat?" I cried.

"I said I was very fond of her."

This was more than I could stand, but I let him continue.

"My mistress had a private yacht, and we would often go on cruises with her. One morning I was playing with kitty on the deck, when she fell overboard. I jumped over to save her, and caught her by the neck, but by that time, the steamer was quite a way off. We swam until night when I lost the cat. I suppose she was drowned."

"What color was this cat?" I asked.

"Black, and the tip of her tail was white."

"I found that cat yesterday," I said, and told him about it.

"So poor pussy is dead," said my new made friend. "I wish I could have saved her, but it was all I could do to get ashore myself after swimming two days."

"They should have stopped the boat for you," I said.

"Nobody saw us go in. My mistress would go a hundred miles for me. But she would not know me now. I was a very fine dog."

Just then the people came out of the house, and I had to go. But I came back next night, and heard him whining. What a nasty noise he made! I kept away, for I knew he was dying.

The next morning I saw him wrapped up, and stones tied to him. He suffered the fate of the cat he died for.

NORMAN C. FASSETT, '18.

A Morning Walk

IT is very early. In the east faint colors announce a new day. Soon the sun rises and peeps upon the earth. Everywhere upon the grass the dew is sparkling and shining like millions of tiny diamonds. From a distance comes the call of a robin, and then an answering note from its sleepy mate. Surely it is glorious to wake and be in the open at daybreak. As the sun rises, the dew disappears and it grows warmer. The air is now full of the twittering of the birds. I wander into the woodland, where a pleasant fragrance reaches me.

A little to my right I see a clump of mayflowers. Making my way there, I lift the leaves and see beautiful, fragrant buds and blossoms. I stoop and pick them, and form them into an attractive bouquet.

Seeing no more of the flowers in the immediate vicinity, I turn to retrace my steps. But the lure of the vast outdoors seems to be upon me, and I find myself seated amid the partially yellowed evergreens. Near me, a brook babbles noisily, and at its edge are clumps of bright green leaves, which promise white violets in the coming weeks.

All too soon I notice that the sun has risen to a good height, and I feel compelled to go home. At the door, I pass the flowers to my mother, who expresses her admiration of them, and tells me that my breakfast is waiting.

'18.

Buried Treasure

BENNIE awoke with a start. He sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. Had he really seen the pirates bury their treasure in the ground under the old fishing house, or was it all a dream? Anyway he and Tom would soon find out about it.

At his first opportunity, Bennie jumped the fence and whistled for his next door neighbor and boon companion, Tom. Tom soon appeared and Bennie silently conducted him to their secret cave. There, after Tom had pledged absolute secrecy, Bennie told him of his dream. Tom was at once enthusiastic, and it was with feverish impatience that the boys awaited the hour of ten that night. They had decided they must wait until night, for no one ever heard of digging for treasures in the daytime. They arranged to escape from their homes as silently as possible, and to meet at the cave.

Although it seemed to the boys that time never went slower, ten o'clock finally arrived. The boys met, as appointed, each carrying a lantern, a shovel, and a large, strong basket to hold the treasure. With great stealth they proceeded to the seashore and the fishing house. The town had once been a fishing village, but the only use now accorded the old fishing house was that of a refuge for tramps at night.

Over soggy planks and rotten parts of boats, the boys crept through a hole made by the falling away of the stone underpinning, until finally they were under the building.

It took them some moments to get to work, for they were undecided where to begin to dig. Finally, Bennie took one corner and Tom another. After working for what seemed ages to him, Tom decided that there was surely no treasure in that corner, and moved to another. Bennie dug for a few moments and then followed Tom's suit and changed his corner. Both fell silently to work.

"Oh!" yelled Tom, "I've got her! Look-er-here."

Bennie left his corner to assist Tom. They had surely struck something solid. They struggled over it. When had earth ever been packed so hard before! At last they were rewarded by a gleam and were about ready to yell for joy, when a voice called to them from the hole in the wall.

"Hey—you fellers—what yer think yer doin'?"

With a gasp both boys turned around and faced the speaker, a ragged, sleepy-eyed, curious tramp.

In their excitement the boys, stammered out between them, the whole story. To convince the tramp that they would soon be rewarded, they bade him come down and see for himself. With the aid of the tramp the boys lifted the supposed gold from its damp resting place. It was solidly packed in earth, with only a single gleam issuing from the lump. Eagerly they scraped off the earth and found—not gold—but a rusty old tin can, given weight by its contents of packed earth.

"Oho!" mocked the tramp. "So this is what you fellers are searchin' for, is it? Buried treasure! You'd better not disturb my peaceful slumbers again by yellin' and makin' me think there was a quake under me. You'd better go home and go to sleep, and be thankful you've got a home to go to, and not be disturbin' a poor man's slumbers."

Need it be said that the boys took the excellent advice, and made their way to their homes, crestfallen and subdued, their empty baskets a burden to them.

DORIS WILDER, '17.

Playing Pirates

IT was a warm spring day. A little girl was seated on the door-step of a small neat cottage wondering what she would do to amuse herself when suddenly her brother appeared from around the corner and grabbed her ungraciously declaring that she must give him her valuables and come with him as his captive. He wore on his head a wide-brimmed hat while around his waist he had tied a many colored girdle in which was thrust a pistol, a souvenir of the last Fourth of July. Between his teeth he held a wooden sword. He was evidently playing pirate.

Still retaining hold of her arm he announced that she must come with him to his ship which he had rigged up in the library and he would show her what she must do. The little girl, tired of doing nothing, consented to go peacefully and they were soon deeply interested in tying each other to the circle of chairs which formed the ship.

"Oh, Sister," said the youthful pirate after some time, "this is no fun. Let's make believe you try to escape. See, the window is open. I will turn

my back for a little while, and then you must get up quietly and jump out of the window into the grass, or rather water below. Watch and I will show you how." And out of the window he went.

On his return to the room he said, "Now it is your turn," and turned his back.

The little girl went to the window quietly, climbed upon the sill, and prepared for her jump. Finally as a muffled, "Oh hurry up," came from the room behind, she let herself go and landed, not on the firm green grass as she had expected but in soft earth. She did not have time to arise before her Aunt appeared around the corner of the house, carrying a garden trowel, and evidently bent on gardening. When she saw her niece seated on the ground, she came forward more rapidly, crying,

"Oh you wicked girl, how could you? Right into my favorite flower bed which has just commenced to grow."

"Oh, Aunt, Brother and I were playing pirates and I was only"—

"Don't speak to me, you naughty girl, but go to your room and remain there until your mother returns." And as she saw the other footprints she called to the little boy, "You do the same, sir. You are as bad as your Sister."

As the two children obediently went to their rooms, they decided that although playing pirates was fun, paying the penalty for spoiling Aunt's flower bed was not.

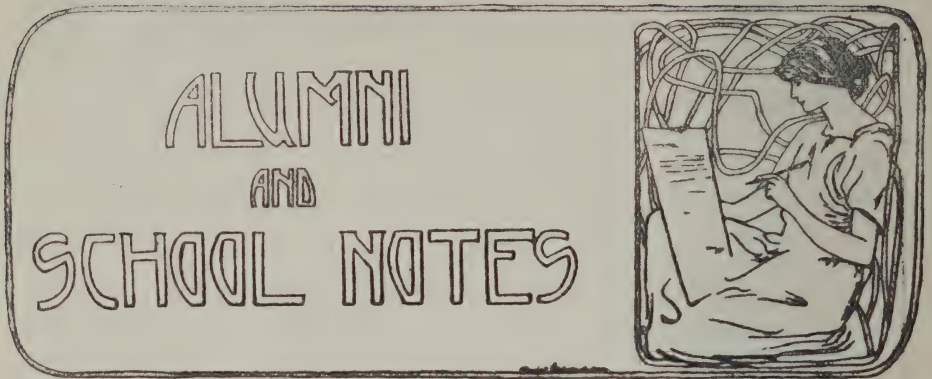
RUTH THOMPSON, '17.

The Song of the Fairies

The sun has hid his fiery face,
Now mounts the moon with steady pace,
The Queen of Night.
Come, begin your nightly pleasures,
Joyous trip to lively measures,
'Neath the moonbeams' slanting light.

The feathered singers of the sky
Are silent all;
But borne upon the night-wind's sigh
Hear the owl's call.
Night bids us now our way be taking,
To the glade the moon is making
"Fairer far than painted hall."

GLADYS H. LOOK, '17.



The Vaudeville Show given for the benefit of the Athletic Association was a tremendous success. A large part of the success was due to the originality of the performance. Before the show candy and mystery packages were for sale in the first corridor and palm readers told fortunes. After the performance refreshments were served in the lunch-room and dancing was enjoyed until midnight. The programme was as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Folk Dancing | Fourth Grade Girls |
| Folk Dancing | Ninth Grade Boys |
| Circus | Freshmen |
| An Exhibition of Modern Dancing | Miss Harte and Mr. Cleary |
| Animated Song Sheet | Sophomores |
| Orchestra Comique and Tipperary | |
| 1775—1915 | Juniors |
| Minstrels | Faculty |
| Vocal Solo | Doris Wilder |
| Sham Battle | Faculty |
| Spanish Dance | Claire Spring |
| The Doctor's Assistant | Seniors |
| Orchestra | |

The net proceeds of the show were \$149.83.

The Chemistry class visited the gas works with Miss Hearsey and were shown how gas is made. The trip was interesting and instructive.

Mr. Coburn took the Commercial Law class to hear a case in Court. The class took notes and learned how a case was conducted.

The High School students, in order of classes, are making pilgrimages to the Library. Miss Wheeler gives them an interesting and practical talk about the Reference Room. A prize has been offered for the best exposition on the use of the Public Library Reference Room. The subject is important especially for those who have two or three years more in High School. It is urged that many compete for the prize.

COMMERCIAL LAW EXAMINATION

"If a man gave you a check for \$10,000, what would you do?"

Answer: "I would faint."

"What is your opinion of law?"

"I refuse to answer."

"When a man dies what happens?"

"Some go to heaven."

"Why do we have laws?"

"The lawyers have to live."

"If you owed \$1,000 what would you do?"

"Forget it."

SENIOR LATIN

Mr. J., '15: "*Allii fusique per herbam.*" — "Others stretch themselves out through the foliage."

Miss B., '15, when asked if there is any practical use of calcium, said, "Yes, calcium is electrocuted."

"An alkali is used for a gargle."

Mr. Coburn: "We'll now have the sixth one."

S., '14: "It's on the sideboard."

Certain members of the Senior Shorthand class are contemplating the taking of Civil Service examinations before the end of the school year. It may be of some interest to them to know of the positions that are open to them through these examinations.

Trials for the Annual Prize Speaking Contest, which is to be held Friday evening, April 30, took place Wednesday afternoon, April 21. This contest determines the representatives of this High School in the Interscholastic Speaking Contest at Gardner.

Mr. Arthur Hill, who graduated in 1913 with several honors including the Gold Medal in typewriting, successfully passed the examinations and is now a stenographer in the Department of Commerce at Washington. He is more than satisfied with the results of taking the tests and writes of the position as follows:

"The hours of a stenographer here are from 9.00 to 4.30 with some overtime work. The work is not hard but must be as perfect as possible. The dictation is at regular

hours and you are given plenty of time to turn out your work. The associations in the office are very pleasant. Even the officials are pleasant and if one does his duty he is sure to succeed.

"The chances for promotion are unexcelled. Although the first six months are a probationary period during which promotions are rare, promotions are given as fast as they are earned. Some stenographers have secured promotions within a month after their probationary period was ended.

"The salary for a stenographer is \$900 a year to start with. Raises in salary are given according to merit. Stenographers with a knowledge of two languages have greater opportunities than those with a knowledge of only one. One stenographer with a knowledge of two languages received a position as secretary at a salary of \$1500 with expenses and is now in Pennsylvania. In addition to this salary you are allowed a thirty day vacation, a thirty day sick leave and a half holiday during the summer months."

It would seem from this that a position at Washington as stenographer is well worth trying for.

Nellie G. Dexter '08, B. U. '13 is teaching in the West Boylston High School.

Theodore E. Kloss '11 is completing his third year at W. P. I.

Arthur S. Kloss '08, W. P. I. '12 was transferred in October from Pinole, California, where he had been employed as chemist for two years by the Hercules Powder Company, to the company's plant in Kenil, New Jersey.

Emma Rahm was a member of the Fitchburg Normal School Basket-ball Team this winter and was awarded a basket-ball letter.

Paul Ryan '13 is continuing his studies at the Holy Cross College.

Mina Stout '13 is attending the Boston Art School.



The Student, published by the pupils of the Detroit Central High School, Detroit, Mich., is teeming with brightness and fun. Your cuts and illustrations are very attractive, and show great talent among your students. However, we miss your exchange column.

The Senior from Westerly High, R. I., is a very neat, interesting paper. The story "Three Nights" deserves special comment. *The Senior* says of us: "THE MAGNET, Leominster, Mass., is a fine paper. Arrangement of various departments is especially good. It has an unusually large number of stories in the February issue, but as a whole the school must be rather quiet judging from the paper."

The school notes department of *The Index* from South Worcester High is very interesting but your literary department is rather short. Your paper also lacks an exchange column.

The Totem, as usual, is full of life and interest. Your cuts are very original. *The Totem's* criticism of us is as follows: "THE MAGNET, Leominster, Mass. The compositions under the title, 'Twenty Minutes With the Senior Composition Class' show what can be done in a short time. Your jokes would attract more attention if they were gathered together in one separate section."

Other exchanges which we gladly acknowledge are: *The Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, *The Tattler*, *The Massachusetts Collegian*, and *P. I. H. S. Flyer*.



ATHLETICS

THE Girls' Basket-ball team closed their season with a 53 to 15 victory over the **Fitchburg Triads**.

The first interclass track meet was won by the Juniors. The summary:

MAJOR EVENTS

100 yard dash, First, Leamy '16, 2d Milam '17, 3d Reynolds '19
 220 yard dash, First, Leamy '16, 2d Milam '17, 3d Reynolds '19
 Shot put, Carter '15, Freeman '16, Willard '16
 Mile, First, Thompson '16, Baker '16, E. Brigham '17
 Javelin Throw, Willard '16, Stratton '16, P. Brigham '15
 Low Hurdles, E. Brigham '17, Leamy '16, Allen '17
 440 yard, Milam '17, Willard '16, Blanchard '15
 Broad Jump, Leamy '16, Reynolds '17, Jones '15
 High Jump, Willard '16, Jones '15, Leamy '16
 880 yard, Thompson '16, P. Brigham '15, Jones '15
 Relay. Won by Juniors, Farquhar, Willard, Thompson, Leamy

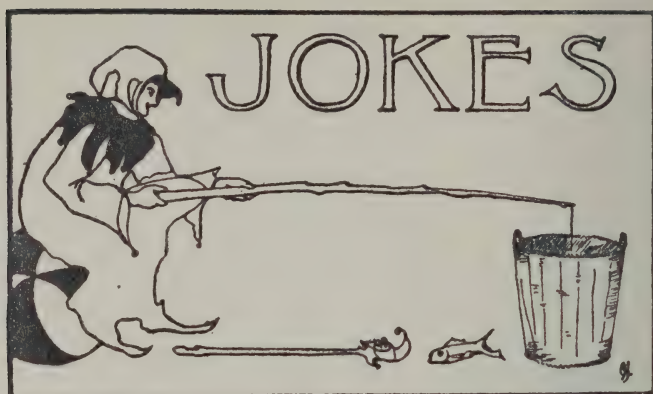
MINOR EVENTS

75 yard, Allen '17, Petre '16, Carter '18
 220 yard, Allen '17, Petre '16, Carter '18

The Baseball Team after only two outdoor practice periods played the opening game of the season with St. Johns. The lack of practice was evident for in the first inning St. Johns secured four runs and at the end of the seventh stood 15 to 5. The game was called at the end of the seventh in favor of the visitors. Duff of St. Johns held Leominster to one scratch hit while the visitors pounded our battery for nearly all their runs.

There promises to be several changes in the team before the league games and there are chances for a few more who ought to be out.

Robert Newton was elected Captain of the 1916 Basketball Team.



Jack was the dumbest boy in the class. One day, however, his answer to a question in geography gave promise of a new dawn of intelligence.

"Which New England state has two capitals, Jack?" asked the teacher.

"New Hampshire," quickly answered the boy.

"Indeed! Name them."

"Capital 'N' and capital 'H'."

"What could be more sad than a man without a country?" feelingly asked the high school literature teacher of her class.

"A country without a man," responded a pretty girl just as feelingly.

"Lady," said Plodding Pete, "dat dog of yours come mighty near biting me."

"Well, Cæsar is getting old an' kind of careless. Every once in a while he misses somebody."

A learned young woman of Boston was spending her vacation in a little place in northern Maine. To the local bookshop of the village she went one afternoon and made known her mental wants to the clerk:

"I should like the 'Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle.'"

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the clerk, "but this ain't no post-office."

The pupils were requested to bring five cents each for the piano. Donations were slow in coming, and the teacher was obliged to remind the class frequently before the total was collected.

A few days later, at the physiology lesson, the teacher asked, "What are the five senses?"

"To which an earnest foreigner replied, "Five centses is for de piano."

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VETERINARIAN

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School Physicians—Dr. T. A. Shaughnessy, Dr. Frank L. Dunham.

Faculty

Principal—K. L. Morse, Civil Government. *Sub master*—John H. Coburn, Mathematics, Commercial Law. *Secretary*—Adell Phillips.

Assistants—M. D. Brock, Evelyn G. Hearsey, Science; Frank P. Bell, Alice G. Smith, Edna F. Cole, Blanche M. Jobs, Commercial Branches; Florence M. Felton, A. Leila Daily, English; Ethel Ham, German; Frances L. Lockey, Latin; Ethel A. Thissell, History; Elsie W. Jeffers, French; Martha Lundagen, Algebra, English, and French; A. B. Kimball, English and History; Mary J. Sharkey, Physical Education; H. U. Pease, John A. Foss, Manual Training; Augusta R. Nettel, Florence I. Howe, Sewing; Marion Warren, Cooking; William H. Kenney, Director of Music; Mary Hadley, Supervisor of Drawing; James C. Smith, Drill Master. *Grade IX*—Annie Conlin, Hattie D. Harrington, Marea B. Lewis, Director of Athletics, Alfred B. Kimball.

Athletic Association

Philip White, President; Waldo Suhlke, Vice-president; Ruth Burnap, Secretary; Albert Roberts, Treasurer. Roger Beedle, Manager of Football; Hugh Milam, Assistant; Robert Crane, Captain. Philip White, Manager of Baseball; Waldo Suhlke, Assistant; Henry Regan, Captain. George Jones, Manager of Basketball; Russell Wass, Assistant; Philip White, Captain. Ralph Young, Manager of Track Team; Mer-ton Mason, Assistant; John Leamy, Captain. Miss Evelyn Hearsey, Teacher Manager of Girls' Basketball; Elizabeth Savage, Student Manager; Doris Wilson, Captain.

Class Officers

Senior—President, William Gaffney; Vice-president, Frank Bagley; Secretary, Vera Holden; Treasurer, Rachel Hart; Marshal, Philip White.

Junior—President, Roger Beedle; Vice-president, Morse Freeman; Secretary, Irma Holden; Treasurer, Lola Guennette; Marshal, Waldo Suhlke.

Sophomore—President, Hugh Milam; Vice-president, Harold Morse; Secretary, Hazel Holden; Treasurer, Ruth Wilkinson; Marshal, Stuart Damon.

Freshman—President, Dixi Hoyt; Vice-president, Robert Hull; Secretary, Canzadia Cook; Treasurer, Gladys Barry; Marshal, Wilfred St. Jean.

Roster of the Leominster High School Cadets

COMPANY A—Captain, Guy H. VonDell; 1st Lieut., Paul R. Nettel; 2d Lieut., Henry K. Scanlon; 1st Sergt., Philip J. White; Quartermaster Sergt., Harold P. George; Sergeants, Earl J. Carter, Roland S. Ames, Lawrence K. Marshall, Roger K. Beedle; Corporals, Henry M. Regan, Harold N. Thomas, John E. Leamy, Morse Freeman, Arthur J. Pierce, Waldo E. Suhlke.

COMPANY B—Captain, Albert G. Lauzon; 1st Lieut., Philip E. Foster; 2d Lieut., William H. Gaffney; 1st Sergt., Harold D. Burley; Quartermaster Sergt., Harvey H. Goodwin; Sergeants, Harry H. Kalin, Louis F. Rahm, Frank T. Bagley, Roland T. Spinney; Corporals, Robert M. Carter, Harry W. Tenney, Russell D. Wass, Robert H. Crane, Raymond J. Farquhar, Lester G. Glasheen.

COMPANY C—Captain, George W. Jones; 1st Lieut., Berton L. Blanchard; 2d Lieut., Arthur L. Chandler; 1st Sergt., Chester W. Demond; Quartermaster Sergt., Paul T. Brigham; Sergeants, Mark L. Daly, Charles F. Maynard, Philip Butler, Jacob I. Kalin; Corporals, William C. Thompson, Owen R. Wil-lard, Milo R. Bacon, Forrest A. Lowe, Paul Swantee.

COMPANY D—Captain, Harold S. Black; 1st Lieut., John F. Lynch; 2d Lieut., Clyde C. Cleverly; 1st Sergt., Clifford Kirkpatrick; Quartermaster Sergt., Harold P. O'Keefe; Sergeants, Ralph G. Baker, Daniel J. Tobin, John E. Sargent, Francis J. Toolin. Corporals, Edward K. Figenbaum, William C. Allen, Martin H. Foster, William H. Griffin, Byron D. Merrill, Robert A. J. McNevin. Lance Corporal, Emil J. St. Cyr.

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Clerk, Arthur Chandler.

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THE MAGNET

Vol. VIII.

LEOMINSTER, MASS., MAY, 1915.

No. 8

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

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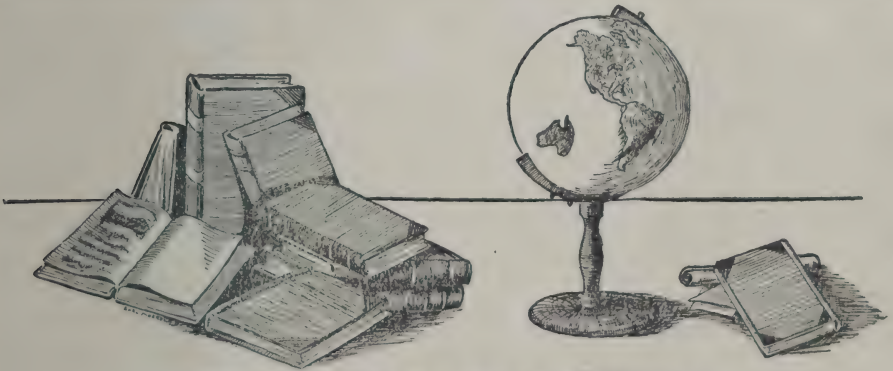
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Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.
Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.



EDITORIALS

MAY 18 was set aside as Peace Day in the schools of the United States. Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, secretary of the Women's Peace Party, wrote the following "school creed" for a certain school which became so popular that it was used in many schools.

"WE BELIEVE

"That Nations, through swift intercourse, have now become members one of another and that when one suffers all suffer.

"That international war is merely a gigantic duel and can settle no question of justice or honor.

"That international war of today leaves the victor more of a loser than a gainer.

"That war destroys the fit, leaves the unfit and punishes the taxpayer unto the third and fourth generations.

"That war between Nations is no more inevitable in the nature of things than is war between two of our states.

"That peace is the child of justice.

"That justice can be obtained without waiting for miracle or millenium, or an essential change of human nature.

"That America's federated states show the way to a federated world.

"That a concert of Nations must replace balance of power.

"That this concert must create a Council of Nations, a World Court and replace rival Armies and Navies by an International Police.

"That nothing human is foreign to us and that above all Nations is humanity.

"That the Golden Rule is the law of God for Nations, as it is for men and that righteousness, not Armies nor Navies alone, exalts a Nation."

M. ETHEL RYAN,' 15.

Leominster Should Adopt a Commission Form of Government

THE time has come when Leominster must abandon the town form of government and adopt one that will be more suitable to a town of its size. The present form of government has done duty from the time that Leominster was incorporated as a town up to the present year. It has been an efficient and satisfactory government, but we have outgrown it. During past years the appropriations and legislation have been decided by town meetings. This is the most democratic of governments, as the majority of the voters always decide as to appropriations and legislation. At the present time there is not a hall in town that can hold all the voters, so the appropriations and legislation cannot be voted on as before. The last town meeting is a good example of the inefficiency of the town-meeting legislation for a town of nearly eighteen thousand people. It took four town meetings to pass upon the warrant. At the first meeting there was a majority or a near majority present, but at the succeeding town meetings the number grew less and less until at the last two there were fewer than three hundred present. These three hundred under the existing form made lawful appropriations for themselves and the rest of the twelve hundred voters of Leominster. At these meetings some measures were passed without argument merely to get through quickly. Some measures were passed or rejected not upon the merits of the question but upon the merits of the man who spoke for or against them. The fate of one measure was decided by the telling of a funny story. When the majority of voters do not and can-

not rule, then it is time to change the form of government. Leominster has come to a point where the majority cannot express their side of the questions and rule. It is necessary, therefore, that we should adopt a government in which the majority can rule through its representatives.

I believe that Leominster should adopt the commission form of government because it enables the majority to rule through its representatives. It is also simpler than any other form. A commission of five men, elected at large, is at the head of the municipal affairs. These men meet at regular intervals and talk over appropriations and the city business in general. In some cases when an unusually important measure comes up, the public is allowed to come in and express its views on the matter. This is almost exactly the same manner as the selectmen's meetings are conducted in now. After the measure has been discussed in a business-like manner, a vote is taken and the majority vote accepts or rejects the measure. This form of government has been likened to the directors of a corporation and it is in fact very much like it. If big corporations can be carried on successfully by a small board of men, it is reasonable to believe that a city government can be successfully carried on on the same plan, for the management of corporations and cities do not differ materially.

In the commission form the responsibility of the municipal government rests entirely upon the men elected. They alone are responsible for the city's management. In some of the other forms of municipal government the responsibility is divided between the mayor, the city council and the department head with no definite division. The blame for faults and errors in the old form cannot be definitely fixed. In a western city a few years ago, there occurred an incident which amply illustrates the case. A street in this city, owing to insufficient funds, had been left unfinished. A citizen who was suffering from water damage from the condition of the street made a complaint to the superintendent of streets. The superintendent of streets shifted the blame to the city council as they had made the appropriation. The council after a week's deliberation declared that the mayor had not allowed enough appropriation for the work and referred it to him. The mayor was indignant and the matter was again brought before the superintendent of streets. After three weeks delay another appropriation was passed and the street finished, but it was never known exactly who was to blame. In the meantime the citizen had suffered damage and the city had to settle for a five hundred dollar damage suit. Had there been a commission form of government the matter would have been presented to the commission at its regular meeting and attended to immediately, as they alone would have been responsible.

An important feature of the commission form of government is that those who make the appropriations pay the bills. In this way only one commission handles the city's money. This feature of the commission form has enabled towns to save money by discounting their bills. The greatest value of this feature, however, is that it prevents the misuse of the city's funds. There is less chance for a man to take the city's money for his own

use as there are four others on the commission to check him. The commission would know exactly where funds were needed and would see that sufficient funds reach that place and only that place.

One of the first duties of the newly elected commission is to appoint one of their number to one of the five departments of the city's business. In this way there is a direct connection between the departments and the central government. Each department can be managed more efficiently as its head is present at the meetings of the commission and has an opportunity to voice and vote upon the special needs of his department.

As the members of the commission are elected at large, there is no chance of ward politics and partisan difficulties for there are no wards and no parties. In this way the ward boss and the district politician are abolished. As there are no parties in the election, all danger of partisan preferences in appointments is also abolished. These features of the city-council form are the greatest evils in cities governed in that way.

The commission form, then, is better than any other modern municipal government in many ways. It is more efficient as instead of a number of councils and committees it has only one main commission and measures can be passed and enforced much quicker and in a more business-like way. It is more economical, not only in the lessening of graft and corruption, but it employs a smaller number of men to carry out the work of the city government. It has all of the advantages of the commission-manager form but none of its disadvantages and the most objectionable feature, the manager, is not included. It is fast showing its superiority as it has already replaced the two other forms in two hundred and fifty cities of the United States but has never been replaced.

Its history shows that in many cases it has been adopted when a direct efficient and democratic government was needed. This form first appeared in 1878 in the city of Washington, D. C. Two more recent examples are Galveston, Texas, and Nashville, Tennessee. Both of these cities were governed under the mayor-councilman form and both were weighed down with heavy debts and heavy taxes. Both were visited with catastrophies, one with a tidal wave, the other with a pestilence. The first thing that both did was to overthrow their old forms and institute a commission form of government. Both of them in an amazingly short time lowered the city debt and the tax rates and set the city back on a business basis. In Texas the example of Galveston was followed by three-fourths of the cities in the State. In the United States today there are sixty-nine cities of over thirty thousand population and four hundred smaller cities who have adopted the commission form and found it more satisfactory than their old form.

I believe that the commission form of government is sound, democratic, efficient and economical, and that it will be to Leominster's best interests to adopt it. It is the duty of every citizen to weigh carefully the advantages of all forms of municipal management. If this is done, there can be no doubt as to the best form; for the commission form far exceeds the others.

A. G. LAUZON, '15.

A Night in an Anglo-Indian Town

ONE lovely evening in May, at the hour when the enervating heat of the day was mysteriously changing into the delicious coolness of night, and the rising moon hung like a great golden lantern over the mango-groves, four dusty travelers descended from the railway train at Fajmere, and took their way down one of the broad streets of that Anglo-Indian town.

This party of travelers consisted of three young American brothers Ray, Guy, and Bob Brown, with their new guide and companion Mr. Searle, the private secretary of Captain Starbuck, at Bombay.

They had just made the long journey from the city to Fajmere, looking forward on the long road as eagerly as the Moslem pilgrim looks toward Mecca. In Fajmere lived Ava, the daughter whom their parents had mourned dead, the sister whom her brothers had never seen, and of whose existence they had first learned less than a year since.

Twenty-three years ago, before the Major and Mrs. Brown left India, they lost their first child. She was an infant not more than a year old, and had been intrusted to the care of a native nurse. During the past few months, Mr. Searle had received strange news from correspondents in Bombay--old friends of Major Brown. To make the story short, the Indian nurse, on her deathbed, confessed to having practiced a cruel deception, by substituting the little daughter of the Browns for another of the same age and sex, which had died while in her charge, having been intrusted to her by an English lady to whom she was exceedingly devoted. So the Browns came to America, mourning their child as dead, while little Ava was reared by the English lady as her own child. She was now a young woman, and was believed to be still living in India, in total ignorance of her true parentage.

This and many more details Mr. Searle had related to the boys during the journey from Bombay; for upon arriving there from Jamerberg, they had insisted upon hastening to Fajmere without losing a moment.

At last, Mr. Searle stopped at the gate of a pretty low-roofed house, with wide verandas, overshadowed with palms and mangoes, standing in the midst of a garden filled with Oriental and English flowers and shrubs.

The boys' hearts beat wildly as they followed their friend up the walk to the veranda, where several persons were sitting in the twilight about a tea-table while an Indian servant worked the cord of the punkah, or fan, suspended overhead. An elderly gentleman arose from his chair to greet the newcomers, and a bright-eyed young woman, suppressing an exclamation of delight or surprise, gazed steadfastly at Ray, Guy, and Bob. They returned the gaze, but stood silent, embarrassed, filled with strange emotions, until the old gentleman to whom Mr. Searle had whispered a few words, as he shook hands, turned and said, "Ava, your brothers have come."

She sprang forward, extended both hands to Ray, looked for a moment into his eyes, then impulsively, kissed him on both cheeks. Guy and Bob received a similar greeting.

"You make India seem like home to us," said Bob gallantly.

"We have found you at last!" exclaimed Guy scarcely knowing what to say.

Ava looked like an Indian princess, in her soft white pongee dress. Her voice was low and sweet and her English had a peculiar Southern accent. The boys felt proud of their relationship.

"To think that you have come all these thousands of miles over land and sea, and faced so many dangers, for my sake," she said looking at them radiantly.

"We would have gone to the heart of Africa, or to the North Pole for you," said Ray.

Very soon, however, the natural manners of the company asserted themselves. A room being assigned the boys, they were quickly made cool and comfortable, and then rejoined the company around the tea-table on the veranda. The table was arrayed with dishes, plates and bowls, containing sherbets of different kinds. The Kallian, or waterpipe, made its appearance later. Three whiffs were puffed by each guest in turn, except Ray, who cherished bitter recollections of the Turkish Narghileh, which had made him sick. Sweetmeats of many kinds were brought by the Indian servants; some extremely pretty to look at, but so dreadfully sweet that Ray and Guy found it difficult to taste more than one. When lunch was over, they gathered around a large wood fire for the nights were rather chilly, telling of their experiences, and thrilling adventures. Ava told of her life among the young people. But although she loved them all, she would return to America with her brothers.

At length they all retired. The boys were overjoyed at the thought of their sister's returning to America with them and they went to their room expecting to have a good night's rest, but they were kept awake half of the night by the peculiar cry of the jackals in the neighborhood, and by a free fight between a number of hyenas.

At last sheer exhaustion from the day's adventures forced them into dreamland still planning for the grand family reunion in the weeks to come on the other side of the globe.

GLADYS H. LOOK, '17.

A Summer Night

The sun has sunk beneath the hills,
The birds are calling goodnight trills,
The twilight lingers, loth to go,
And breezes murmur soft and low.
The pale moon rides high in the sky,
A flossy cloud glides slowly by,

The nodding roses' sweet perfume
Steals gently through the gathering gloom.
The calm lake lies in shadows still,
While faintly calls the whip-poor-will,
Great night-moths flutter here and there,
And dew is sparkling everywhere.

RUTH WHITMORE, '16.

Saloons Should be Abolished

THE open saloon has always been a source of contention, and probably always will be until we secure national prohibition, which seems sure to come within the next few years.

This subject is of peculiar interest today when so many states are winning the fight for state-wide prohibition. Thus far, nineteen have become wholly dry. It is interesting to note how many eminent men, even within the last year, have denounced the saloon and even prophesied national prohibition in ten years, among them, Secretary of the Navy, Daniels; Bryan, Secretary of the State, and Mayor Curley of Boston.

Is not this subject of peculiar interest to us when our town votes license after twenty-nine years of no-license? Surely we shall all feel that saloons should be abolished a year from this present time if we do not now.

First of all, saloons should be abolished because they produce a degenerate social life which naturally tends toward shiftlessness. As a rule saloon-keepers make poor associates for those who frequent their places of business. They care nothing for the moral welfare of their customers. Their only aim is to secure the money of their patrons. The saloon is one factor in lessening a man's strength of character.

The saloon ruins the home. It takes a man away from his family. Many children are left destitute and deserted for this reason. From the records of the National Children's Home Society we find that nearly forty-five per cent. of the children harbored in Children's Homes owe their destitution to intemperance of the parents. The saloon eats up the money which should be spent for the necessities of life. It is one of the chief causes of pauperism, then.

The saloon causes a man to lose his self respect, and when a man loses respect for himself, his friends are sure to lose their respect for him.

The saloon is the chief cause of crime. Henry Smith Williams says that "criminality implies to some extent defective mentality." A man with a normal mind realizes that a law-abiding course advances his own interests as well as those of his fellow citizens. If he departs from such a course, it is only under the strain of some unusual temptation, or at a time when his judgment is impaired. The saloon even encourages wrongdoing, for the worst types of men frequent those places, and there is no attempt made to maintain order.

Alcohol in attacking the brain cells produces certain mental changes which cause insanity. According to the annual report of the New York State Commission on Lunacy, from twenty-five to thirty per cent. of all the insane patients admitted to asylums from year to year owe their misfortune to the abuse of alcohol. The harmful consequences of the use of alcohol are not confined to the habitual drinker himself but are passed on to his in-

dividual descendants. The saloon with its evil consequences is one of the chief causes of pauperism.

There is no real need of the saloon because a pleasant social life can be found in public libraries, the Y. M. C. A., the theater, and the church.

Therefore since saloons foster a degenerate social life, ruin the home, cause a man to lose his self respect, encourage crime and cause insanity and pauperism, and finally, since there is no need of saloons, they should be abolished.

RUTH BURNAP, '15.

The Waiting Room

WHAT an extraordinarily picturesque little person passed me as I seated myself near the center of the waiting room to await my train! I immediately wished that I was either an artist or a poet so that I might endeavor to let others see as I saw the most roguishly quaint and bewitchingly beautiful little maiden in the world. I knew not who she was nor where she came from, but it was easy to imagine that she might be the original of one of the eighteenth century portraits which I had seen hanging in my friend Mrs. Vanderlyn's art gallery. Thinking that there might be others in the waiting room equally interesting, I rose and looked around.

In one corner sat an old, dejected looking man with a violin case resting beside him. Farther on near the ticket office was sitting a rigidly prim maiden lady who although youthfully attired had seen more summers than she wished to acknowledge. At that moment she happened to be scolding vigorously a pretty and fashionable young lady who I surmised might be a dependent relative. Nearly every one in the room continued to enjoy this little scene, but I resumed my survey about the room and to my satisfaction found in another corner an extremely pretty but wistful, dirty little boy with a large bundle on the seat beside him and a maltese terrier, which had once been white, sitting contentedly in his lap. He was indeed interesting and I should have enjoyed talking to him but as a kindly looking gentleman was at that moment conversing with him, I turned my attention once more to my little portrait.

I scarcely had time to wonder at her odd but pretty cretonne dress and hat, and admire her great dark eyes and tawny gold hair when from the train official's megaphone came the name of a village I had never heard of before and my alert and fascinating little stranger with one fleeting smile vanished from my sight.

FLORENCE D. CONLON, '16.

Impressions of a Night on a Lagoon

AS we silently floated along in the dead calm of a warm spring evening, the sun slowly sank, now a crimson mass of fire into its feathery bed, now a golden billowy mass, a moment later turning to be a dull purplish color, announcing to the world that God had drawn the curtain, closing a perfect day. The last fading rays of the sun gave a peculiar pinkish, glowing tint to the surrounding country and glittered a moment on the tarish black water of the lagoon which stretched on to be suddenly lost in a tangle of impenetrable reeds and rushes, guarded here and there by a cluster of cypresses or of live oaks with their outstretched shroudlike arms.

Now the glow faded, and an impressive, mighty chorus began—a chorus of millions of frogs. The awesome, yet melodious sound, filling the air from the far off mystic mazes of swamp, blended with the shrill humming buzz of innumerable insects in the flat lying swampland. Now our lagoon was the counterpart of thousands of others, surrounded by the level, monotonous, sinking sands, and the ever green, slimy, semi-marine life of the tropical regions. Dark against the horizon, the awesome, majestic old cypresses were resting, stern after their continuous battle with nature's shifting, undermining sands, the terrific tempests, and the rushes of that mighty foe, the ocean, when lashed from her present serenity by the volcanic wind. And the frogs continued to peep, and the insects to hum, and out from the darkening heavens there shone a multitude of stars winking and twinkling in their effort to keep from sleeping on this calmest of peaceful nights.

ERNEST STRATTON, '16.

The Spirit of Spring

THE water on the muddy street caught the last rays of the setting sun and was at once changed to a sparkling sheen of diamonds. The air was soft and balmy, and that ball of fire in the west reminded the home-goers that the time of rest was at hand. Over all rose the shrill cry of the newsboys. All these signs told the city-dweller that spring was near.

But the tall, tired-looking man leaning against the lamp-post disregarded it all; his thoughts were far away. This was not spring to him. He wanted to go back—back to God's own country. He wished to watch the slowly setting sun throw its last rays across the long, level fields. In his ears, nearly deaf from the city's roar, he longed to hear the musical song of the brooks, freed from winter's embrace at last, as they bounded on their way. Instead of the mixed odors of the city, he imagined that he could smell the clean breath of the pine woods which his youth had known. The

city street slowly faded from his vision, and in its place stood the home that years ago he had left. He was now returning to it, leaving behind the city's roar, filth, and grime. The spirit of spring had called him, and he was going back to Nature, who was waiting for him with open arms.

WILLIAM C. THOMPSON, '16.

The Seven Wills of Peter

PETER BALDPATE, who was seventy-five, lived in a little old square house far up on the side of a long, steep hill. Melissa, the eldest of his seven sisters, complained that the road to his house was too long and steep, but she visited him frequently, for Peter was spoken of in the family as "John D." The other six sisters visited him also, although they, too, complained of the hard walk. Strangely, however, each one always went by herself. They had very little to do with each other, living in separate houses at the foot of the hill. Gracia hung her clothes out on Sunday; Messina kept pigs in her back yard, and they frequently escaped, rooting up Hosianna's flower garden, tipping Georgia's swill pail over, tearing up Arabella's front lawn, and uttering squeals of delight which annoyed Washingtinna's delicate ears.

One day Melissa broached the subject of wills to Peter. "What are you going to do with your money, Peter?" she asked.

Peter, sensing trouble, got paper and pencil and made out and signed a will to the effect that Melissa, being the eldest, should receive all his money.

Melissa, satisfied, went back down the hill with the will in her possession.

Messina had watched Melissa on the road, and a little later took her way to Peter's house, where she, too, broached the subject of a will. Again Peter made out a will, in which she was named as the sole heir to his money.

The remainder of that day was spent by Peter in making out a will for each of the other sisters.

But Peter also had a brother, who lived on the opposite side of the hill from his sisters. He had a little girl of whom Peter was very fond, and he often visited there. The day following the one when he had made the seven wills Peter went to see his little niece, and while there summoned a lawyer and drew up a legal will, giving what little he owned to this niece.

The next day the child's father, who was away when Peter came, upon calling to thank him, found Peter dead in his bed with five hundred dollars lying on a chair beside him. "My sole possession," read a note on the top of the morey.

When his death became known, all the sisters hurried up the hill to get possession of the fortune, only to find that it had been safely disposed of.

As soon as they regained their breath, all united in declaring, "We knew Peter loved money, but we never supposed he would take it with him."

MILO R. BACON, '15.

Springtime

O Springtime! How we love to hear thy song!
Athrill with glowing happiness and life,
The bubbling joy with which the happy throng
Of birds and flowers drive out all thought of strife.
O come to us again! and bring the cheer
That thou alone, sweet Springtime, canst inspire;
The cheer that looks ahead through all the year
With hope that travels upward—ever higher,
Making the joy in every creature's breast
Well up until it bursts forth in the strain
That fills his soul with wondrous peace and rest;
And gives him balm that soothes all future pain.
He goes forth to a year that's filled with deeds,
And 'tis Spring's song that all his ardor feeds.

RUTH SARGENT, '15.

The Dream Fairies

A path of gleaming silver light
Across the purple sea;
It seems to bridge the shadowy
night
And brings heaven near to me.
The fairies laugh in sheer delight
As back and forth they dance,
And one and all, each tiny sprite
My vision doth entrance.
Their tiny wings of radiant hue
Are sparkling in the light

With green and gold and palest blue,
A truly gorgeous sight.
The music of their laughter gay
Drifts faintly to my ear,
And then,—the light turns into gray,
The fairies disappear.
The ocean calmly murmurs on,
And softly laps the shore,
But now, I sigh,—the bridge is gone,
The dream-sprites are no more.

RUTH WHITMORE, '16.

“Go to the Woods and Hills”

AS we climbed the last steep rise that brought us out of the cool fragrant green gloom of the pine woods into the clear freshness of the morning sunlight, we caught our breath at the beauty of the scene before us.

We found ourselves on the topmost pinnacle of the mountain. All about us lay great boulders, their hard gray surfaces worn into fantastic shapes by wind and weather. Here and there scrubby pines and spruces reared their stunted trunks as if in defiance to the elements. Between the rocks, tufts of wiry mountain grass struggled for supremacy with blackberry vines and lambskill. A little to the right, a gigantic cliff dropped sheer for a hundred feet or more. Cautiously we crept to the edge and peeped over only to draw back quickly dizzied by the height.

But looking down had served to draw our attention to the valley far below. It lay still swathed in its night robes of fleecy white mist which the rising sun was just beginning to tint a delicate pink. As we watched, the sun climbed higher and the mist was gradually dispelled as if some giant hand were slowly and majestically pulling aside a curtain to reveal to our admiring eyes fresh wonders in the world below. Little by little, the valley became visible, and we could make out a half dozen or so of little villages nestling cozily in its bosom. Here and there, a pane of glass caught a sunbeam and transformed it into a gleaming, quivering point of light. A trail of white smoke marked the course of an early train. And winding between the villages like a slender silver ribbon, a river sparkled on its placid way. From that distance, the whole scene looked as quiet and peaceful as Longfellow's famous Arcadian village.

HAZEL BRYANT, '16.

The Death of May

O beautiful May!
Happy and gay,
Why do you go
So soon away?

The trickling stream,
With its shimmering gleam,
Impart to thy beauty
A calmness serene.

Thy flowers bright,
And their starry light,
Bring to the world
Cheer and delight.

O beautiful May,
Happy and gay,
Why do you go
So soon away?

BERNICE MCGUIRE, '15.

ALUMNI AND SCHOOL NOTES



The Prize Speaking Contest was held April 30, in Assembly Hall, under the direction of Miss O'Connell. The following program was presented:

1. Selection
High School Orchestra
2. "Marse Willie's Return"
Martha Giron
Irma Holden
3. Old Bernstein and "De Great Fiddle"
Poole
Roger K. Beedle
4. The Going of the White Swan *Parker*
M. Ethel Ryan
5. The Counsel for Defense
Mary Shipman Andrews
Roland F. Pitts
6. (a) My Ships *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*
(b) A Philosopher *Sam Walter Foss*
Erma Carter
7. Selection, Berceuse Tendre
High School Orchestra
8. Mendoza and the King
F. Marion Crawford
Albert G. Lauzon
9. When Elizabeth Went Home *Ronald*
Marion Richardson
10. Gentlemen, the King! *Robert Barr*
Philip Foster
11. Carlotta's Intended
Ruth McEnery Stuart
Iola A. Guennette
12. Selection
High School Orchestra

Award of Prizes:

Miss Richardson and Mr. Beedle received first prizes and will represent Leominster in the Worcester Interscholastic Contest at Gardner

on May 28. Miss Carter and Mr. Foster were awarded second prizes. The judges were Mrs. Perry, Mr. Robbins, and Mr. Freeman.

The annual prize drill was held on the campus May 14. The battalion drilled in this order: Company C, Company B, then Company D and Company A. The judges, Lieut. James F. Coburn, Lieut. Walter L. Beaman, Lieut. Charles K. Akeley awarded first prize to Company B, Albert Lauzon, captain, because major of the battalion. In the individual competitive drill, Sergt. Roger Beedle, of Co. A won first prize; Sergt. Louis F. Rahm, of Co. B, second, Sergt. Chester Demond, of Co. C, third; Private Daniel Watson, of Co. D, fourth.

The Military Ball was held in the evening, with dancing from eight to twelve. The grand march was led by Major Lauzon and Miss Ryan, followed by Adjutant-major Nettel and Miss Cook. The hall was very prettily decorated with flags and bunting. The committee in charge of the decorations consisted of George Jones, chairman, Arthur Chandler, Berton Blanchard, Chester Demond, assisted by Miss Evelyn Hearsey,

Miss Burdett, Miss Carter, Miss Spring, and Eugene Brigham. The chaperons were Miss Felton, Miss Lockey, and Miss Hearsey.

Principal Morse announced the following class honors: Valedictorian, Geraldine Killelea; salutatorian, Esther Hull; Elizabeth Wood; Arthur Chandler; Claire Spring; Grace Foley; Ruth Burnap; Ruth Sargent; Ruth Hartman; Bernice McGuire.

TYPEWRITING NOTES

Five more students have succeeded in securing an initial certificate for proficiency in typewriting from the Underwood Typewriter Co. They are as follows:

Record

| | | |
|-----------------|------|---------------|
| Rachel Hart | 49.6 | with 4 errors |
| Irene Guennette | 48.7 | " 5 " |
| Merton Mason | 49.3 | " 4 " |
| Esther Hull | 42.6 | " 3 " |
| Forrest Lowe | 40.6 | " 4 " |

Four students have obtained initial certificates from the Remington Typewriter Company.

Record

| | | |
|-----------------|------|---------------|
| Irene Guennette | 57. | with 6 errors |
| Anna Harrigan | 49.7 | " 6 " |
| Vera Holden | 48.3 | " 2 " |
| Olga Johnson | 45.8 | " 5 " |

Following are records made by typewriting pupils in one-minute copying tests:

| | | |
|-----------------|----|---------------|
| Marion Brabson | 86 | words correct |
| Forrest Lowe | 80 | " " |
| Anna Harrigan | 72 | " " |
| Irene Guennette | 72 | " " |
| Merton Mason | 71 | " " |
| Vera Holden | 69 | " " |
| Olga Johnson | 69 | " " |
| Elizabeth Wood | 69 | " " |
| Helena Tenney | 65 | " " |

Alumni Notes

WE are pleased to present the following letter, written by Miss Anna A. Kloss, '08, now a student at Simmons College:

DEAR L. H. S. FRIENDS:

When you are graduated from L. H. S. and have almost completed your college years you will feel somewhat as I do if you are privileged to write something for THE MAGNET concerning your Alma Mater. It is difficult to tell you everything there is to know about Simmons College.

"What and where is Simmons College?" you are asking.

Simmons College, located in Boston in the Fenway, was established by the will of the late John Simmons, a wealthy merchant of Boston, as an institution in which might be given instruction in such branches of art, science and industry as would best enable women to earn an independent livelihood. In 1899, the Legislature of Massachusetts granted the College a charter. The College opened for instruction in 1902 with Miss Sarah Louise Arnold as Dean and Dr. Henry Lefavour as President. In 1905, the College was authorized to confer degrees. The first class was graduated in 1906.

Though not yet fifteen years old, Simmons College has proven, by its rapid increase in attendance to the present registration of 1415 students, that a professional college is de-

manded in these days of specialization. Of this total registration 159 are graduates of colleges who are taking either one or two years at Simmons.

The courses of study offered are arranged in different programmes, with reference to the particular occupations for which the students are preparing. These programmes are grouped in six departments as follows: Household Economics, Secretarial Studies, Library Science, General Science, Social Work and Industrial Teaching. With the technical subjects essential to each programme are associated related academic subjects, in proportions which are designed to secure a well balanced training.

The plan of instruction provides complete programmes of four years for students who have fulfilled the requirements for admission. One year or two year technical programmes are offered those who have had collegiate training elsewhere. Elementary and partial programmes, summer and extension courses are offered to properly qualified students.

The courses offered by the Department of Household Economics are designed for women who intend to teach cookery, sewing or kindred household arts, to direct work in domestic science or domestic art in public or private schools or colleges, to administer an institution or household, or to open a way for research along household economic lines. The programmes include science, applied science, design, applied design with practice in household arts. An opportunity to secure practice in connection with the college courses, is furnished by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. This institution maintains industrial work rooms, lunch rooms and shops for the sale of various articles. Aside from this practice students in the third year hold classes in sewing or cookery each week in the settlement houses in and around Boston. During the fourth year, those who plan to teach are given practice in teaching in the public schools outside of Boston. During the present year, I have taught cookery one-half day each week in the Winchester High School.

The programmes of the Department of Secretarial studies prepare students for duties of a private secretary, registrar, office assistant, or teacher of commercial subjects. They are also of value to women who intend to enter Civil Service or to act as general assistants to persons engaged in scientific, literary, or professional pursuits. The subjects of instruction include Shorthand, Typewriting, Accounts, Business Methods, Commerce, Commercial Law and other technical subjects together with other non-technical subjects.

The Library Science course trains students for the duties involved in the administration of a library. The technical training is of a general character including the practice of complete library routine with discussion of the underlying theory.

But Simmons is not "all work and no play." From the day a student enters for registration until graduation day, she is taking part in the Glee Club, Simmons Athletic Association, Y. W. C. A. and many other organizations. First, it is a party for the Freshmen, given by the Juniors. By the end of a fortnight, the girl has met her Senior adviser who does everything for her. The Columbus Day tramp followed by the weird doings of the Sophomores on Hallowe'en and the parties in the various dormitories are sources of much pleasure. No week ever passes without one or more spreads, floor parties or shopping in town. When you become a Junior, all you talk about is Junior Prom, the biggest party of your four years. After midyears your Senior year, you talk positions and commencement.

Every good wish to THE MAGNET and dear old L. H. S.

ANNA A. KLOSS, '08.



The Missouri High School (Columbus, Mo.) we welcome as a new exchange. It is a rather unusual paper, not belonging to any particular school, but publishing items concerning a great many high schools throughout the State. This issue appears to be devoted entirely to athletic contests between the various schools. Although it is enlivened by many cuts, the introduction of short stories, which is expected soon, will be a great improvement.

The Students' Review (Northampton). Your recent number, under the direction of a new board, is complete in every department. The "grinds" are exceptionally good.

The Artisan (State Trade Education Shop, Bridgeport, Conn.) is a most interesting paper, especially to those interested in the various occupations taught at this school. It differs from the general run of school magazines in that, instead of short stories, articles are printed that will be of interest and help to the Trade School students. The editorials are well worth reading.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following: *The Totem* (Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.); *The High School Beacon* (Chelsea); *The Index* (South High School, Worcester); *The Senior* (Westerley, R. I.); *The High School News* (Columbus, Neb.); *The P. I. H. S. Flyer* (Presque Isle, Me.); *The Red and Gray* (Fitchburg); *The Oak, Lily, and Ivy* (Milford).



ATHLETICS

ERRORS in team work and the lack of experienced men have made the baseball season, thus far, a poor one for Leominster. In order to fill positions satisfactorily it has been necessary to shift men almost constantly. In spite of these changes, however, the team has been steadily improving.

April 17 the team went to Westboro and were defeated, 13 to 8.

April 21 they played Shirley at Shirley and lost.

April 24 we played our second home game and lost to Orange.

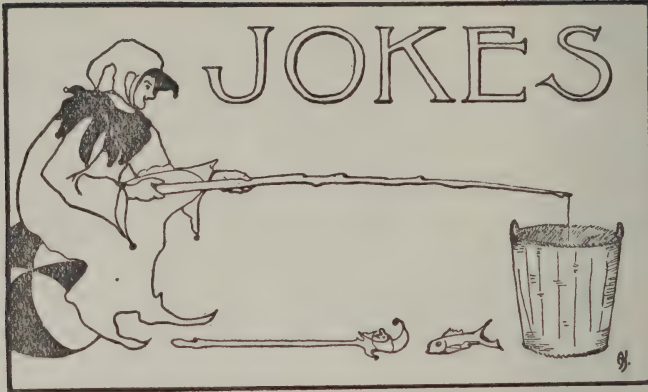
April 28 we played Westboro on its return game and the visitors were beaten 9 to 7, after an exciting game.

May 1 we played our first league game with Fitchburg. The advantages of more and better material on the part of the visitors easily showed up and Leominster lost, 16 to 0.

The game scheduled for May 8 with Worcester South High School was cancelled.

The second league game was played at Gardner and the team won by an 8 to 6 score. The game was close and interesting. Heavy hitting was a prominent feature.

May 15 the team went to Winchendon and lost to Murdock High School.



A warden entering a prisoner's cell one day found it very hot and stuffy.

"Why have you got your ventilator closed?" he asked.

The burly prisoner answered, plaintively: "Well, guv'nor, the last time I had the ventilator open a wasp flew in, you see, and carried off my dinner while my back was turned."



The minister visited the Sunday school class one Sunday afternoon, just after Christmas, and unrolled a beautifully colored chart depicting the flight into Egypt. And," said he, using the pointer, "The angel said unto Joseph, 'take ye the mother and child and flee into Egypt.' Isn't that beautiful, children?" asked the minister? Here you see Joseph, the angel, the mother, and the child. In the background is Egypt.

Before he could go further a small voice was heard inquiring, "Where's the flea?"

A Tennessee farmer had so many children that he called the roll before each Sunday dinner.

"'Erbert?" he began, one Sunday.

"'Ere, pa!"

"'Orace?"

"'Ere, pa!"

"'Ezekiah?"

"'Ere, pa!"

"'Enery?"

Henry thought he would show off his Latin, so he answered, "Adsum!"

For a few moments his father regarded him with baleful eyes. "Oh, you've 'ad some, 'ave yer? Then jist git away an' make room for them as ain't," he commanded.



A MEAN MAN

How's this for a mean man?—He gives his little boy a penny for going to bed without his supper. After the boy is asleep he steals the penny out of his pocket. In the morning he whips the boy for losing it.

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VETERINARIAN

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School Physicians—Dr. T. A. Shaughnessy, Dr. Frank L. Dunham.

Faculty

Principal—K. L. Morse, Civil Government. **Sub master**—John H. Coburn, Mathematics, Commercial Law. **Secretary**—Adell Phillips.

Assistants—M. D. Brock, Evelyn G. Hearsey, Science; Frank P. Bell, Alice G. Smith, Edna F. Cole, Blanche M. Jobes, Commercial Branches; Florence M. Felton, A. Leila Daily, English; Ethel Ham, German; Frances L. Lockey, Latin; Ethel A. Thissell, History; Elsie W. Jeffers, French; Martha Lundagen, Algebra, English, and French; A. B. Kimball, English and History; Mary J. Sharkey, Physical Education; H. U. Pease, John A. Foss, Manual Training; Augusta R. Nettel, Florence I. Howe, Sewing; Marion Warren, Cooking; William H. Kenney, Director of Music; Mary Hadley, Supervisor of Drawing; James C. Smith, Drill Master. **Grade IX**—Annie Conlin, Hattie D. Harrington, Marea B. Lewis. **Director of Athletics**, Alfred B. Kimball.

Athletic Association

Philip White, President; Waldo Suhlke, Vice-president; Ruth Burnap, Secretary; Alberti Roberts, Treasurer. Roger Beedle, Manager of Football; Hugh Milam, Assistant; Robert Crane, Captain. Philip White, Manager of Baseball; Waldo Suhlke, Assistant; Henry Regan, Captain. George Jones, Manager of Basketball; Russell Wass, Assistant; Philip White, Captain. Ralph Young, Manager of Track Team; Mer-ton Mason, Assistant; John Leamy, Captain. Miss Evelyn Hearsey, Teacher Manager of Girls' Basketball; Elizabeth Savage, Student Manager; Doris Wilson, Captain.

Class Officers

Senior—President, William Gaffney; Vice-president, Frank Bagley; Secretary, Vera Holden; Treasurer, Rachel Hart; Marshal, Philip White.

Junior—President, Roger Beedle; Vice-president, Morse Freeman; Secretary, Irma Holden; Treasurer, Iola Guennette; Marshal, Waldo Suhlke.

Sophomore—President, Hugh Milam; Vice-president, Harold Morse; Secretary, Hazel Holden; Treasurer, Ruth Wilkinson; Marshal, Stuart Damon.

Freshman—President, Dixi Hoyt; Vice-president, Robert Hull; Secretary, Canzadia Cook; Treasurer, Gladys Barry; Marshal, Wilfred St. Jean.

Roster of the Leominster High School Cadets

COMPANY A—Captain, Guy H. VonDelli; 1st Lieut., Paul R. Nettel; 2d Lieut., Henry K. Scanlon; 1st Sergt., Philip J. White; Quartermaster Sergt., Harold P. George; Sergeants, Earl J. Carter, Roland S. Ames, Lawrence K. Marshall, Roger K. Beedle; Corporals, Henry M. Regan, Harold N. Thomas, John E. Leamy, Morse Freeman, Arthur J. Pierce, Waldo E. Suhlke.

COMPANY B—Captain, Albert G. Lauzon; 1st Lieut., Philip E. Foster; 2d Lieut., William H. Gaffney; 1st Sergt., Harold D. Burley; Quartermaster Sergt., Harvey H. Goodwin; Sergeants, Harry H. Kalin, Louis F. Rahm, Frank T. Bagley, Roland T. Spinney; Corporals, Robert M. Carter, Harry W. Tenney, Russell D. Wass, Robert H. Crane, Raymond J. Farquhar, Lester G. Glasheen.

COMPANY C—Captain, George W. Jones; 1st Lieut., Berton L. Blanchard; 2d Lieut., Arthur L. Chandler; 1st Sergt., Chester W. Demond; Quartermaster Sergt., Paul T. Brigham; Sergeants, Mark L. Daly, Charles F. Maynard, Philip Butler, Jacob I. Kalin; Corporals, William C. Thompson, Owen R. Willard, Milo R. Bacon, Forrest A. Lowe, Paul Swantee.

COMPANY D—Captain, Harold S. Black; 1st Lieut., John F. Lynch; 2d Lieut., Clyde C. Cleverly; 1st Sergt., Clifford Kirkpatrick; Quartermaster Sergt., Harold P. O'Keefe; Sergeants, Ralph G. Baker, Daniel J. Tobin, John E. Sargent, Francis J. Toolin. Corporals, Edward K. Figenbaum, William C. Allen, Martin H. Foster, William H. Griffin, Byron D. Merrill, Robert A. J. McNevin. Lance Corporal, Emil J. St. Cyr.

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THE MAGNET

Vol. VIII. LEOMINSTER, MASS., JUNE, 1915. No. 9

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

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Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.
Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.

Commencement Exercises

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Class of 1915

Thomas Frank Bagley
 Emma Ethel Beeler
 Harold Stephen Black
 Berton Llewellyn Blanchard
 Marion Elizabeth Brabson
 Helen Pearl Brigham
 Paul Tracy Brigham
 Louise Burdett
 Harold Dixon Burley
 Ruth Dix Burnap*
 Pauline May Burns
 Erma Irene Carter
 Robert Milton Carter
 Arthur Lincoln Chandler*
 Clyde Chester Cleverley
 Ruth Hope Cook
 Chester Whiting Demond
 Evelyn Grace Farquhar
 Grace Evelyn Foley*
 Philip Edward Foster
 William Henry Gaffney
 Harold Plinny George
 Harvey Hamblet Goodwin
 Irene Elizabeth Guennette
 Anna Margaret Harrigan
 Rachel Loretta Hart
 Ruth Elizabeth Hartman*
 Bernice Frances Hodge
 Vera Mae Holden

Helen McKenna Hudson
 Esther Hull*
 Olga Margaret Johnson
 George Whitney Jones
 Harry Hyman Kalin
 Gerald Crowley Killelea*
 Clifford Kirkpatrick
 Dorothy Maybelle Kline
 Hazel Laird
 Albert George Lauzon
 Marion Anna Lundagen
 John Francis Lynch
 Bernice Katherine McGuire*
 Paul Railey Nettel
 Johanna Mary O'Sullivan
 Theresa Mary Regan
 Mary Ethel Ryan
 Ruth Alma Sargent*
 Elizabeth Savage
 Henry Keaney Scanlon
 Annie Catherine Shannon
 Claire Marguerite Spring*
 Helen Irene Tenney
 Harold Nichols Thomas
 Guy Clarence VonDell
 Philip James White
 Elizabeth Wood*
 Ralph Hillery Young

*Class Honors.

Class Officers—President, William Henry Gaffney; Vice-president, Thomas Frank Bagley; Secretary, Vera Mae Holden; Treasurer, Rachel Loretta Hart; Marshal, Philip James White.

Class Colors: Green and White.

Class Motto: *Per Pericula ad triumphum.*

Salutatory

FROM the earliest times greetings and farewells have held an important place in the social intercourse of all peoples and nations. Each nation has had its own forms of ceremonious greetings which must be punctiliously observed; but, after all, these formalities are merely expressions of the same thought, differing only in outward form. Even the Romans, a race characterized by its lack of sentimentality and said to be incapable of deep feeling, held the greeting to be so essential as to place over the doors of their homes the word "Salve" denoting a welcome to be found therein. And it is easy for us to see that its value has not been overestimated, for from the greeting which is given we may judge what lies behind it and by what spirit the salutation is prompted.

It has long been the custom among royalty to appoint certain times for the reception of representatives of other countries and of those who for various reasons are eligible to this honor. At such occasions greetings are given and returned in a purely perfunctory manner. Yet these salutations, although so ceremonious, are indispensable to the carrying on of relations between countries. To us of America this superabundance of ceremony seems needless, because our environment and tense mode of life leave scant time for the old-world ceremony; but from the White House down to the humblest cabin the hearty handshake which is so distinctively American carries with it the spirit of friendliness and true brotherhood.

The pages of history are filled with many accounts of greetings which have passed between famous people. Especially in the Scriptures do we find stories of greetings which have been recalled unnumbered times through the centuries. There among others is the loving greeting of the father to the prodigal son, who had returned from the far country after wasting his substance in riotous living; and who received, instead of the rebuke so richly deserved, the kiss of forgiveness and a father's welcome.

There, too, we find the account of that greeting—the most despicable, shameful act of its kind in history—that greeting which brought about the Messiah's betrayal. What treachery lay under that kiss! To the innocent bystander it was merely the mode of salute customary at that time; to the soldiers it brought success in their search for the Christ; and to Judas it meant thirty pieces of silver and eternal misery. No salutation throughout the ages is more to be shuddered at and abhorred than that of Judas.

Turning from sacred to secular history we read that long ago in ancient Rome it was the custom for the emperors to give gladiatorial combats which the populace were invited to witness. On such occasions were brought forth combatants who for years, perhaps for a life-time, had been trained for fighting in the gladiatorial schools. Just before the contest commenced, it was required of the gladiators that they stand forth and, with almost cer-

tain death before them, greet cheerfully the emperor with the words: "*Morituri salutamus*"—"We who are about to die salute you." They were obliged to suppress all sign of sorrow or despair lest they mar the pleasure of the emperor's holiday.

With this salute in mind Longfellow wrote his famous poem "*Morituri Salutamus*" on the occasion of the fiftieth reunion of his college class which, as spokesman of his few remaining classmates, he delivered to the college. Only a handful of white-haired men were those who with Longfellow celebrated their anniversary, and oft repeated were the words: "We who are about to die, salute you." And yet through the inevitable sadness that clings always to such reunions, to these patriarchs who looked back over fifty years of endeavor and glorious achievement, there was even then in their hearts the ever young desire to do and to be, to give to and receive from their fellows the best and highest of which they were capable.

"For age is opportunity no less than youth itself,
Though in another dress."

Though this be true, yet we are glad indeed that youth is with us; and as those who are about to live we salute and welcome you, our parents, teachers, friends, who have honored our Commencement exercises with your presence. Yes, youth is indeed with us, and we are looking forward with hope and the ambition to live—not merely to exist, but to live; to live in a broader and fuller sense than we have hitherto experienced. Some of us may be in higher institutions of learning, others in the business world or in the home circle; but all will surely have a broader outlook upon life because of our four years of high school work.

What widely differing opportunities open before us on all sides! Surely in no land in this whole world is there so broad a field for our ambitions as in our America. Our nation represents all that is best in education, government, and social freedom. But do we fully appreciate all these blessings which fall to our lot? No, we accept them as a matter of course, little thinking how much they mean to us. But now as we have come to the end of our high school life we begin to realize as never before how much we owe to those who have made possible for us these years of training.

So, tonight, to you who have aided us in many ways and have always been ready with sympathy and interest, I bring the hearty greetings of the class of 1915. Not the ceremonious greeting prescribed by custom, not the greeting which hid behind it the heart of treachery, nor yet the salute of age, but vibrant with youthful hopes and grateful and appreciative to the depths of our hearts, we as a class bid you all a most cordial welcome, and in all sincerity we salute you.

ESTHER HULL.

The Past of the Class of 1915

VICTORY at last! That is what each one of us who is here tonight can truthfully say, and feel that to him has at last come the first realization of true satisfaction, entertained only after four years of honest and diligent labor. That contentment is only modified to a certain degree by the stern realization that we, the class of nineteen fifteen, are about to leave forever the portals of that excellent high school where the foundations of many good if not great lives have been laid. We must realize, however, that only the first rung in the high and perilous ladder of success has been attained. But the ascent has begun, and I feel certain that each of my classmates has the ability to climb to a far higher vantage point.

We entered our beautiful high school in the fall of nineteen eleven and were heartily greeted by Mr. Clarke, the efficient principal, whom in later months we all learned to admire and respect. We had previously chosen the courses of study best suited to our youthful acquirements, and it was Mr. Clarke's difficult task to impress upon our childish brains the time for each study and the location of the respective places for recitation. We were then assigned home rooms according to the alphabetical arrangement of our names, and having received what should have been ample enlightenment as to what we should do, we left our principal's commanding presence and trooped out into the corridors. We ran here and there like a flock of lost sheep; but after a prolonged period of time we all managed to locate our home rooms. This was accomplished, you may be sure, only after numerous inquiries and after aid tendered by some kind seniors, perhaps. For the first few days many of us drove the poor teachers to distraction by missing classes and being utterly unable to find where we belonged.

Time and practice soon began to assert themselves, however, and we at last gained confidence enough to hold a class meeting. Lincoln Jobes was soon elected president, and he immediately assumed his position. After a heated discussion and much wrangling, a condition which has always existed when we have held meetings, green and white were chosen as our class colors. The first shade indicated to the world our very nature at that time, a term defined by the dictionary as "fresh," "unripe," "not salted," "immature," "inexperienced," etc., while the second was a symbol of our childish innocence.

And so the year wore on, and even as the green will fade from the most verdant of foliage, so it began to wear off from our individualities. The colors in our banner, however, remained the same, as though a vivid reminder of what we had been in the days which we were then attempting to forget. That feeling of littleness began to wear off, and although I cannot truthfully state that we were perfect as to quality, whatever was lacking in that respect was more than atoned for by our quantity. Individually considered, we were small; but collectively speaking, we were not; and therefore it was

that our "big" men finally gained confidence enough to challenge the Sophomores to a game of football. It was a good game, from a Sophomore's standpoint, and so we returned from that inglorious field an unhappy but a wiser lot of Freshmen.

Our boys were so far outclassed in regard to athletics that only a very few presented themselves for any of the various sports. Each seemed to imagine that he had no chance, and that same feeling has clung to many of our men right through the four years—that is, as far as athletics are concerned. However, we were a studious and conscientious little people and managed to make up for what we lost in physical improvement by the development of our brains. Some of our classmates joined the Congress and distinguished themselves there by a fluent display of eloquence. They seemed to be thorough masters of their subjects, whether discussing the Woman Suffrage question or Leominster and the Commission form of government. It was plainly to be seen that at some future time they would be destined to gain prominence in a much wider field as lawyers or in some occupation equally as notable. Who knows but what some of these very boys who expressed their opinions so vehemently in favor of intervention in Mexico may at some future time be upholding the same aggressive policy in our National Congress at Washington?

Spring finally came and with it many outdoor activities. One boy managed to uphold the athletic honor of the class by "making" the baseball team, which, contrary to present day established rules, managed to turn in quite a few victories. Our representative did his share in the good work, and we felt that possibly his success might tend to encourage our waning interest in athletics.

With the advent of a field day we were all overjoyed, and the Freshmen managed to have a pretty good time on the hike which the battalion took. Our diminutive size kept most of us apart from the upperclassmen, however, which you can well imagine was somewhat distasteful to us.

And so we struggled on under our burdens until vacation finally came and with it the realization that another year would find us advanced to the more glorious position of "know-it-all Sophomores."

That realization, I must admit, did not enthuse us so much as the anticipation had done; for you must all know that a Sophomore, with all due respect to his higher degree of perfection, is in truth but little advanced in social ranking over the Freshman. Nevertheless, we took full advantage of that slight pre-eminence which had been duly earned, and proceeded to laugh and joke among ourselves at the absurd manner in which the "lowly frost," better known as Freshmen, handled themselves. Be it known, however, that they soon got over their absurdity, even as we had done, and so all interest in their actions quickly subsided.

We held a class meeting and elected Mr. Chandler as president of the class for the ensuing year. Just about the middle of the term, when the belief had begun to be impressed upon us that perhaps our position was not so much better than that of the Freshmen, one of their number, for some

reason unknown to me, drew up a set of resolutions which again served to make us realize that we were somebody. Can you blame us when you consider that they read something like the following?—

"Resolved: That respect shall be shown our upperclassmen [we were one of the upper classes, of course]; that we will not speak until spoken to; that we will not hold our heads high, as we realize our unimportance; and that throughout the year we will be seen, not heard."

They sounded all right; but I might add that they did not live up to the foregoing very well.

And so the year went on, and we were pleased to note that two from our number went out for football. Our class, the most studious one in school, truly found time to send two of its members onto the gridiron to achieve highly deserved praise and honor. They did well in spite of opposition, and we are all proud tonight to know that there is one of our number who worked long and faithfully for three years until, in his fourth attempt and after many set-backs, he acquired his object. That fellow is Paul Brigham, the captain of last year's football team. We were also able to put a man on the baseball team that year, which made a very creditable showing and eventually finished in a tie for first place in the Wachusett Interscholastic League.

So, finally, 'midst work and play, mostly work: our school year drew to a close.

We returned in the fall of 1913 as Juniors in Leominster High School, and we were all highly pleased, not to say somewhat proud of the fact that we were upperclassmen at last. That year we elected our officers by the preferential ballot. Mr. McDonnell was chosen president and Mr. Lauzon vice-president. A little later Mr. McDonnell left to be married, however, and therefore Mr. Lauzon succeeded to the presidency.

With our social position in school considerably changed, we decided to hold a dance on the 28th of November. The affair was highly successful and our class colors were everywhere to be seen. Although no great remuneration entered our coffers as a result of the dance, every one enjoyed himself immensely, and we were all well pleased with our advent into the higher circles of school society.

As in former years, we did not do a great deal in athletics, but what little was attempted was well done. Two men made the football team, one made the basket-ball team, and another did some small amount of pitching on the "varsity" baseball squad, such as it was.

Activities were rather few during the remainder of the year, and although two honors came to our class in the form of individual prize winners in military skill, there was little to take our time with the exception of study. And so our Junior year passed rapidly into oblivion and at last we welcomed vacation, happy in the knowledge that, upon returning, the goal of our ambitions, the Senior class, would be reached.

Vacation over, we returned as the ideal of all underclassmen to take up the heavier duties which were destined to be ours. As in former years we were greeted by our principal, Mr. Clarke, and all difficulties of school opening were straightened out with precision and alacrity in regard to us—and thus the year opened. It was finally decided that we should elect our officers by the preferential ballot again and accordingly the different candidates for office started campaigning in true political style—that is, with all the vim and fight of a Roosevelt, coupled with the honesty of an ideal which I fear only the millenium will suffice to bring into being. The voting day finally came and it was eventually found that Mr. Gaffney had been elected as president of our class. He immediately assumed his duties, which were to prove far greater in number than those which former executives of our class had had to contend with.

Social activities began early with a corn roast, Mr. Roberts and Miss Harsey acting as chaperons. As usual there was a great scarcity of boys, but all who went enjoyed themselves immensely through their excess of popularity.

We soon held another class meeting for the purpose of choosing a motto. The discussion was extremely heated and it eventually took more than one meeting to decide the issue. No better description of the scenes which took place can be given than is embodied in the following, by one of the Senior's aspiring young poets:

" We do have lovely meetings,
Oh, my! yes, indeed!
We're about as happy as a cat
When a dog *has* got it treed.

The girls are bobbing up and down
As in Saint Vitus' dance,
And with their standing all around
Who else can *get* a chance?

Of course they don't know how to vote,
For that is not their place;
But the way they try to make things go
Is changing our whole race."

At last we reached a decision, however, and were truly happy that our troubles in that direction were over.

The next activity which we forwarded was the Senior dance, which proved to be a huge success. The decorating was harmonious and attractive; in fact, it was resplendent with green and white, the colors which we had all come to respect above those of all other classes.

On January 11 we welcomed our new Principal, Mr. Kenneth L. Morse, formerly of Abington, and a graduate of Dartmouth College. We were all sorry to lose Mr. Clarke, but since Mr. Morse's arrival we have all come to realize that his election, out of some fifty or sixty other candidates, was an extremely wise move.

The year went quickly on, and soon the Senior Class presented the first of two exceedingly successful plays. It was called "All Charlie's Fault,"

and was a succession of laughs from beginning to end. The second play also brought forth many of our friends and aided us financially even as the former had done. The title of the latter was "The Deacon's Second Wife."

There were a few funny incidents intermingled with the sterner variety which went to make our Senior year the happiest of all the four. Some of our future chemists have informed us of many things which other people do not know. We learned from one thoughtful youth, who in all probability is to prove his statement in the near future, that diamonds are actually used for engagement rings; also the alarming facts that calcium is electrocuted and that alkali is used for a gargle. 'Tis strange how much knowledge some people will acquire in a short time.

That elevation which we had long been seeking came at last when Mr. Morse gave us a few extra privileges which no underclassmen could enjoy. We were given the exclusive right to exercise control over the third floor and also the right of leaving or entering any room at any time without consent from the teacher in charge. These promotions caused our inferiors to look upon us with greed and envy, but to no avail.

In athletics we did somewhat better, as a class, than in previous years. Six Seniors played in Leominster's Football Team during the year, but with all due respect to the inexperienced who took part in the games, I feel certain that had we only possessed ten other men of Captain Brigham's ability, a different tale might be told regarding the team,

And so the year has gone quickly by; in fact, the last two months have seemed no time at all since we have been employed in preparations for tonight, the final one before we join the ranks of Leominster High School's Alumni. We have striven long and diligently through many and varied experiences and now that the parting of the ways has come I feel sure that some day each of us shall truly see the fulfillment of the class motto in regard to himself: "*Per pericula ad triumphum.*"

GEORGE W. JONES.

Class Prophecy

IT was in April, 1925 that the "Leominster Chronicle" published an account of the mysterious disappearance of Ruth Burnap, suffragette and society leader. Upon reading the startling news I decided that I should never be at peace until I had found Ruth, who had been a dear friend of mine at Leominster High School and accordingly I learned from her parents that there was a clew in Boston.

The next day, while boarding a train for that city, I bumped into a stylishly dressed lady whom I recognized as Claire Spring, now the Baron-

ess Von Ashburn, returning to her home in Germany after a vacation in the United States. We immediately engaged in a pleasant conversation, during which she told me that Erma Carter and Theresa Ryan were head nurses at a hospital in Berlin where Paul Brigham, a famous surgeon, was performing the difficult operation of grafting the legs of a grasshopper onto an oyster. When the train pulled into South Framingham, a boy in a white coat, who proved to be Harvey Goodwin, entered the train selling ham and chicken sandwiches. We asked him if he had anything we might read, whereupon he showed us a pink leather book entitled, "The Art of Making Love," by Harold Burley. We purchased it, and, needless to say, it was abounding in good advice.

It was not long before Boston's spires appeared and, after bidding farewell to the Baroness, her hair still hanging in curls, I went immediately to the police station hoping to hear of some valuable clew. I was greeted by Chief of Police Guy Von Dell, who with tearful eyes told me that his best detectives, George Jones and Arthur Chandler, had failed to trace Ruth. He said further, that he had succeeded "Bill" Gaffney as Chief and that "Bill" was now in company with Harold Black, making guns for the High School Cadets.

I then hurried to the North Station, resolved to go to New York City, and was surprised to find Emma Beeler and Elizabeth Savage on the train. Emma and Elizabeth, now agents for the National Stove Polish Co., had just heard of Ruth Cook's romantic elopement with Deacon Blanchard of Lunenburg. I promptly remembered that "Duke" had had some early training for this profession. Emma thought I might also be interested to know that Geraldine Killelea, as editor-in-chief, assisted by Ethel Ryan and Bernice McGuire, was engaged in the editing of the "Ladies' Guide," a monthly periodical for housekeepers, published by the Hodge, Hudson Co. Their destination being Bridgeport, I proceeded on my way alone until at New Haven "Phil" White boarded the train. He had recently been elected to the position of swimming instructor at Yale University, where John Lynch was also a Professor of Chemistry, having graduated from Dyer's Academy, Leominster, a few years ago with honors. "Phil" said that the morning paper reported that Elizabeth Wood had been appointed head stenographer to the President, while Marion Brabson was private secretary to President Kenneth L. Morse of Dartmouth College.

"Phil" was going on to Albany to arrange with Robert Carter about his swimming lesson; so I said "good-by" at New York. Hurrying out of the station, I was attracted by a familiar voice calling "Taxi," and turning around saw Harry Kalin. I requested him to take me to the best hotel and soon we stopped in front of the Hotel Central, Harold Thomas, proprietor. After dinner there, I visited the police station; but it was in vain, for I could obtain no helpful information. I came out discouraged, and was glad when I met Helen Brigham, head of the "Brigham School of Expression." She proposed a "movie" show and we went into one near by. As we entered, a thrilling shipwreck scene was being presented on the screen. Seated at

the piano was Frank Bagley, skillfully playing "The Storm," which we had heard him execute so well years ago in "All Charley's Fault." Soon after, a picture entitled "The Queen's Jewels" was thrown on the screen and under the cast of characters appeared the names of Ruth Hartman and Olga Johnson, as companions to Mary, Queen of Scots, who was no other than Irene Guennette. Coming out of the theater, Helen suggested San Francisco as a good place to seek Ruth, as she had always wanted to see the West. Immediately I made arrangements for a sleeper and left on the midnight express for the Pacific coast.

Arriving at Chicago, I was extremely annoyed to hear the continual arguing of three women behind me and, furious, I turned around to see Johanna O'Sullivan, Helen Tenney, and Grace Foley, disputing about a new cure for freckles prepared by the Kirkpatrick Co. They said it was a splendid remedy and that Annie Harrigan used it continually as a beautifier so that she might look her prettiest in her capacity as secretary to Harold George who was now manufacturing "life preservers, doughnuts and everything in the shape of bicycle tires." The distance to Salt Lake City seemed short with some one to talk with, and as the train passed by the billboards on the outskirts of the city our attention was attracted to two signs in particular. The first one read:

BIG BILL AT KEITH'S THIS WEEK

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| 1 Rachel Hart and Partner | In the Latest Dance Creations |
| 2 Professor Philip Foster | The Paderewski of the Age |
| 3 Paul Nettel & Co. | In Feminine Impersonations |
| 4 Farquahar and Kline | In a one act sketch, "Dear Old School Days." |
| Three More Big Acts. All for One Dime | |

While the other read:

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CASH OR CREDIT

Reaching San Francisco I proceeded in my search and chanced to meet Ruth Sargent just about to leave for China where she was going to become a missionary. I then remembered this had been her ambition while in high school. I accompanied her to the wharf to see her off, whereupon I found Louise Burdett also sailing for Manila where she had accepted a position as an English teacher in the government school. As we stood on the wharf a young fellow pushed against us, and facing about we beheld Chester De-mond, now wearing a huge pompadour and mustache. He told us he was a violinist in the Boston Symphony Orchestra and was returning from a tour of the Continent.

Waving a last good-by to the girls who were sailing I walked up a street in the poorer district, where I noticed two girls giving flowers to the slum children. They looked strangely familiar and at last I concluded they were Vera Holden and Hazel Laird. They told me that Annie Shannon and Marion Lundagen were teaching school in Vermont and also that "Bug" Young owned a lunch cart near by. I asked them if they, by chance, had

seen Ruth, but it was in vain, for they had not seen her since 1915. They added, however, that they had met Esther Hull recently and I immediately asked for her address. I found her apartments and we were pleased to see each other again. I inquired her present occupation and was told that for a while she had taught Latin at Fitchburg High but had resigned to accept a position at the University of California.

After many fruitless weeks of searching, I read an advertisement in a local paper: "Come to the Empire Theater and see Albert Lauzon in the 'Deacon's Second Wife.'" I resolved to go and was in my seat at eight o'clock when the curtain rose. The sight which met my eyes was amazing for there was Ruth Burnap, the long-lost Ruth, playing the role of Dorothy Bullock, under the assumed name of "Maisy Bird." At the end of the first act I hurried behind the scenes and Ruth was both surprised and delighted to see me. I recognized Clyde Cleverley as the scenic artist, who, they told me, had come from Music Hall, Leominster.

As an explanation for her astonishing conduct Ruth said she loved her part and was resolved to immortalize the name of Dorothy Bullock. After some persuasion she decided to go home with me for a short vacation and on the following Monday we started for Leominster, the scene of our childhood days. Ruth's folks, needless to say, were overwhelmed with joy at seeing her safe and sound. I was happy, too, and concluded that my trip had been the next best thing to a reunion of the Class of 1915.

PAULINE M. BURNS.

Valedictory

THE twentieth century may possess many characteristics in common with former centuries. Still its demands on the individual are more complex. Primarily, it requires service from all. The world wants the man or woman who is educated in every sense; the one who can observe, study, think, and then act. The vocation of the twentieth century man should be the profession of humanity.

Never before have opportunities for preparing to meet this requirement presented themselves so abundantly as in the present age. First, the educational system of today endeavors to teach the appreciation of the beautiful and finally attempts to stimulate to action. Since the soul needs a certain amount of intellectual enjoyment to give it strength and perseverance in its daily struggles, the youth is urged to enkindle a sense of beauty, not the superficial taste, but the comprehensive perception of its creative faculty in nature and in man.

In nature, the presence of beauty unfolds itself in the flowers of the spring, in the rising and setting of the sun, in the depths of the sea, in the

height of the mountain. Yes, the whole world is the temple where man should not be able to raise his eyes without the sensibility to the beautiful. This enjoyment is infinite, since it produces tender and noble feelings and elevates the common things of life. Yet man is lifted pre-eminently above all objects and creations. In him rests not the passive appearance of all that is lofty and sublime, but the active expression. In childhood innocence dwells, in youth exuberance and energy, in maturity judgment. Nor, indeed, is it alone in prophets, heroes, and statesmen; but in addition, in our everyday fellowmen. Consequently, in the flower of the field, in the perfect poem, in the song of the bird, in the play of the child, in the accomplishment of the man; in everything that surrounds us there is something worth while.

From the realization, then, that all that excites our admiration is that which advances human happiness, the youth is encouraged to make his efforts the means to higher results and nobler ends, since every action of this life strikes some chord that will vibrate in eternity. In whatever pursuit one may follow, the best rule, worthy of high nature, is service, without which a life is empty, useless, and unhappy. At first consideration, eminent distinctions and endeavors for self prevail. However, after contemplative thought, it is found more advantageous to lose oneself among the mass of men. Then the well-known question may be asked, "What do we live for, if not to make the world less difficult for each other?" Every one who lightens another's burden has a special mission. Perhaps, in some professions or occupations, service may not seem so practicable as in others. Nevertheless, do not fret because the labor appears small, for there are two ways by which service may be rendered: First, whatever the course in life may be, it is essential that the person give self to his work—not merely to gain recompense in money or to earn a living, but to make the world better. Nothing that survives the test of time has been accomplished without encouragement or co-operation. Do not be afraid to give the best there is in life, for the best will flow back. Have a burning desire to conquer circumstance and to succeed. Make the work perfect, that it may be an expression of individual personality. The second way is the one open to all mankind—the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak. Aside from the well-performed duty of vocation, an opportunity is ever present to lessen another's task. A hopeful thought brought to a lonely heart, an enlightening word to a doubtful mind, a smile and a bit of comfort to a sufferer, a generous act of kindness, a little faith well placed, is the service of man to man. Then, since our life's work will be measured not by hours, days, nor years, but by the performance of our duty and by deeds of kindness, make every day count its fullest. Let us fight our daily battle without fear, overcoming fate, lending help and strength to a toiler. For by forgetting self and making service our object in life, our natures will develop and expand, becoming magnanimous and joyous. To ourselves our lives will prove a source of happiness; to others, an inspiration.

Tonight, classmates, our paths divide as we enter life's great field.

May we ever remember the happy days spent during the past four years together, with our sympathetic teachers and kindly principals. Let us show our heartfelt appreciation by our future accomplishments as we go "Through Trials to Triumph" for dear Leominster High School.

GERALDINE KILLELEA.

Senior Class Song

TUNE: "America, the Beautiful."

Tonight we leave dear L. H. S.,
Sad are we to depart,
For now no more here shall we meet;
Our life work we must start.
Dear L. H. S., dear L. H. S.,
How we do thee acclaim!
Thy influence we shall ne'er forget
When we've attained great fame.

"Through trials to triumph" we will climb,
E'er bound by Friendship's chain,
And when we've struggled o'er Life's course,
We'll think of thee again.
It may be we shall often fall
Or stumble o'er the way,
Yet ever onward will we go
And bravely face the fray.

Many a struggle have we lost,
And many a battle won,
But greater works and greater deeds
Are left yet to be done.
Hail to our teachers, one and all!
Loyal and true are they.
Hail to the school we'll cherish long!
Hail to Commencement Day!

BERNICE MCGUIRE.

Leominster High School Directory

School Committee—Frank I. Pierson, Chairman; Dr. Clarence S. Brigham, Dr. M. Henry Chrystal, Dr. H. Porter Hall, J. Ward Healey, Frederick T. Platt. *Superintendent of Schools*—Dr. W. H. Perry.

School Physicians—Dr. T. A. Shaughnessy, Dr. Clarence S. Brigham.

Faculty

Principal—K. L. Morse, Civil Government. *Sub master*—John H. Coburn, Mathematics, Commercial Law. *Secretary*—Adell Phillips.

Assistants—M. D. Brock, Evelyn G. Hearsey, Science; Frank P. Bell, Alice G. Smith, Edna F. Cole, Blanche M. Jobes, Commercial Branches; Florence M. Felton, A. Leila Daily, English; Ethel Ham, German; Frances L. Lockey, Latin; Ethel A. Thissell, History; Elsie W. Jeffers, French; Martha Lundagen, Algebra, English, and French; A. B. Kimball, English and History; Mary J. Sharkey, Physical Education; H. U. Pease, John A. Foss, Manual Training; Augusta R. Nettel, Florence I. Howe, Sewing; Marion Warren, Cooking; William H. Kenney, Director of Music; Mary Hadley, Supervisor of Drawing; James C. Smith, Drill Master. *Grade IX*—Annie Conlin, Hattie D. Harrington, Marcea B. Lewis. *Director of Athletics*, Alfred B. Kimball.

Athletic Association

Philip White, President; Waldo Suhlke, Vice-president; Ruth Burnap, Secretary; Alberti Roberts, Treasurer. Roger Beedle, Manager of Football; Hugh Milam, Assistant; Robert Crane, Captain. Philip White, Manager of Baseball; Waldo Suhlke, Assistant; Henry Regan, Captain. George Jones, Manager of Basketball; Russell Wass, Assistant; Philip White, Captain. Ralph Young, Manager of Track Team; Merton Mason, Assistant; John Leamy, Captain. Miss Evelyn Hearsey, Teacher Manager of Girls' Basketball; Elizabeth Savage, Student Manager; Doris Wilson, Captain.

Class Officers

Senior—President, William Gaffney; Vice-president, Frank Bagley; Secretary, Vera Holden; Treasurer, Rachel Hart; Marshal, Philip White.

Junior—President, Roger Beedle; Vice-president, Morse Freeman; Secretary, Irma Holden; Treasurer, Iola Guennette; Marshal, Waldo Suhlke.

Sophomore—President, Hugh Milam; Vice-president, Harold Morse; Secretary, Hazel Holden; Treasurer, Ruth Wilkinson; Marshal, Stuart Damon.

Freshman—President, Dixi Hoyt; Vice-president, Robert Hull; Secretary, Canzadia Cook; Treasurer, Gladys Barry; Marshal, Wilfred St. Jean.

Roster of the Leominster High School Cadets

COMPANY A—Captain, Guy H. VonDell; 1st Lieut., Paul R. Nettel; 2d Lieut., Henry K. Scanlon; 1st Sergt., Philip J. White; Quartermaster Sergt., Harold P. George; Sergeants, Earl J. Carter, Roland S. Ames, Lawrence K. Marshall, Roger K. Beedle; Corporals, Henry M. Regan, Harold N. Thomas, John E. Leamy, Morse Freeman, Arthur J. Pierce, Waldo E. Suhlke.

COMPANY B—Captain, Albert G. Lauzon, 1st Lieut., Philip E. Foster; 2d Lieut., William H. Gaffney, 1st Sergt., Harold D. Burley; Quartermaster Sergt., Harvey H. Goodwin; Sergeants, Harry H. Kalin, Louis F. Rahm, Frank T. Bagley, Roland T. Spinney; Corporals, Robert M. Carter, Harry W. Tenney, Russell D. Wass, Robert H. Crane, Raymond J. Farquhar, Lester G. Glasheen.

COMPANY C—Captain, George W. Jones; 1st Lieut., Berton L. Blanchard; 2d Lieut., Arthur L. Chandler; 1st Sergt., Chester W. Demond; Quartermaster Sergt., Paul T. Brigham; Sergeants, Mark L. Daly, Charles F. Maynard, Philip Butler, Jacob I. Kalin; Corporals, William C. Thompson, Owen R. Willard, Milo R. Bacon, Forrest A. Lowe, Paul Swantee.

COMPANY D—Captain, Harold S. Black; 1st Lieut., John F. Lynch; 2d Lieut., Clyde C. Cleverly; 1st Sergt., Clifford Kirkpatrick; Quartermaster Sergt., Harold P. O'Keefe; Sergeants, Ralph G. Baker, Daniel J. Tobin, John E. Sargent, Francis J. Toolin. Corporals, Edward K. Figenbaum, William C. Allen, Martin H. Foster, William H. Griffin, Byron D. Merrill, Robert A. J. McNevin. Lance Corporal, Emil J. St. Cyr.

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